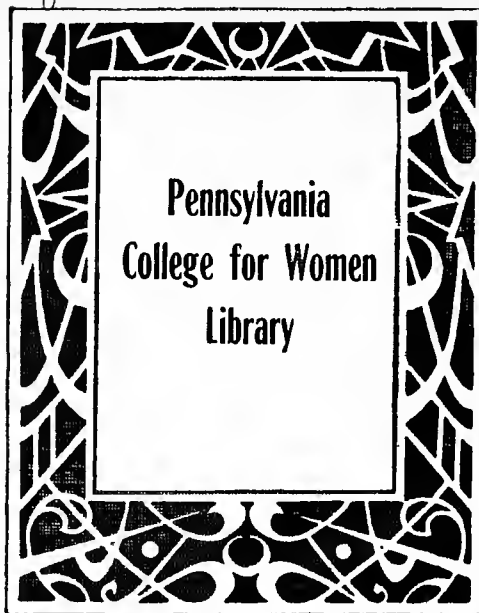


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Mountain Day, September 30.

THE ARROW

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Jottings in the Margin

Change-of-face note . . . the stones around O'Neill Park, replacing Miss Marks' beloved gray posts . . . the newly-shellaced library floor which squeaks beautifully under crepe soles . . . the pretty pink gym suits . . . What's the matter with the bell? . . . sounds too weak to last 'til Thanksgiving . . . Signs-of-the-decadent-times-department . . . the fiendish glee with which most students slam down hymn books . . . What with nearly everyone scribbling budgets on the backs of themes, it's getting so you can't go for cokes without at least one member of the party saying, "I don't want any; I'm saving for linen!" . . . There's nothing anywhere like fall on campus . . . the golden leaves . . . the warm haze . . . and the buildings sleeping in the sun.

Face Front

Let's start looking at things squarely. Let's stop thinking with our prejudices and speaking in catchwords. Let's try to see things in the clear light of truth, and, if truth is not to be found, let's adopt an intelligently skeptical attitude.

In Europe, people like us are dying for their beliefs, their homes, their stupidities. This Second World War is likely to be the most significant event of our lifetime. Certainly, it is all-important now. No one, therefore, could ask you to disregard affairs abroad, going blithely about your neutral business, burying your head in the sands of our splendid—and lucky—isolation while the pieces of the rest of the world tinkle about your ears.

No one can ask you not to think. No one wants to. But anyone can make a plea for sane judgments based on unbiased observation. You might as well face the fact that you are not going to get unprejudiced information from which to make your observation. We at PCW especially will be assailed from all sides; we will receive rumors and counter-rumors, assertions and denials; we will be attacked through the newspapers, the radio, the lecture platform.

In the midst of this multiple-propaganda, it is our duty as supposedly intelligent young women to try to see clearly, think fairly, and smile doubtfully at the official statements of both sides.

To The Freshmen

Tomorrow is Color Day. It is more than just an unusually long chapel period, more than the last day freshmen wear arm-bands, more even than a song contest among the classes. For tomorrow, the freshmen will be officially recognized as the class of 1943.

With the accepting of the colors, rose and white, your class becomes an integral part of the college. You have spent six weeks learning PCW's songs, traditions, self-governing system and rules. Up until now, as a class you have had little importance and scarcely any voice in college affairs. Beginning with tomorrow, however, you will take your place with the upperclassmen, a full-fledged unit in PCW, a rather powerful influence in student concerns.

Not only will you be recognized tomorrow as a class, but also, each one of you will receive a small bow of rose and white, a symbol of your personal entrance into PCW life. You may have been bewildered, perhaps even unhappy, wondering if ever you would find a place in your chosen Alma Mater. Now there should be no doubt in your mind. You will have a part in shaping student policies and opinion; the records you make will stand for the college. For now you are a part of PCW, and PCW is a part of you.

Burlesque Comedy To Be Presented

Speech Majors Choose Early English Play

The Speech Majors' and Minors' play, to be given November 17 and 18, is Beaumont and Fletcher's **Knight of the Burning Pestle**, first produced in 1607 by a company of choir boys in the Blackfriars Theater.

The play is a burlesque comedy. In fact, it was one of the earliest in England. One could almost say it is the burlesque of all burlesques. Beaumont and Fletcher even make fun of their own styles of writing in some of the quasi-serious love lines. But mostly it ridicules the popular romantic dramas and dying chivalry. The **Knight** is an English Don Quixote and does no less absurd feats than killing a giant called Barbarossa, who is really nothing more than a barber whose "captives" are the victims of his medical practices. So the play incidentally gets in a few sly pokes at the London citizens themselves. There is a jolly fellow, for instance, who never does a thing in life but drink and sing and pay no attention to his wife's nagging.

Then there's the penniless, out-of-favor lover, who even loses the girl he loves because he "tests" her true affection. There are twenty-four characters altogether and everyone funny in his own way. But the most important thing in the whole play is the "audience," who sit on the stage and pass judgment during the performance. The principal ones are the citizen grocer and his wife. They not only choose the play and give it a title, but insist that their apprentice, Ralph, have the leading role. They were quite a new conception in the theater and it is in their cleverly naive remarks that the chief genius of the play rests. As a matter of fact, all the speeches are robust and packed full of humor, but still refreshingly free of modern sophistication.

As for the actual production here at PCW, it is attracting attention all over the city and the educational world, because the play has been revived only three times in this country and each time was a great success. The Speech Majors plan to have a real Elizabethan production

Color Day Tomorrow Will Feature Frosh Recognition, Song Contest

Junior Class President Presents Colors To Chairman of Freshmen

Tomorrow morning, October 19th, the class of 1943 will be formally recognized by the school and presented with their colors. This important event will take place in the Chapel, and is scheduled for 11:30. Not only is this a "big moment" for the freshmen, but the entire school will join in the celebration on Color Day. The Junior Class President, Louise Caldwell, will present to the Freshman Class Chairman the colors of the class of 1939. All freshmen will be dressed in white, and will individually receive their colors, signifying that they have passed their test on the Freshman assemblies, which have been presided over by Gladys Patton, the Junior Advisor to Freshmen.

PCW Trustee Receives Several Honors

Mr. James E. MacCloskey Jr., the second vice-president of the Board of Trustees of Pennsylvania College for Women and chairman of the Finance Committee has recently received several honors.

He has been named chairman of the Board of Directors of the Harbison-Walker Refractories and a member of the Board of Directors of the Union Trust Company, which is one of the country's largest banks.

In addition to being one of Pittsburgh's most prominent attorneys, Mr. MacCloskey is an amateur astronomer and ornithologist.

with the gallants sitting on the stage in the actors' midst. There will be a flag to announce scenes and "boys" to carry in the scenery. Miss Kerst, the Play Production class, the music department, and Miss Errett are already busy ransacking through the archives for music, dances, costumes, and old traditions, so the play will be authentic.

Tryouts were held all last week and the girls who have been definitely chosen are: Marjorie Mehany, Aethelburga Schmidt, Mary Evelyn Ducey, Jeanne Anne Ayres, Eileen Ruth Chapman, Jean Hill, Alice Chattaway, Dolores Poster, Marianne McAllister, Mary Kinter, Margaret Bebertz, Norma Jane Reno, Betty Bacon, Alice Provost, Jean Miller, Jane Hanauer, Ella Hilbish, Louise Caldwell, Peggy Matheny, and Madge Medlock.

For the upper classes, perhaps the most important part of this occasion is the Song Contest, in which the freshmen, too, participate. Each class sings three songs—one a PCW song to be selected on Color Day; one with original words and music; and one which must have original words, but need not have original music. This year, the three school songs from which one will be chosen for the classes to sing are, Hail to Pennsylvania, PCW, The School For Us, Sophomore Toast.

Classes Compete

Peggy Christy, President of S. G. A., will preside over this event. The class presidents, the Freshman Chairman acting in this capacity for the class of 1943, draw slips for the order of singing. Then, each class, following this order, sings all of its songs. Immediately after the singing, the judges, who have been chosen from the faculty, decide upon the worthy class, and the award is bestowed.

Song Committees

All the classes have worked hard for Color Day. Committees which have been busily working on the songs are: Seniors—chairman, Mary Lou Shoemaker, Ann Miller, Audrey Horton, Jane Hanauer, and Ruth Mary Arthur; Juniors—chairman, Alice Chattaway, Jane Shidemantle, Mary Linn Marks, Eleanor Weible, and Sue Woolridge; Sophomores—chairman, Peggy Matheny, Betty Gahagan, Claire Stewart, and Mary Babb; Freshmen—chairman, Mary Evelyn Ducey, Barbara Browne, Marion Kieffer, Virginia Ditzes, Josette Kott, and Althea Lowe.

Wallace Attends Chemical Meeting

Twenty PCW Students Participate in Session

Dr. E. K. Wallace, head of the Chemistry Department, attended the 98th semi-annual National Convention of Chemical Societies which was held last September in Boston. It was chiefly concerned with discussion of the preparation necessary for chemists and the feats of women chemists in the past few years.

The points concerning the preparation of chemists, which were accepted, are as follows: five one-year chemistry courses; reading ability in either German or French—both preferred; one course in physics; two years of mathematics; and the rest in related subjects.

The morning session was devoted to the women chemists, especially those prominent in the field of chemistry in the last five years. It was found that the majority were doing work closely related to the home, some examples of these being: work in a foods laboratory, health laboratory, and medical technicians in hospitals.

On Thursday night, September 28, the American Chemical society devoted its first meeting to students from different colleges. Twenty girls from PCW attended. The meeting gave the students a chance to advance their own interests and ideas.

Fall Dance Committees Announce Plans

Witches, pumpkins, and corn stalks will be the decorations for the Junior and Senior Fall Dance, to be held in the auditorium of Berry Hall, October 27 from 9 to 12.

Ellen Marshall, chairman, has chosen to assist her: Madge Medlock, Nancy Over, Ruth Mengel, Shirley Clipson, Mary Kinter, and Jo Anne Healey.

The freshmen and sophomores will have their Fall Dance the following evening, October 28, at the same time, in Berry Hall. Jean Faris is the chairman and has named the following persons to be on her committee: Jane Chantler, Margaret Graham, Jean Miller, Anna Betty Saylor, Virginia Speer, Jean De Woody, Catherine Carey, Ella Hilbish, Louise Wallace, and Peggy Orr.

YW Cabinet Introduces Freshman Commission

The YWCA Cabinet officially introduced the Freshman Commission to the active members of the Association at a tea, given October 13. The Commission consists of Jean Archer, Chairman, Dorothy Kessner, Amy McKay, Marjorie Noonan, Marion Rowell, Jane Wyre, Brice Black, Dorothy Brooks, Coleen Laurer, and Marion Kieffer.

The Commission has three definite plans for this year. The most important is to interest the freshmen in YW activities. Secondly, they select the freshmen who entertain the upper classmen at the fall banquet, and they want to refurnish the YW room in Berry Hall.

The Commission is composed of members of the freshman class, who have been active in their high school activities.

Brashear Telescope Erected On Campus

A new telescope, given to PCW by the Public School System, is being erected on the hill beyond the tennis courts. It was built by John Brashear who was formerly in charge of the Allegheny Observatory.

It is seven feet eight inches long and has a refractor which is three hundred twenty-five times as strong as the human eye.

The telescope will be used by the astronomy class and will be ready for use in the near future.

Dr. Spencer Speaks, Attends Conference

Dr. Herbert L. Spencer will be guest speaker for three leading organizations during the month of October.

On the 10th he gave the commencement address for the graduating nurses of Columbia Hospital, Wilkesburg.

October 17th, found him at Allegheny General Hospital, Pittsburgh, for another graduation, and on the 20th of October he will speak before the Conference on Education at Bucknell University.

President Spencer also attended the Annual Conference of the State Department of Public Instruction held in Harrisburg for three days, October 3, 4 and 5.

Miss Margaret Perry Assumes Duties As Alumnae Secretary

Margaret Perry has just replaced Elsie McCreery as Secretary of the Alumnae Association. Miss Perry, who is a member of the class of '38, was an English major during her years at PCW. Besides being one of the school's finest hockey players, she belonged to Omega, the German Club, and the Glee Club. Outside of her busy secretarial life, she has charge of an active Girl Scout troop, and another girl's organization. This week Miss Perry has had the added duty of preparing 1,900 invitations to the Fall Alumnae Dinner to be held at East Liberty Presbyterian Church on October 27th. Every member of the Alumnae Association and the Associates are invited to attend this dinner and the very interesting program which follows.

Miss Perry is especially anxious to meet all the new students, and would welcome a visit from them in the Alumnae Office any week-day morning.

Ruth Clark Chosen To Head Y Council

Ruth Clark '40, has been appointed Chairman of the Regional Council of the Student Christian Movement of the Middle Atlantic States. Representatives from the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. of the nine-six colleges in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey participate in the organization.

The Council meets twice a year and arranges to have speakers visit the local schools and institutions in the Middle Atlantic region.

As Chairman, Ruth will plan the assembly of the movement which is held annually at Eaglesmere, Pa. She presides at the meetings of the Council which arranges Y. M. and Y. W. conferences during the year.

Ruth attended the Intercollegiate Christian Convention from August 30 to September 5, in New York. There, the different committees worked out plans for the year and decided what topics would be discussed at future conventions.

Introducing Dr. Scholl

Dr. Scholl, a newcomer to the faculty of PCW, was born on a farm near Alvada, Ohio, on March 15, 1908 . . . He received his early education in Alvada and Fostoria, Ohio, and continued his quest for knowledge at Ashland College where he earned his B. S. . . . He then studied at Penn State and added the Doctor to his name . . . He received an assistantship at Ashland College.

Dr. Scholl has light brown hair and eyes which he describes as greenish-grey . . . He is five feet, nine inches tall . . . and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds . . . He teaches college because he likes to teach . . .

He prefers brunettes . . . His favorite food is good beefsteak with mashed potatoes and gravy . . . the seasons he prefers are spring and autumn . . . he enjoys tennis.

He is a member of Phi Lambda Upsilon, honorary chemical fraternity . . . and Sigma Xi, honorary science fraternity . . . He was quite active in collegiate extra-curricular affairs, having participated in the Science Club, Y. M. C. A., dramatics, Student Council, and the band.

He also belongs to the American Chemical Society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Association of Physics Teachers, and the American Association of University Professors . . . His name is listed in Who's Who in American Education and in American Men of Science.

His teaching experience includes . . . undergraduate assistant in chemistry at Ashland College . . . Assistant in chemistry at Penn State . . . Associate professor of chemistry at Ashland . . . Head of the chemistry department in Westminster College in Salt Lake City.

If you wish to speak with Dr. Scholl, drop in at the Science Hall . . . or . . . if it's strictly personal . . . you might ring the doorbell at 912 Maryland Avenue.

East May Be West - - - But Labrador Is Still North

Both Dr. Doult in cold Labrador with only two companions and Miss Chubb at the Fairs with throngs of people had exciting and educational trips this summer.

Dr. Doult, her husband, and Mr. W. E. Clyde Todd went on a Carnegie Museum Expedition into the interior of the Labrador Peninsula to make a survey of plants and animals. Arriving at Montreal, they took a small boat through the Strait of Belle Isle and north along the Labrador Coast. With three half-breeds and two canoes they took a trip three miles inland. It took them a month to go up the river but the current was so swift they spent only nine days returning. Many plants, birds, and mammals, which are usually farther north, were seen. They also had the thrilling experience of seeing a falls twice the size of Niagara.

Getting back home was the hardest part of the trip. Since wireless news wasn't being given out because of the war, it made making connections very difficult.

Miss Chubb saw both the San Francisco and the New York World's Fairs this summer. Of the two, Miss Chubb liked the San Francisco Fair the better, but adds quickly that perhaps it was because she spent more time there and was able to see it at night. The San Francisco Fair is located on an island—Miss Chubb says, "It can truly be called **Treasure Island**." There are many more flowers, fountains, and trees at San Francisco, considering the different sizes of the two fairs. However, the New York Fair does have more international buildings since San Francisco's includes only the countries which border on the Pacific.

Strange as it may seem, Miss Chubb shivered at the San Francisco Fair and nearly died of heat in New York.

Freshman Tea

Mrs. H. L. Spencer will give a tea for the freshmen, in her home, tomorrow afternoon, October 19.

Dr. Andrew, Dr. Butler, Mrs. Rand, and Miss Dysart will pour. They will be assisted by the freshman commission: Jean Archer, Dorothy Kessner, Amy McKay, Marjorie Noonan, Marion Rowell, Jane Wyre, Brice Black, Dorothy Brooks, Coleen Laurer, and Marion Kieffer.

Dorm Holds Annual Open House

On Saturday evening, October 21, the third annual "Open House" for the dorm students will be held in Woodland Hall. The decorations committee headed by Audrey Horton with her assistants, Dottie Lou Evans, Alice McKain, Catherine Carey, and Ruth Mengal, have chosen an airplane hanger as their central scheme. The hostesses will be dressed as stewardesses. Decorating the room will be propellers, airplane pictures, and airplane luggage. The inevitable nickelodeon will furnish the music. The general chairman for the party is Jo-Anne Healy. The committees are: refreshment—Pat Brennen, chairman, assisted by Mary Lou Shoemaker, Nancy Doer, and Betty Hazeltine; entertainment—Inez Weldon, chairman, with Jean Burchinal, Jane Campbell, Alice Chattaway, and Louise McIntyre helping her.

Miss Moorehead

If you've been wondering about the attractive blond girl who is new on the campus this year, we are about to put an end to your curiosity. She has been reported as a "transfer," a freshman (our sincere apologies); and yes, even a new new faculty member, which, incidentally, is the correct answer.

When asked for the story of her life, Miss Moorehead replied that she hadn't lived long enough to have a very lengthy biography, but we gleaned enough to give you some idea of the young lady's past.

After graduating from PCW, Miss Moorehead took her master's degree at the University of Pittsburgh, and then taught for two years at Dushesne College in Nebraska. She spent two summer sessions at the University of Wisconsin. She intended to go on at the University of Wisconsin for a year of residence and then get her doctor's degree but came instead to fill the position vacated by Miss Shamburger.

Miss Moorehead says that PCW hasn't changed since she was graduated, but she still wants to move out of Chapel when the last verse of the hymn is being sung, even though that is no longer the custom. She is tempted to go out and play hockey every afternoon and regrets that such pleasant pastimes are not for a busy faculty member.

Betty-Lee salon

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A LETTER FROM JARMILA

Editor's Note: Jarmila Vosyka was an exchange student from Czeslovakia in 1936-1937.

Prague,
June 9, 1939.

My dear Miss Marks and all my friends at PCW:

First of all, thanks to you who wrote me since my last letter; I am sorry that I did not answer your lovely letters; and because I do not seem to be able to answer all of them at once, I thought that maybe it would be better to write to all of you again.

I am sure that you who knew me did think of me during last months, what I was doing, and if there was anything happening to me. Well, I am all right. We all are all right until now.

We do not suffer at all, that is physically. It is true that things are getting more and more expensive (specially meat and eggs and things like that). The salaries are the same as they were. There are many problems now here. First of all: since we have no army now, all the officers are now at home and one must find for them other positions. This is very difficult because we are now quite a small county. Then there are officials from the Foreign Office—which does not exist any more either. First weeks our county was full with German soldiers and because there were so much more people there was one time quite a lack of some things. The soldiers found it very cheap here and were buying especially pastry with whipped cream and were sending many things home to their families. They say that we shall not get any coffee, tea, cocoa and other colonial things, and we shall have the clothes made also of wood. The occupation of our territory did surprise us and did not surprise us. Since Munich, one could expect it any day. But still, we were rather surprised because it happened on a day when we did not expect it at all. March 14, Slovakia proclaimed itself an independent state. Naturally, we understood how it was with Slovakia! And March the 15th when we got up, we opened as usually the

radio—it was 6:30 o'clock A. M.—and instead of music and gymnasts as usual, we heard a voice saying: Citizens. This morning, the German Army passed over our frontiers and is approaching Prague from all the directions. Be quiet and go after your work as usual. Today more than any other time, your right place is in your office, factory, or the field. To send your children to school as usual—it is more important for them than ever. Please, keep all quiet! And so the voice was repeating it slowly, seriously, round and round. I went to the university. Everybody walked in the streets silently—there was nearly no sound in the streets. I saw some people with tears in their eyes. About 10 o'clock, the first tanks and automobiles with soldiers came to the streets of Prague. They seemed to be very surprised, that we all were so quiet and silent because they must have been told that it's not in order here. And we are still quiet. It is true that some people got arrested (put in prison), because they told something bad somewhere—in the street car or in a shop, full of people. I think those people who speak like that are dumb. That is no heroship. One does not help anything with that. In contrary, it could make our situation worse. What does it help now? We are now without an army, and, well, we just have to have our mouths shut. And most of us have them. We must assimilate ourselves to the circumstances. We got now used to the sight of German uniforms of soldiers. Prague is still beautiful. I love it now more than ever.

Be happy all of you and when you just do not feel sometimes quite happy, do remember that you have so many things which others do not have. I am sending to all of you my love.

Yours,

JARMILA.

Look What We Got

Mary Louise Henry

Furtive glances . . . quickened footsteps . . . muted voices . . . is this PCW's impression of her novices? We may dash into the wrong classes; neglect to wear our arm-bands; or even jibber in the library! But please don't be impatient with us for we are very earnest and sincere about becoming students of whom you will be proud. For a while, upper-classmen, we may mumble incoherent chants when our alma mater is being sung, but we all experience lumps in our throats and tremors in our knees just as you do! All of you have been so forbearing with us . . . Miss Marks with her jovial smile . . . Gladys Patton with her encouraging pointers at freshman assembly—and we are very grateful to you.

Although we're timid, we have a most precocious group! Upon announcement of organ and harp scholarships, two talented little freshmen stepped up to carry off the laurels. Amy McKay and Kay Von Fossen, you are most deserving of praise. In fact, our class is very musically inclined. Bette Shoup, our songbird from Ligonier, had the honor of singing with Blue Barron's Band as well as with her high school orchestra. This summer at Chataqua, Betty Vernon was asked to sing in the operetta presented by a summer stock company. Oh yes, we have singers but we also have suave dancers. The Ginger Rogers of our class, Betty Simpson, taught dancing for several years as a partner to her former teacher. We also wear clothes well. Jean Sweet has modeled for several years in Columbus and Wheeling department stores, and Nina Maley has designed her own clothes, since she decided to become a dress designer.

Yes, we may be a little slow in catching on, but we've got some grand raw material and I'm sure we'll turn out some A-1 products in time!

Johnston The Florist

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HAZEL 1012

HEAR AND THEIR

By Jo Anne Healey

Well, here we are, back at the old stand, ready to report on the Passing Parade. The Parade this year contained a bewildering number of new and pretty faces, whom we would like to know. Too bad there weren't a corresponding number of pretty arm bands. However, we'll do our best to put a name with every face, and love-life with every name, and—oh well—let's get on with the gossip, and may the best man win.

We are devoting a special section this issue to fall jewelry, which we hereby itemize.

There are a pair of wings (real ones!) on the shapely shoulders of MADALYNNE MOORE from a pilot called Chuck.

The girl behind the grin these days is GLADYS PATTON, who is sporting a pretty trinket donated by JIMMY WOLFE. That leaves brother OLSON the last man on the 3rd floor of the PiKA house (Tech) who still has a pin. The boys are working on him, so maybe CHATTAWAY will soon be joining her room-mate in the Victory Song.

Among the odder jewelry is a Beta pin possessed (at this writing) by WEAZIE CALDON. It has a habit of appearing and disappearing with amazing rapidity. Certainly a novel trinket on the Houdini order.

JANE McCLUNG is also in the jewelry line, with a ring collected from somewhere at Pitt, and MOOCH SHOEMAKER is the antique line with a Delt heirloom.

According to advance reports, FRANCES JOHNSON will take LEM (W&J) WILCOX'S pin, which excludes California from the Union.

PAT LOWRY tops them all, of course.

JANE PIERCE and PAT BRENNAN still seem to be in no danger of un l'amouring. We quote, "Love is like the measles, you can't have it bad but once." So go to it, gals, but we can't wish you too much luck, because if everyone maintained a strict status quo, we wouldn't have anything whatsoever to write about at all. PUNKY COOK please note.

The verse choir is planning to make a tour this year during Spring Vacation. And ALICE PROVOST is busy trying to convince the committee that their itinerary should include Annapolis. Maybe she wants to get material for a term paper from the Navy files. And then again—maybe she doesn't. However, we are sure that Annapolis would prove as interestingly scenic to this verse choir as Richmond did to the last one. In fact, part of the Richmond scenic beauty may be seen in Woodland Hall most any Saturday night waiting for JEAN BURRY and BETH HOWARD.

PAT KENT is Greensburging on the double-time, and also dealing with the Delt. Such goings-on amaze us. They probably amaze Bill no less.

JEAN BURCHINAL is "deciding between the twain" and the suspense is terrific.



By Janet Ross

Hockey season is here! Yes, that's what that knocking was, and not the radiators after all. Practices have been held for the past two weeks and class games began yesterday with a game between the sophomores and juniors. Games will be played every Tuesday and Wednesday until November 7, date of the championship game.

This year our teams should be better than ever for we have had the benefit of expert coaching by Susan Cross, an All-American. You will remember that Miss Cross, who was also here last year, was a member of the United States Touring Team that played in the British Isles, Australia, and New Zealand. We hope that you were among those who took advantage of this valuable training. In addition, Miss Errett, Peg Dunseath, Julia Wells, who represented PCW at the hockey conference in Cleveland the week-end of September 30th, are on hand to share with us some of their newly acquired information and their experience.

Here are your columnist's predictions for this season. The Seniors should have no difficulty in securing the championship inasmuch as they have the strongest defense seen at PCW in a number of years and an excellent offensive. The juniors will be badly handicapped by the loss of Margo Dignan, high-scoring last year, and Mary Ann Gibney, defensive star. If the sophomores benefit from last year's experience and acquire more teamplay, they will present a hazard to all opponents. Unpredictable, as usual, are the freshmen, but, as they have several experienced stickmen, don't be too surprised if they upset one or more of their more highly tutored adversaries. If you do not approve of or agree with these predictions, just send in one of the street lights from the Highland Park Bridge and we shall see that PCW has a bigger and better Illumination Night next year.

This column cannot urge each and every one of you too strongly to come out for at least one sport. If you don't know how, now's the time to learn while there are others in the same predicament. You will never find a better brand of sportsmanship than is shown at PCW.

Among the luckier Frosh: ANNE BAKER, who won \$100 at the Stanley's recent I. Q. contest.

Well, since a "good beginning rates a good end" (plug) we will close our chat with a brief quotation from one of WEASE McINTYRE'S dates, which when read from left to right gives, "Strip my gears, and call me shiftless." My, my, what won't the boys think of next? If it's interesting enough, you'll find it in the next issue of the ARROW.

FUN FARE

By Betty Crawford

There is one indoor sport everyone loves . . . and that is relaxation! Psychologists tell us that it's good for the libido, and our hearts say it's fun. And now that classes and work and research papers are well under way, let's take a gander at the entertainment world to see what there is to take our minds off our work.

Of course the first to head anyone's list this week is Maurice Evans' **Hamlet**. We all know something about the author, Shakespeare, and probably a great deal about his **Hamlet**, but if you haven't seen Maurice Evans' stirring production you're missing a lot! This is really worth seeing, especially for Mr. Evans' superb acting, and particularly for the company's interpretation of the entire play.

Ethel Barrymore comes to the Nixon in a new play by Noel Langley. This well known actress opens in **Farm of Three Echoes** the week beginning October 23. Miss Barrymore is another that should be on your "must see" list.

If you like George Hall, you had better rush to the Stanley Theater this week. Sharing honors with Mr. Hall and his orchestra is Dolly Dawn and Henry Armetta. Supporting the stage performance is a light hearted movie, **Winter Carnival**, with Ann Sheridan. Makes good Saturday afternoon amusement if you don't fancy football games. Which reminds me, Pitt is scheduled to play Duquesne the 21st.

For Saturday night dates, after the game, there is always The Willows (dancing there only Friday and Saturday evenings). The New Penn with Ralph Allen's orchestra, The Pines with Nelson Maples' band, the Anchorage, and of course Bill Green's, the William Penn (Eddy Brandt's orchestra) and the Schenley.

The International Exhibition of Painting opens officially on Thursday, October 19th, at Carnegie Museum. This is the thirty-seventh annual exhibit to be held here in Pittsburgh. As usual, the artists who are represented in the International are the foremost living representatives in this field. There are 347 paintings in the exhibit, coming from France, England, Italy, Germany and the United States. Everyone should take advantage of this marvelous opportunity and see the International at least once!

If you are looking for light, amusing fun, you should see **I Want A Policeman**, a mystery-comedy which opens the 24th of this month at the Pittsburgh Playhouse (222 Craft Ave.) Although this notice is a little early, this play is a good one to keep in mind, especially if your date should ask for a suggestion of where to go and what to do some fine evening.

Hollywood Cavalcade, starring Alice Faye and Don Ameche, is here. A technicolor triumph, critics say you all should see it.

SLANTS AND ANGLES

By Betty Eastwood

Even As We

They are still playing hide-and-go-seek in Europe this week. The game is beginning to get a little wearing to the disinterested observer. Seems as if all the big-wigs are standing behind trees, peeking out once in a while, but waiting patiently for the other fellow to yell, "Boo."

At this rate it may go on indefinitely and a lot of people are beginning to wish someone would have courage to come out and say either, "We are," or "We aren't." But the high art of diplomacy doesn't work that way. It speaks in whispers and sneaks around corners after dark. In the meantime the poor benighted common man is inclined to skip the news section for the sports page. His reason hits home to what appears to be the heart of the whole situation. "I can't figure out what it's all about!" he says. Don't tell a soul, but we suspect that's the diplomats' trouble too.

Quiet Please!

We are back at school now for another year, and we all hope it will be a happy one, but there are forces at work in the world which do not make for happiness. We are not able to isolate ourselves on our little college hill and forget the turmoil of the outer world. It would not be right to do this.

There is something, however, that we can do, and should. College years are years of friendship, of quiet talk and companionship. We must not let our violent feelings come between us and the realization of this most important side of our school life. Long bull sessions in dormitory rooms or the corner drug store will not help the affairs of nations very much, and they may hurt the friends who are dear to us. There are on our campus those whose relatives and loved ones are in military service on both sides. There are many to whom the subject of war is horrible beyond belief. There is going to be too much fear, too much crying in the night, too much hatred as it is, without our adding to the quota. The task for each one of us is to form our own opinion, and then to go quietly about our business. We believe we are big enough to do it.

Thinks We Never Knew

Relax everyone! There are bears. It seems a false report has been going the rounds that the koala bears, native of Australia, were dying off. It all began when they did not appear at the San Francisco exposition. "What, no bears?" cried the visitors. "What, no bears?" cried the management. "What, no bears?" was the echo that reached the ears of the Australian authorities, who send a reassuring message. The reason the bears were not sent to the exposition was that it was thought the gum leaves which they eat did not grow in California. Now it is found the leaves are abundant there. Everything is peaceful again. We feel much better, but we want to know, what on earth is a koala bear?

FIRST DANCE

. . . by J. Anna Ayres '41

Alice was too excited really to look in the mirror; she only caught a quick glimpse of flying hair as she passed by. Her first dance . . . the one thing she had grown up for. What if something happened to Jack? What if he got sick or had an accident? But she didn't like to think about that . . . it made her fingers tremble so she could hardly fasten the buckle on her shoe. She laughed softly at herself. "How silly I am," she thought. "This is only a dance." But the trouble was, even the word "dance" made her heart jump up and down.

"Mother! Mother!" she cried, running out into the hall. "Where is my slip? You know . . . the one with the white lace at the bottom?" This was her very best slip and she'd only worn it once before . . . at Cousin Jean's wedding.

"For goodness sake, Alice, don't make such a racket." Her mother was puffing slowly up the stairs. "I put it away."

"Away! Where? Where, Mother? I don't have any time! Jack'll be here and I won't be ready. Oh dear . . . please hurry, Mother."

"Alice! What on earth do you mean by standing out here in the hall dressed like that? Goodness, child!" Mrs. Carver had reached the top step now and stood panting as she looked down at her daughter.

Alice rushed back to the bedroom and stood behind the door with only a fluff of hair and an excited face showing.

"Please, Mother . . . hurry!"

Mrs. Carver slowly limped toward the door. She was a huge woman, tall and stout. Her hair was still jet-black, waved in neat, stiff rows. She closed the door and sank breathlessly into a large armchair.

"My Heavens, Alice, but you've got this room turned upside down. You might just as well stop now and clear things up. I can't even think with all this mess."

"But Mother . . . please . . ." Then, seeing it was no use, she dashed back and forth, collecting a slipper here, an extra stocking there, and all sorts of things to be hung up. When she had finally put away everything in sight, she turned back to her mother, face flushed and hair flying more than ever.

But Mrs. Carver only pointed silently to a shoe under one of the chairs.

"Oh." Alice hastily pushed it into the closet.

"Very well, your slip's in the bottom drawer," her mother finally said, satisfied.

"You must help me on with my dress," Alice cried when she had gotten the slip. "Isn't it beautiful? Do you suppose Jack will like it? It hasn't a very low neck you know and lots of the girls wear low necks."

"Jack'll like it well enough. Anyhow it shouldn't matter to you a particle whether he likes it. I never paid any attention to what clothes your father liked

before we married . . . or afterwards either, for that matter."

Alice was completely absorbed in finding the front and back and bottom of the dress. Then, with it halfway over her head and the rose-colored taffeta swishing around her waist, she suddenly cried out:

"Mother! What time is it?" The dress slipped down quickly around her and hid the silver-toed sandals. She rushed to the mantel-piece. Only eight o'clock. She ran across to her mother, not because there was so much hurry, but because she loved to hear her dress. It was so long and full and gorgeous.

"Quick, Mother, fasten me up."

Mrs. Carver sighed. "Goodness, Alice, in my day the girls purposely kept their beaux waiting. You don't want to be too anxious."

"But Mother," she laughed excitedly. "I am anxious. I can't wait."

Just then she saw her father timidly peeking in the door.

"Oh Father! Look at my dress." She flew away from Mrs. Carver and twirled around on one foot so he could get the full effect of the skirt.

Mr. Carver slowly nodded and cleared his throat. "Very pretty, very pretty, my dear." Then he looked at his wife to see if she agreed with him.

"Alice! come back and let me finish your hooks. Now you see you've undone half of what I did. Hold still."

"Yes, Mother," she whispered, too happy to speak aloud.

It was then that the phone rang . . . loud and with an insistence that was frightening.

Mrs. Carver looked up, annoyed. "Oh for heaven's sakes . . . who can that be? Lawrence! Go answer it right away."

"Yes, my dear, I'm going." He disappeared and a moment after Alice heard his mild voice repeating, "Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . ."

She tiptoed over to the dresser and picked up her pearls. Suppose something had happened to Jack? What would she do? Her fingers were as cold as the necklace when she fastened it on.

"That looks very nice, Alice," came her mother's voice, harsh-sounding after the silence. Alice tried to smile but her lips were dry and felt as if they were only stretching.

Her father appeared in the doorway. He looked a little worried and glanced pleadingly toward Mrs. Carver. He cleared his throat.

"Cary . . . ah . . . could you step out here a minute . . ."

"Father!" Alice was standing perfectly still in the middle of the floor, her hands clasped in front of her dress. "Was it Jack?"

"No, my dear." He still would not look at her.

"Well, Lawrence, for goodness sakes tell me

what it is. Don't stand there like a scarecrow . . . tell us."

Again he cleared his throat. "Well, Cary, it isn't so much, but I didn't want to make the child here unhappy at her first dance. Uncle James has died . . ."

"Died! James! . . . well."

"Yes . . . passed away last night. It was his heart I think."

"And no heirs. We're his closest relatives. Poor Jim. Yes, poor Jim."

Alice, too relieved to speak, only hurried back to the dresser and snapped on her bracelet. Then she looked in the mirror. Why did her hair go out so wild? She picked up the comb and was lost watching the light flow down after it.

Her father she saw standing behind her, looking uncomfortable. He was a very little man, almost shorter than she was.

"Now, Alice, you won't let it upset you any will you? Your Uncle was an old man and he died very peacefully. You just have a nice time and forget it, won't you?" He laid a hand timidly on her shoulder.

"Lawrence!" Her mother's voice struck them both like cold water and he drew his hand quickly away. They saw her rise painfully and indignantly from the chair. "What are you talking about? That child isn't going to any dance now. We aren't *that* much heathens! Mercy upon us, Lawrence . . . where's your church training?"

With a soundless rush everything dropped away from Alice and left nothing but empty space. She was only standing in a hot bedroom with a dress on. It hung limp and lifeless from her shoulders. Her hair didn't reflect the light anymore because there wasn't any light . . . only the two lamps standing dull and yellow across the room.

"But, Mother . . ." She wondered if she had spoken aloud because no one seemed to have heard her.

Her father shifted onto another foot and looked disturbed. "Well now, Cary, it seems to me . . ."

Mrs. Carver only glared at him and turned to leave the room. "I'm going down to tell that Jack Morrison he's to go by himself this time." She glanced at her daughter. "Now take off the dress right away, Alice. There's no sense mussing it up." And then she limped painfully out.

Alice turned hopelessly to her father. But he was already following his wife. At the doorway he stopped in hesitation and saw Alice leaning against the dresser. For a moment he looked as if he would speak, but in the end he only turned helplessly away and shuffled out.

Dawn

By Jean Burchinal, '42

Dawn.
The fisherwoman,
Has cast her gray net and caught
All the silver
star-fishes.

Sarah

By Marden Armstrong, '42

It was one of those sturdy, red-brick farmhouses, built by prosperous settlers, and handed down from father to son. Rebekkah Winthrop had come to it as a bride a century ago, and had borne her six children there, and had died within its protective red arms. And her eldest, Eli, had brought Sarah there, and Sarah had borne her children in the room where her husband had been born. Eli is dead now. But Sarah still lives in the old, red house with her eldest and his sons, who wearily work the now unproductive fields. Rebekkah would weep if she could see it now. For with the decay of souls within the old house, has come an accompanying decay without. A subtle disintegration has taken place . . . something not perceived, but sensed.

Before the house stand two great Norway pines, like gaunt sentinels. A rutted mud road lags disinterestedly up to the wrecked hulk of a barn, and from there wanders vaguely up the hill behind the house, and loses itself in rough pasture land above. In the field beside the house a lonely horse is listlessly cropping dusty grass. Over all . . . the suffocating blanket of heat which precedes a midsummer storm.

Within the house there is silence, except for the complaining creak of a rocking chair, and the rasping, tinny tick of the clock. In the scarred chair sits Sarah, as shriveled and brown as a raisin. She rocks incessantly, and stares before her with faded eyes. The linoleum on the floor underneath the chair has been worn by constant rocking until there are only two parallel black lines where the colored squares have been. An ugly, green fly buzzes noisily about the room. In the hot stillness his drone is magnified until the stained plaster walls seem to echo and re-echo the sound. The smell of freshly ironed clothes still lingers in the room.

Sarah's attempts at housework are feeble. Yet someone must cook and iron for the "men-folks" since her son's wife is dead. Her once strong fingers have become fumbling brown sticks, and her alert eyes are blurred with dreaming. There are tiny piles of dust in the corners of the room, and lonely crumbs lie scattered on the table. At the fly-specked window, not-too-carefully mended curtains hang lifelessly, and a splotched red geranium sags in its pot on the sill. But Sarah does not seem to notice the fly, nor the heat, nor the not-too-carefully mended curtains. Her mind has escaped the confines of the stained plaster walls.

On the oilcloth-covered table beside her chair is a chipped jelly glass in which her "store teeth" have been put. They seem misplaced in that jelly glass, and grin foolishly, as if they were embarrassed at being there. At intervals, Sarah reaches out bony fingers and groupes awkwardly for the glass. Re-assured that it is there, she drops her arms into her

gingham-covered lap. Her chair moves back and forth in the worn, black lines.

With a sudden movement, incredibly swift for one so old, Sarah throws her arms out, as if reaching for something. Her hand gropes wildly for a moment. She begins to whimper. Water runs from the corners of her shrunken mouth. The yellow butterflies have gone. She cannot catch them, for they fly so swiftly. She mutters to herself. Always she runs in the sunny meadow, chasing the butterflies, but can never catch them. They are so lovely. She is lovely, too, like the butterflies. She silently slips back into golden youth.

She is running now . . . swiftly, to elude Eli who playfully chases her down the long meadow towards the wood. They have left the picnic crowd far behind. Panting, breathless, they reach the cool, dim wood. Eli has caught her; he is holding her close.

"I love you, Sarah," he whispers. "I love you." Then the yellow butterflies flit past again.

"Gran'ma," her grandson's shrill voice comes through the window. "Here's Miz Howells to see you."

Sarah slowly looks up. Miz Howells smiles, and begins to speak. Sarah's withered face splits in a foolish, toothless grin.

"The butterflies are so pretty," she mumbles.

Loss

By J. Anna Ayres, '41

How can I stand beside his bed
Dry-eyed?
How can I stand and see the flat, smooth stretch of
sheets
Unbroken by the form that molded them for years?
The sheets that only yesterday were warm where he
had touched them?
But still I stand dry-eyed.
I have not wept.
Strong . . . strong remembering
And having him.

Why do they come and talk as if he'd gone?
They frighten me.

If he had only died . . .
Just died.
And I alone to love him
And mourn for him and keep him
With none of this . . .
The funeral and the flowers, the words about him.
At first death could have seemed as beautiful as life.
But soon the people's sympathy, the flowers, will
make me weep.
And then . . .
Tomorrow I will stand beside this bed
Alone, with empty heart, half dull with tears,
And blind to all things but that stretch of sheets
Without him.

Thoughts at Morning

By Rachel Kirk, '40

This morning, I awoke early to sunshine and bird song and last night's rain drops sparkling in the green leaves outside my window. I lay there watching the newly-washed clouds sailing slowly across the blue of the sky, and as I watched, I remembered a little girl.

She was a child who was full of fancies, who looked for fairies' rings in the grass and never uprooted a toadstool for fear of disturbing a sleeping brownie. To her, all things had being—the letters in her ABC book and the numbers she had to learn to add and multiply; her little red wagon; the pink and white bleedinghearts in her grandmother's garden. On summer evenings, she used to sit on the porch steps, grownup voices a murmur behind her, and look at the blue and lavender heavens. Then, as now, the clouds sailed slowly across the sky, but to the little girl they were not just clouds. They were all the world.

If she sat very quietly, she could feel the silent moving of the universe. It was mysterious and wonderful and awesome, and yet she was not afraid. The earth was there where she could almost touch it. The farthest horizon was just at the edge of town, and from where she sat on the front steps, she could see the widest limits of the world. As long as there was light, she could watch its majestic and marvelous turning, and she knew that the blue and gold and pink orb had her for its center.

It was a comforting feeling that the child had, and a small and safe world. Now the little girl has grown-up. She has learned that when she watches the clouds move across the sky, she is not seeing the globe revolve on its axis. She knows that clouds are not the whole world, but that they are only masses of electrically charged dust particles which have attracted to them oppositely-charged drops of water. She realizes that only for herself is she the center of the universe. And the world can no longer be encompassed within one glance. It is huge, hostile, incomprehensible.

But I am not sure that I would want Time to backward, turn backward and again make me a child. I am not certain that the serene security in which nearly every child moves is enviable. There is no challenge in a sort of unaware contentment.

The child, in her small, round, sheltered world knew only her picture books, her dolls and wagon, the flowers in her grandmother's garden. She saw the clouds moving and believed she watched the earth turning. She was unafraid, but she was also unknowing. Her adult self is insecure, fearful, awed before the wideness and the turmoil of the world, but she is not content. And, who knows? Perhaps some day she might really feel the universe move and see the world turn.

ANNA

. . . by Susan Woolridge '41

Anna grunted as she watched Matt, her husband steer the car out of the long drive onto the dirt road which led to the highway.

"Ja," she said to herself. "He iss for a few days gone. Now, can I my preserving get done."

The countryside as seen from the front of the barn which was her home, was a green expanse of fields and trees dotted here and there by groves of early yellowing locusts. Only on the far hillside was it relieved by a gray house surrounded by poplar trees. Often she wished for a house such as that one must be; but today her glance only swept past it and rested proudly on her small square of lawn. Each stock of grass, as if combed daily, stood upright. Fascinated, she watched a ladybug crawl up one side of a blade, over the top and down the other.

In her mind she saw the rest of the property. On the north stood the foundation of a house that Hans had dug. If only her husband would pay Hans, then he could finish the house and it would be nicer than the gray one on the hillside. When her husband was away she and Hans had planned it together. His parents had come from a small town in Germany near her own.

At the west of the old barn, where Hans had put a window that she might see the sunset, were an abandoned mine and a few buildings: some for the goats, others for the dogs her husband stole and resold. Back there now with her new pups, was a Great Dane which had come apparently lost, to the door about a month ago. Not long after, she had eleven pups and Matt had let her keep only the six that were strongest. For drowning her pups the dog hated him, but she trusted Anna who fed her.

To the south was Anna's vegetable garden where she grew most of her food. Practically the only thing she bought besides her staple needs was oranges for the baby which the county nurse said he must have. Around the garden and barn was a strong fence, high enough to keep out the goats and around it was another fence. The second one was electrically wired and was about 30 feet from the first on three sides and on the fourth side extended to include the old mine, the sheds and

a great deal of pasture land. Into this enclosure Matt, when he went away, turned loose his fierce old billy goat. The fence kept the goat from getting out as he had learned to respect it, and the goat prevented people from entering for his head was four feet from the ground and his horns added almost another foot to his height. He had a long brown beard and his close-set eyes glared at anyone who dared come near. Matt was the only one he would not butt and when Anna wanted to let the nurse into the barn for her bi-weekly visit or when she needed to attend to the goats or dogs, she had to entice the huge animal with a precious carrot, beet top or cabbage leaf and quickly chain him to a large fence post.

Matt had an electric fence and he had lights in the sheds, but he made his wife use kerosene lamps and he lived in a barn.

A lusty wail from inside sent Anna hurrying to the clothes basket by the oil stove.

"Ach, he iss not vet!" Tilting her head to look at the clock which lay on one side for want of a leg, she exclaimed, "For fife minutes he vants his orange juice." She clucked softly under her breath, "Vat would Nurse say?"

Deftly she cut an orange in half and after squeezing out the juice she strained it through a clean square of an old sugar sack into the baby's bottle. The nurse had given her a large mayonnaise jar and in it she kept sterile nipples. Now she took one out and, careful not to touch the tip, she held one edge of it against the bottle with her thumb and taking the other edge she pulled it over the top. Testing a drop on the back of her hand and finding it right she took the baby again and gave him the nipple which he eagerly sucked.

The rest of that day she spent putting up beans and tomatoes in the jars her mother had given her and which she had collected in the three years she had been married. As she set the jars in the store-room which was on the one side of the barn, she noted with satisfaction the crocks of sauerkraut, the flour sacks filled with potatoes and hanging in one corner, the salted and smoked goat-meat. Setting the jars down she counted, "ein . . .

zwei . . . drei . . ." seventy-four jars of tomatoes and fifty-seven of beans. At the end of last fall she did not have more than she had now and the first frost was still at least another month away. There were, yet, many beans and tomatoes in the garden and cabbages and beets too.

Matt had growled because there would be another mouth to feed; but she had worked harder in the garden this year—there had only been the week when the baby came that she had not worked there. For some reason the nurse had been angry when she found Anna hoeing the garden so soon; but the winter would find her prepared.

Hurriedly she turned away from her store of wealth to give the baby his evening meal. As he nursed she thought, as she often did, what she would name him.

Here he was more than four months old and she only spoke of him as Baby when Matt was there. Matt called him "the Brat." She did not know just what that meant but she did not like the way he said it. Sometimes when alone with Baby she would say, "little Hans" and look closely to see how it became him. She thought of big Hans. He used to play with the child but now he was on his way south where he always went for the fall and winter, and would be back in the spring.

The next day, after the nurse left, Anna went down to the old mine where she had tied the Great Dane with her pups. Her husband had ordered her whenever anyone came, even the nurse, to tie the dog in the mine where it could not be heard. When she reached the mine the Great Dane was so glad to see her that Anna decided to bring the dog and her pups to the old barn for company. She put one of the pups in a bushel basket to carry and the other one the dog picked up in her mouth. She followed Anna walking smoothly and being careful to leave a wide space between herself and the goat which made fierce sounds in his throat. The dog was black except for her chest which was white as were her paws, her nose and the tip of her tail. On the top of her head between the ears were six white hairs. The pup she carried was just like her even to the white tip of its tail and the

six hairs on its head. At the door the huge dog set her pup down and politely sat up on her haunches until asked to come in. Once inside she seemed to know what was expected of her, for she lay in one corner of the room and kept all of the pups near except the one which was like her. The small dog wobbled over to the stove and stayed between it and the wall until its mother noticed it. Then the Dane rose, shook off the other pups and tried to grasp the elusive one in her mouth. Not being able to do this as the pup was too far behind the stove, she reached with her paw, cuffed it and pulled it toward her. Back with the other pups the mother cleaned it with her tongue and let it go, whereupon it immediately returned to the stove.

On the other side of the room Anna's baby, lying naked on a blanket, was taking his afternoon sun bath. He would wriggle and coo each time the dog got up and Anna spent her time between cleaning vegetables and moving the baby so that his eyes would not be in the sunlight as the nurse had told her to be sure to do.

Later, when Anna went to dig some fresh carrots for her dinner, she saw a large, shiny car stop at the driveway and a man get out and start toward the house. Quickly she returned and, piling the pups in a basket, she took the Great Dane by her collar and hurried to one of the buildings in the back. The dog was reluctant to come but Anna pulled her along and tied her with a rope in the shed. Back at the barn she saw that the man was already by the door. She hurried inside the building and he followed.

"Pardon me," he boomed, his voice big in the sparsely furnished room, "Have you seen my dog? A Great Dane. She was going to have pups. Been lost about a month and I've traced her to around here."

Anna looked puzzled and pretended she could not understand. The man explained again more slowly and louder.

"She's black with white underneath and on her feet and tail and . . ." At this moment the little black and white puppy-dog which was behind the stove, wobbled out and began to whimper for his mother.

The man stooped to pick up the dog but Anna was quicker. She grabbed it and put it behind her and said, "Nein!"

"I'll call the sheriff," he threatened and started for the door.

Anna remained stolidly where she was.

"Give me that dog."

"Nein!"

He went out the door and Anna followed to see that he did not investigate further. Going back through both gates he gave a shrill whistle; as he went down the drive to the car and an answering howl came from the shed where the Dane was tied.

Anna returned to the house and wondered what to do. "Ach, vat will Matt say?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Vat can I do?"

Not bothering to take the pup to its mother she went back to the garden, pulled up some carrots and untied the large goat which had been chained to the fence since morning. As she prepared dinner she heard the brake of a car being pulled on and Matt came running into the house.

He snarled, "Where's the dog?" And without waiting for a reply, said, "Was anybody here?"

She answered fearfully, "Big man. Said dog vas hiss. He saw her pup."

For the first time Matt noticed the little dog and snapped, "Why the hell did you have the whelps up here?"

He advanced menacingly and then changed his mind. He grabbed the pup and said, "I'll tend to you later," and went out the door muttering. "That must have been the guy I heard in town telling the sheriff about seeing his pup. Lucky I got here plenty fast. Damn that woman."

The dog was whining and whimpering at being handled so roughly. As Matt went into the oat enclosure he saw a large car turning up his driveway. Cursing, he dropped the pup and kicked it behind some bushes. The dog cried and yelped piercingly and its mother came racing up from the shed with the broken rope trailing behind her and jumped at the man. He put up his arm to ward her off but the force of her leap carried him to the ground and she went for his throat.

The two men sprang out of the car, the sheriff drawing his gun and the owner of the dog whistling for the Great Dane; but she was getting her revenge and would not come. As they came through the gateway the goat rushed at them and the sheriff shot it. Running to save Matt who was still feebly strug-

gling with the dog, the sheriff was able to get a good aim at it without danger of hitting the man and he fired. The Great Dane leaped into the air and then fell on top of the man, dead.

"I can take him to the hospital in my car," cried the owner of the dog.

The sheriff shook his head. "He don't need a hospital," he said as he futilely tried to stanch the blood that spurted from Matt's neck. "He just got what he deserved, I reckon. He was a surly brute of a man. Too bad about the dog, but she would have had to be killed anyhow. You won't be held responsible, though."

"What about the woman?"

At this moment Anna appeared in the doorway. The men stood up and removed their hats as she came slowly over to them. She glanced at her husband over whose face the sheriff had placed a handkerchief, shrugged her shoulders and started back towards the barn.

The sheriff and the man walked after her and the sheriff said, "I'm sorry, Ma'am," and the man asked, "Isn't there something I can do?"

Anna turned to them, shook her head. "Nein," she said. "Nein, I haf beans and tomatoes and meat and cabbage for der vinter. Der big goat hide vill make a nice rug, and," her eyes lit up. "Hans, Hans vill be back in der spring."

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JENKINS ARCADE

IT HURT MY EYES

The sun was shining brightly—almost too brightly—as I walked across the field to my cabin that day. Camp life was going on at its usual lively pace with girls in the cabins, out of the cabins, behind the cabins, and even one small girl under a cabin. Perhaps she was homesick or maybe she was only looking for a ball that had rolled beyond her reach. A mushball game was in progress with many cheers and strike outs, but I was too excited to give it much thought for in my hands was the latest mail from home.

A letter and the newspaper! The paper was tucked forgotten under my arm as I eagerly read my brother's letter. Just to think, he had talked to a boy in Brazil the other night on his radio, and "The Reception was very good. We had a fine Q. S. O. and I wish you could have been here to listen." Well, I wished so, too, for it's not every day one can get Brazil. Maybe he would have let me talk, as he had that night when he had contacted a boy in Denver. That was a thrill.

"I hope you didn't run onto any skunks this year. You know nice girls don't run around playing with woodspussies." Tch, tch, brothers just can't forget embarrassing incidents, and they can't help teasing about them either.

"This letter has to be short for I have a bad case of glass arm from too much pen slinging. You and mother make life difficult for me, both being away at the same time." Old silly!

Still smiling, I absently opened the newspaper and scanned the head lines. The letters jumped but I took a firm grip on the paper and tried to put them back together again. I looked up, and the world had stopped, but I kept on going. I walked on, and it hurt to pick up one foot and put it down in front of the other. The cheers of the mushball game ground in my ears, but I realized that the ringing in my head hurt more. I walked on.

Past a cabin whose phonograph blared out "I see your face before me." The face that I saw before me made me close my eyes in pain but I forced them open and walked on. On past two girls doing the "cake walk" on the grass to the music next door. Past two little girls whose entwined arms, hushed voices,

and earnest faces made me think of secrets. On by the tot who was crawling out from under the cabin with a grimy but triumphant face, the ball clutched tightly in her hand. Past three girls dressed in their starched camp uniforms and looking very much on parade. Only by these and all the others I walked, and though I looked at them, I saw other scenes, other times, another face.

For I was seeing instead the proud grin of my brother as he led me through the latest dance step he had taught me; I saw him as a younger boy who came up with a twinkle in his eye and whispered, "Say, can you keep a secret?" I saw a child who crawled, dirty but happy, from under the hot water heater with the precious lost dime clutched in his fist, while little sister clapped her hands. No, I was not seeing the small girl emerge from under the cabin, nor yet the girls walking toward me all dressed up. I saw another picture this time.

I was seeing uniforms. Not the out-grown Boy Scout uniform, long ago cut up for rags to clean the car, but natty grown up uniforms. For the black letters meant something to me at last. It was all too clear, too simple. War was declared.

The sun was shining brightly as I walked across the field to my cabin—almost too bright. It hurt my eyes.

Transfers

Below is a list of the Transfer Students and their former colleges:

Allison Meyer, Ohio State University; Dorothy M. Andrews, College of New Rochelle; Jean Arthur, Converse College; Emily Barschdorf, Nurses' Training School; Jean Burchinal, Washington Seminary; Aileen Chapman, Carnegie Tech Art School; Beatrice Dobson, University of Michigan; Margaret Hibbs, Wilson College; Mary Kerr, Wellesley College; Mary Ann Mackey, West Virginia Wesleyan; Mariana Mahaney, Carnegie Tech Art School; Alice McKain, William and Mary College; Elinor Offill, University of Southern California and Bryn Mawr; Mildred Rudinsky, Washington Seminary; Anna Elizabeth Saylor, Wooster College; Eleanor Tiel, Ohio Wesleyan University; and Helen Waugh, West Virginia Wesleyan.

... by Marjorie Wood '42

Autumn

By Marden Armstrong, '42

On this hill
Wild asters
Swing
On the wind,
And green-brown
Crickets
Sing
To the sky.
A hawk
Darts
Over the yellow
Wheatfield.

Beyond
On the next hill
Two horses
Are eating
Scarlet apples
While
A faint, blue
Mist
Is tangling itself
In the
Trees.

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NOR ALL YOUR TEARS

. . . by Jo Anne Healey '41

Galbraith followed old Elspeth up the long stairs. As they walked he noticed how her fat haunches swayed and the way the sweat shone on her black neck. When they reached the top she was breathing asthmatically. She stopped in front of his mother's room, her finger on her lips.

"Y'all wait here, Mr. Cal, and I'll see if she's awake."

Galbraith watched her squeeze her fat body through the door. She closed it behind her with a little click, and he was facing the shining panels. He remembered how as a little boy he had stood so many times before that door, trying to see his image in the polished walnut. His mouth softened, and he peered at the door, straining his eyes as he searched the shining wood for some faint shadow of himself. He jumped a little when the door opened and Elspeth came out.

"You can go in now," she said, and the whites of her eyes were flecked with red, like those of his setter bitch. He went past her into the dim room and his nostrils flared as they got the familiar scent of ashes of roses from the rose-jar on the table. Quite suddenly he knew that what had begun when he searched for his reflection in the walnut door was not over. The years of his life since he had left this house—this room, fell away from him, and he walked carefully so as not to disturb the spell that the past—the walnut paneling, and the rose-jar had woven for him.

The woman on the bed must have known. Her voice, for all its quietness, was quick and sure.

"Don't fidget, Cal, sit down."

He neared the bed, and it seemed to him that he was not as tall as he had been.

"Do take your hands out of your pockets." The thin voice seemed to hover on the air, quite disconnected from the still figure on the bed. Galbraith sat down in the low plush-backed rocker by the bed and folded his legs under him. With an effort he brought his eyes to his mother's face. For a long while he searched for some familiar landmark in the ravage of her countenance. His eyes saw the sunken curve of her cheeks, and the way her hair was white. Finally he met her eyes, and they were enormous, deeply sunken. She watched him calmly. It seemed to him that she must be too tired, now, for anything but calmness.

"It's been a long time," she said at last, "and you're not the same as you were—or as you would have been, if you hadn't gone." Her hands were picking at the cover, rolling the lint into small heaps. He could see the pulse throbbing at the veins in her wrist.

"I've kept thinking," she was going on, "—I've kept thinking you'd come before this."

"I meant to—," it was his own voice, and yet it was not his own. It belonged to the little boy who was sitting here, so long ago.

"It doesn't matter," his mother said, and now her voice was a whisper. "You've come now—and you can go away again—knowing that you weren't too late." His eyes were caught and held by hers. "If you hadn't come, you see," he had to lean forward now, to hear her—"If you hadn't come—back here—you never could have come back—to anything."

There was a silence while she gathered her breath. No one," she said, can go forward always. Not even you."

She closed her eyes. You'd best go now," she said, "I think I'll go to sleep. Tell Elspeth to come to me."

"I'll be back," he whispered softly.

She lifted heavy lids from her dark eyes. No, she said. You came back—before it was too late. Now go away again, before—"

"Before it's too late?" His voice was loud in the dim room. She did not answer, and her eyes were closed again. For a minute he watched her, seeing the slow beat at her temple. Then he raised his eyes. Across the bed, the silver of the high-boy mirror shone hazily in the gloom. At first he could see nothing else, then slowly a face emerged from the dimness. He studied it detachedly, noting the thinness of it, and the way the cheek-line ran in a triangle from a broad forehead to the point of a long chin. He saw the hardness of a wide mouth, and the way the red hair lay close against the scalp. A long nose gave an over-balanced look, like the face of a fox.

With a shock, he realized that it was his own face. He had seen it so many places, in so many mirrors, but not here. This face had not been here before. That was why, he supposed, he hadn't recognized it at first.

His legs suddenly were cramped and he knew that the chair was too low. The scent of the roses was

heavy now, and seemed to hurt his chest. He got up quickly, and walked to the door, not looking back. He hesitated a minute before he turned the knob. He could hear the heavy wheezing of Elspeth's breath, on the other side, and when he opened the door, she was standing there. She went past him into the room without speaking, and closed the door behind her.

Pressed for the need for air, he hurried down the narrow stairs, and collecting his hat and cane in the hall, he let himself out the front door. The strong sunlight drove the midst from his brain, and suddenly his mind was clear again. As he walked the flagstone path to the gate, he knew that his mother was wrong. He would go forward, always. Because, for her, he had gone back in time, but for himself, it had been too late. His hand lingered on the gate lock, and he traced with his finger the three initials carved there. Once, he remembered, the gashes had been deep, and rough to the touch, but now they were smooth, and shallow. He opened the gate, and as it shut behind him, he wondered if perhaps it hadn't been too late, always.

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Freshmen

Below is a list of freshmen and their preparatory schools:

Margaret Anderson, Edgewood High School; Jean Archer, Evonworth High School; Janet Baer, Winchester-Thurston; Ann Baker, Belle Vernon High School; Margaret Ballard, Mt. Lebanon; Eleanor Behnhauer, South Hills; Mary Ann Bell, Winchester-Thurston; Margaret Benz, Greensburg High School; Brice Black, Western High School, Baltimore, Md.; Patricia Blue, Peabody; Mary Boileau, Peabody; Dorothy Brooks, Sewickley; Betty Brown, Westinghouse; Helen Brown, Steelton High School; Barbara Browne, Avenworth High School; Jane Brooks, Wells High School, Steubenville, Ohio; Catharine Carey, Sewickley High School; Edith Cole, Peabody; Florence Croyle, Schenley; and Lucille Cummins, East Washington High School, Washington, Pa.

Jean DeWoody, Dormont; Peggy Dietz, Dormont; Virginia Dittges, Winchester-Thurston; Doris Dodds, Ellis School; Nancy Doerr, Avenworth; Mary Evelyn Ducey, Sewickley; Jane Evans, Wilkinsburg; Rosemarie Filippelli, Schenley; Mary Jane Fisher, Avalon; Jane Fitzpatrick, Allderdice; Eleanor Garrett, Allderdice; Virginia Gillespie, Peabody; Ruth Gilson, Peabody; Janice Goldblum, Schenley; Mary Grey, Wilkinsburg; Louise Haldeman, Wilkinsburg; Barbara Heinz, Allderdice; Virginia Hendryx, Allderdice; Mary Louise Henry, Greensburg; Marjory Heth, Radnor High School, Wayne, Pa.; Ella Hilbish, Ursuline Academy; and Dorothy Horne, Charleroi.

Claire Marks Horwitz, Peabody; Jane Humphreys, Langley; June Hunker, Munhall; Doris Hutchison, McKeesport; Betty Vance Hyde, Schenley; Miles Janouch, Peabody; Margaret Johnson, New Kensington; Barbara Johnson, Monson High School, Monson, Mass.; Dorothy Kaessner, Mt. Lebanon; Elinor Keffer, Connellsville High School; Marion Kieffer, Peabody; Evelyn Klein, Allderdice; Josephine Kott, Stowe; Cynthia Kuhn, Winchester-Thurston; Marian Lambie, Allderdice; Coleen Lauer, Marietta High School, Marietta, Ohio; Pattie Logue, Highland Hall, Hollidaysburg; Althea Lowe, Masontown High School; Patricia Lowry, Miss Harris' Florida School, Florida; Margaret Malanos, East Pittsburgh; Nina Maley, Parkersburg Central High School, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Elizabeth Maroney, South Hills; Dorothy Marshall, Peabody; Jane McCall, Peabody; and Janet McCormick, Avonworth.

Mary Jane McCormick, Dormont; Jean McCulloch, Westinghouse; Amy McKay, Zelienople High School; Ruth Meyers, Allderdice; Dorothy Minneci, Ursuline Academy; Madalynne Moore, Parkersburg High School, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Marjorie Noonan, Schenley; Margaret Orr, Chatam Hall, Virginia; June Price, Wilkinsburg; Alice Reed, Ellis School; Norma Jane Reno, Crafton; Louise Rider, Mt. Lebanon; Janet Ross, Bellevue; Marion Rowell, Munhall; Elizabeth Rudman, Edgewood; Nancy Schell, Somerset High School; Mary Schweppe, Butler High School; Constance Shane, Perry; Bette Shoup, Ligonier High School; Gloria Silverstein, Allderdice; Betty Simpson, Cadiz High School; Anna Skalyo, McKeesport; Virginia Sumner, Wilkinsburg Jean Sweet, Triadelphia High School, Wheeling, W. Va.; Marian Teichmann, East Washington High School, Washington, Pa.; and Phylis Tross, Boardman, Youngstown, Ohio.

Elizabeth Vernon, Beaver High School; Claranne Von Fossen, Beardstown High School, Beardstown, Ill.; Louise Wallace, Peabody; Elizabeth Ward, Foxhollow School, Lenox, Mass.; Catherine Watsch, Beall High School, Frostburg, Md.; Elizabeth Watters, Haverford, Llanerch, Pa.; Rosella Wayne, Mount Nazareth Academy, Bellevue; Lorraine Wolf, Peabody; Peggy Jane Wragg, Allderdice; Jean Wyre, Mt. Lebanon; and Mary Zward, Masontown High School.



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Jottings in the Margin

Change-of-face note . . . the new stationery and jewelry in the book-room . . . college crests all over the place . . . Sudden thought . . . I waste more good time waiting for people who wouldn't be worth waiting for if they were on time . . . if you get what I mean . . . How long and lovely the fall has been . . . Campus password . . . "how gruesome!" . . . What-is-this-younger-generation-coming-to-department . . . young ladies who should be putting up their hair and lengthening their skirts hastening to don the knee-high socks of unhappy childhood memory . . . Can anything be done this winter about the radiators that sizzle and knock and pop while the chapel speaker struggles manfully to be heard? . . . The most beautiful sight in Pittsburgh . . . the slow curving of the serenely old-fashioned gas lamps along Woodland Road.

FUNNY THINGS, CLUBS

The Arrow has always been among the firmest advocates of the Reform the Clubs movement. In fact, back in 1936 the then-editor of the PCW paper, in a series of editorials proposed that a study of the clubs, their purposes and programs, be instigated with a view to correcting the evils.

What happened? For a while there was excitement. Clubs dusted off old constitutions and added a few stricter provisions for paying dues and attending meetings. The members were solemnly read the "purpose" of the club as stated in the charter or Article I of the constitution. Efforts were made to have reasonably interesting speakers and fairly good programs by members themselves, and the refreshments picked up noticeably.

Then the special committee attempted really to get at the root of the mess, by decreasing the number of organizations with mergers of some groups having similar interests and dissolution of those which could not prove satisfactorily their usefulness. The howl that was raised drowned out any faint applause that might have been started. Club officers took alarm at the thought of losing prestige; club members wanted all the extra-curricular activities they could cram in; professors hesitated to approve the removal of the club of their departments.

The result of this previous attempt to reform the club system is obvious. It failed. There continued just as many clubs as before and in a few months, they slipped back into the familiar rut—lack of interest, planning, and co-operation.

So now the Student Government Board believes that the situation has grown so confused that another proposal for improvement is due. Those of us who have rushed from club meeting to club meeting and who have often felt when we did get there that we received no particular benefit, hope that a settlement agreeable to all can be found. Knowing human nature, we can do no more than hope.

NOTE OF CHEER

One gleam of light shines in the pre-holiday gloom. In the confusion of blue books, term papers, club changes, and rehearsals, one group is maintaining a commendable concentration. The newly-organized Chapel Committee has this paper's wholehearted support for its plans and regulations.

In the past years, chapel has not served its purpose very well, as its chronic state of de-population shows. Of course a few spartan souls do go each day, mainly to avoid Chapel Court it seems, but their interest is about as warming as Lem-n-Blend in Antarctica.

Comes now a Committee to the rescue! The chances are we will soon run, not walk, to chapel. **The Arrow** can not say too much in praise of its efforts, particularly the closing of the doors. It has been positively heart-rending, seeing speakers floundering around and clearing their throats to get attention. The Committee will do its best to get us programs that are interesting, now we must help out. Please co-operate just this once. It won't be so bad, now will it?

Christmas Pageant Will Be Presented

Music Department and Dance Group Perform

The annual Christmas Pageant will be presented in the chapel by the Music Department under the direction of Mrs. Ayres, and the junior and senior dance groups conducted by Miss Errett, Sunday evening, December 17. Included in this dance group are Madge Medlock, Renee Schreyer, Betty Eastwood, Ruth Bauer, Betty Steffler, Alice Chattaway, Dorothy Oliver, Rachel Kirk, Aethelburga Schmidt, Elizabeth Frey and Margaret Bebertz.

While the audience gathers, the instrumental group under Miss Held, accompanied by Mr. Collins at the organ, will play several old Christmas carols. The robed chorus will then enter in procession singing "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful" in which the audience will join.

Following the procession, Dr. Doxsee will read the traditional Christmas story which the chorus will interpret with songs. The program will continue with the Annunciation, a lullaby, and the march of the Wise Men, to be interpreted by the modern dance group. Finally, the chorus and the modern dance group will express the great spirit of the joy of Christmas.

The traditional performance will begin at 5:30 o'clock and will be followed by a second performance at 5:45 o'clock.

Students Will Hear Mrs. Friedberg

Mrs. Lillian Adlow Friedberg will speak on Monday, December 4, to the student body on **The Effects of World Events on the Economic Status of Women**. For several years, Mrs. Friedberg has been interested in problems affecting the status of women and in world events pertaining to war.

After graduating from Radcliffe College, Mrs. Friedberg obtained her master's degree there. She was the first president of the Radcliffe Club in Western Pennsylvania and has been a leader in educational activities of other university women, as well as in Jewish groups. In addition, she serves as chairman of social studies and as a director of the American Association of University Women.

Student Body Elects Louise Caldwell Prom Chairman

Louise Caldwell, president of the junior class, has been elected chairman of the Junior Promenade by the student body. Committee members chosen by the Student Government Board to assist the chairman are Inez Wheldon, senior member, Elaine Fitzwilson, junior member, Margaret Graham, sophomore member, and Cynthia Kuhn, freshman member.

Friday, March 1, is the date set for the dance, which will be held at the Twentieth Century Club. As yet no definite plans have been made by the committee concerning the place or theme of the prom.

Chairman Louise Caldwell is not a novice at committee work. She was a member of the Junior Prom Committee at Edgewood High School where she prepared for college. Here at PCW she served on the Fall Dance and Junior Prom committees during her sophomore year.

Besides being a member of the dance committees, Louise was on the Freshman Commission of her class and was a member of the Vocational Committee last year. She is also a member of the Dramatic Club.



Chapel Features Movie "Through the Rockies"

John C. Borg of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad will show the movie, "Thru the Rockies," on Monday, November 27.

The movie pictures the trip from Denver to Salt Lake City by way of Colorado Springs, the Pikes Peak Region and the Royal Gorge, and the return trip by the Moffat Tunnel, a scenic shortcut along the Colorado River.

Interspersed throughout the picture are many interesting side trips to such spots as the Gunnison River, famed for its trout fishing; the Colorado National Monuments near Grand Junction; and Mesa Verde National Park.

SGA Board Urges Club Reorganization

Submits Problem To Students

Almost 90 per cent of the student body thinks the PCW club system can be improved, according to the results of a questionnaire distributed in Student Government meeting Thursday, November 9.

The SGA Board, working on the theory that clubs are student activities and as such, should be under its jurisdiction, has resolved itself into a committee to suggest remedies for the chaotic club situation. The recent questionnaire was the first step in the investigation, and the student suggestions will be followed by the Board in making its final proposal.

Improvement Urged

Of the 160 persons who answered the questionnaire, 115 favor generally leaving the clubs as they now are, but making them conform to certain standards set by SGA. Only two students, both seniors, would solve the problem by complete dissolution of all clubs, and 28 would merge them into four groups, following the classification in the curriculum.

In the space provided for other suggestions by the entire association, most frequently appeared the need for definite entrance requirements, more faculty participation, more frequent meetings. Many students proposed Wednesday afternoon bridge teas to take the place of club meetings and fulfill their social purpose.

Although an overwhelming majority thought the club system could be improved, over half of those who answered the questionnaire felt that they had actually gotten something from their membership. For the purpose of joining clubs, most persons checked the social reason—the aid in getting acquainted, or the scholastic purpose—clubs as a supplement to class work.

Seniors were most critical of the clubs, giving as their reasons for failure of the system: poor organization, uninteresting meetings, indifference and lack of cooperation among the members, too much emphasis on the purely social aspects.

There are 18 students in the three upper classes who belong to no club, 71 who belong to one, 48 who belong to two clubs, and 17 who attend meetings of three clubs.

New Planetarium Formally Opened

Building Dedicated As Buhl Memorial

The Buhl Planetarium and the associated Institute of Popular Science was dedicated on October 24 as a memorial to Henry Buhl, Jr., and to the advancement of culture and education. Charles L. Lewis, Director of the planetarium, says that the planetarium teaches "that everything in the universe takes place in compliance with eternal unchanging laws." It also satisfies man's natural curiosity about the stars and planets. Pittsburgh is the fifth city in the United States to have a planetarium. But since the Buhl Planetarium is the most recent, it is the most modern and the best equipped.

Three Shows Daily

Three shows are presented each day in the planetarium. A magnified replica of the heavens is projected on a dome-shaped ceiling. As the projector moves, it shows the sky as seen from different view points and at different seasons of the year.

Exhibits in the institute are the chemical exhibit of indoor farming where seeds grow in aqueous solutions of chemicals, various exhibits of physical chemistry, a collection of timepieces, a collection of astronomical paintings, various astronomical instruments, a series of scales which tells what one would weigh on other planets, a number of discharge tubes demonstrating the passage of electricity through gases, a cosmic ray counter, a model of a Van de Graff generator.

Driving Skill Tested

The building also provides a meeting place and workshop for amateur astronomers. There is a dark room for photography, rooms for woodwork and metal work, and an optical shop where the astronomers spend many hours grinding and perfecting mirrors and lenses. On the ground floor is a highway safety exhibit. Drivers are tested for their skill in operating automobiles under certain road conditions.

The directors are planning to have a Popular Science Fair some time this year. This will be a contest in which students may enter scientific exhibits.

Freshmen Entertain Members of YW

The YWCA had its annual dinner Monday evening, November 6, at 6:00 o'clock. The freshmen provided the entertainment afterwards. Dorothy Geschwindt, '41, was general chairman of the dinner. Beatrice Dobson, Frances Johnson, and Mary Kay Eisenberg, all '41, helped her with decorations.

Dorothy Brooks was chairman of the burlesque, "Hamlet in Streamline," which the freshmen presented after dinner in the auditorium. Colleen Lauer and Jean Wyre were the property managers. The cast included Marjorie Noonan, reader, and actresses, Jean Sweet, Jane Humphreys, Florence Croyle, Lucille Cummins, Ruth Gilson, Jane McCall, Virginia Gillespie, Mary Lou Henry, Marjorie Heth, Amy McKay, Lorraine Wolf, and Louise Haldeman. The singers were Marian Kieffer, Rosella Wayne, June Hunker, Jean DeWoody, and Josette Kott. Betty Simpson and Jane Evans each did a tap dance accompanied by Mary Kay Eisenberg at the piano.

Student Teachers Hold Annual Dinner

The Annual Student Teachers' dinner which PCW gives in honor of its students who are doing practice teaching, was given in Woodland Hall, Tuesday evening, November 7.

Over 60 guests attended, among whom were President Herbert L. Spencer, Dean M. Helen Marks, members of the Board of Education, heads of the departments of PCW, and principals of the Pittsburgh public schools where practice teaching is done.

The dinner was held in a progressive style with the guests changing tables after each course. At each place was a large apple. Following the dinner a number of informal talks were given and the guests were entertained in the drawing room with group singing and a spelling bee.

There are twelve PCW girls doing practice teaching this year in six of the city schools. The committee in charge of the dinner was Nancyanne Cockerille, Helen Lohr, Mary Ellen Ostergard, Katherine Rutter, and Jean Watson, all seniors.

Pittsburgh Author Advises Students At Omega Meeting

Miss Marie McSwigan said that writing is a "super-refined slavery" when she spoke to the members of Omega, Wednesday, November 8. Miss McSwigan, for four years reporter for the **Pittsburgh Press**, is the author of the biography of the late John Kane, eminent artist.

She showed innumerable sketches, and some of the famous "colored photographs" that Kane had given to her when she visited him. She even brought the pipe which he is playing in one of his self-portraits. Her biography of Kane is the first that has been written.

As all true reporters, who want to write a book one day, Miss McSwigan stopped her newspaper work and at the request of Mrs. John Kane started to write **Sky Hooks** in 1932. She completed this book in 1933 in time to read it to Kane before his death.

Miss McSwigan told the group that writing is a lonesome career, that it is learned only through much effort. Her advice to embryonic writers is always to have at hand a reference library, dictionary of foreign languages, a world almanac, Roget's **Thesaurus**, old copies of **Reader's Digest**, **Life**, and even a cook book.

She advises writers to have a well-rounded outline or synopsis of what they are going to write before they think of starting. She rewrites her articles and books three times, and if she can't iron out the difficulties then, she says that it isn't worth writing.

Miss McSwigan believes in self-discipline and writes for four hours every day. After her allotted "writing time" has expired, she walks for relaxation. She says that it is remarkable how easily a seemingly hopeless plot will unravel when you get away from it.

Miss McSwigan keeps a notebook in which she jots down ideas that may be enlarged upon later, extraordinary things that she hears or reads, clippings, words, and names.

She said that there are two ways to reach the ultimate goal—publication—by way of the pulp magazines, which are composed of love, western and detective stories, or by means of juvenile books.

Chemistry Majors Hold Discussions In Buhl Hall

Every Monday afternoon, in the science library of Buhl Hall, the chemistry department holds its weekly seminar. Tea is served at 4:00 and from 4:30 to 5:30 there is a speech followed by a discussion.

Seminar is a two-year requirement for all chemistry majors, but any outsiders who are interested are welcome. Anyone desiring to attend must inform Sue Woolridge in advance.

This semester, authorities in various fields of chemistry will speak each week. For next semester tentative plans are being made for discussions on mathematics in relation to chemistry.

During the first semester of last year the history of chemistry was very thoroughly studied and discussed. Industrial Chemistry was the subject of the second semester's study. The girls visited various industrial plants in the city and gave individual discussions on their observations.

Chemistry Seminar

- October 9 Dr. Kirner
Coal Research Laboratory
Carnegie Tech
"Micro-Chemistry"
- October 16 Dr. Wallace
Chemistry Department
Pennsylvania College For Women
"Phases Of Research"
- October 23 Mr. McClellan
Carnegie Tech Librarian
"Use of the Science Library"
- October 30 Dr. Wenzel
Mellon Institute
"Surface Phenomena"
- November 6 Dr. Olcott
Mellon Institute
"Technology Of Cotton"
- November 13 Dr. Almy
Research Laboratory of
H. J. Heinz Co.
"Research On Foods"
- November 20 Mr. Warren
Fisher Science Company
"Designing New Apparatus"
- November 27 Mr. Runnett
Aluminum Company of America
"Fabrication Of Aluminum"
- December 4 Miss Charlotte Ley
Graduate of PCW
Assistant Librarian, Mellon Institute
"Experiences As Chemical Librarian"
- December 11 Dr. Thiesen
Koppers Company
"By-Products Of Coke"

PCW Campaigns for Community Fund

In addition to the extensive campaign being carried on throughout the city by the Community Fund, PCW has also held a campaign on the campus in an attempt to raise \$600, which was its quota. Under the leadership of Dr. Piel, the college was organized into two units, namely, the faculty and the students.

Aiding Dr. Piel, were the class chairmen. Each had five assistants, who contacted personally all members of their classes. The chairmen were Seniors Caddies Lou Kinzer; Junior, Anne Lindsay; Sophomore, Ruth Notz; and Freshman, Marian Kieffer. Donators to the Fund receive a tiny red hat feather, a red feather window sticker and a membership card to the American Red Cross.

Many people wonder just what the Community Fund is. Briefly, it is the permanent organization of combined agencies in the Pittsburgh District, working for the good of the underprivileged of that district. A few of these representative agencies are the Pittsburgh Chapter of the American Red Cross, the Boy and Girl Scouts, The Irene Kaufman Settlement, Brashear Association, Pennsylvania Association for the Blind, Pittsburgh Goodwill Industries, Y. M. C. A., and many orphanages camps, fresh air homes, and public health associations.

The services of the Community Fund are numerous. The work of the combined agencies is non-sectarian, provides guidance for youth, care of the aged, aid for the handicapped, family service and child care.

The Community Fund closely touches every individual in Pittsburgh, because the things which affect the community directly affect everyone living in that community. And so everyone is urged to give and give freely to this worthy cause.

- December 18 Dr. Adams
Pittsburgh Plate Glass
Director Of Research
"New Items In Glass and Paint"
- January 8 Mr. Venable
Research Laboratory of
Westinghouse
"Safety In Industry"
- January 15 Dr. Blanck
Recently With H. J. Heinz Co.
"Government Laboratories"

Careers of Distinction Revised Pending Republication

A new edition of the booklet, **Careers of Distinction**, with slight changes and additions, will be published soon under the direction of Mrs. Shupp. The plan of the book will remain the same.

Several new fields have been opened to women. Included among these fields are: medical technology, secretarial and library work with a scientific background, secretarial and library work with a language background, all of which will be described in the new booklet.

One page of the book will be devoted to a graduate course in pre-civic administration and research which prepares for civil service positions. Dr. Evans has done a good deal of investigation in this field and finds that it is opening rapidly.

The page on Museum Education has been worked up by Dr. Douth. This field is quite new. It requires an undergraduate major in biology plus postgraduate training in a well-equipped museum. This course leads to an M. A. degree.

There has been a change in the dietetics course from dietetics to pre-dietetics. This page has been prepared by Dr. Ferguson who has been in touch with the school of dietetics at the West Penn Hospital.

A page on Girl Scout work is planned and there may also be a page on dental hygiene although this plan is only tentative.

Rabbi Jack Rothschild Speaks About Judaism

Speaking of Judaism, Rabbi Jack Rothschild of the Rodef Shalom Temple will address the first general meeting of the YWCA next Tuesday, November 29. He will tell the group of the derivation and meaning of the Jewish religion and will answer any questions. The speech is the first scheduled for the discussion groups under this year's main topic of Religion. The faculty and student body are invited to attend.

Heading the program committee for YWCA meetings this year is Jean Curry, '40, assisted by Mary Ellen Ostergard, '40, Jane Shideman, '41, and Betty Hazeltine, '42.

PCW Anniversary To Be Observed

College Chartered Seventy Years Ago

On December 11, the seventieth anniversary of the state's granting of a charter to the Pennsylvania Female College will be celebrated. Yes, P. C. W. might have been P. F. C. if the students hadn't petitioned to have the name changed in 1892. The anniversary will be recognized by a special chapel program.

The movement to found the college was started by some members of the Shady Side Presbyterian Church under Dr. Beatty. The first meeting to plan for the college was held on February 23, 1869. Those who attended the meeting were Thomas Aiken, Joseph Dilworth, John Renshaw, Alfred Harrison, Alexander Chamber, David Aiken, Jr., W. B. Negley, W. O. Scully, and Dr. Beatty. They planned to get the money by private subscriptions and not to apply for a charter until \$50,000 had been subscribed. The charter was requested of the state court in October, 1869 and was granted December 11th of that year. Part of the object for founding the college, as stated in the first catalogue was: "It (the college) has been founded in the belief that these (the young women) are entitled to educational facilities equal in value to those afforded young men—that they are equally capable of being profited by them—and that when offered they will avail themselves of the tender in sufficient numbers to warrant the outlay in the equipment of such an institution."

The first President of the college was Dr. James Black and the Preceptress (no Dean then!) was Helen Pelletreau. James Laughlin was the President of the Board of Trustees of which there were 30 members.

PCW is the only school in Pittsburgh, that was started as a college. Since young ladies did not get much secondary schooling, the college was divided into two sections, the Academic for advanced secondary work, and the Collateral for actual college work.

The college opened the fall after the charter was granted. One hundred and twelve applied, and were put into different grades by examinations. There were six who received their A. B. degree in the first

Art Exhibit Hangs Mr. Rosenberg's Study Of Dance Rhythms

THE DANCE, a painting by Mr. Rosenberg, art instructor at both PCW and Tech, is exhibited at the International Art Exhibit now being held in the Carnegie Museum. This is not the first time that he has had pictures in the International. In 1935 his contribution was **SIDE SHOW**, in 1936, **SETTLEMENT on HUDSON**, in 1937, **SUNDAY MORNING**, and last year, **FRUIT—LOGAN STREET**.

Mr. Rosenberg painted this year's picture **THE DANCE** at his art studio at Tech, and was particularly interested in catching the rhythm of the dance.

He was born in Philadelphia and studied at Carnegie Institute of Technology and National Academy of Design in New York. In 1918 he started classes at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement where he taught for eleven years, and he has had classes at Y. M. H. A. in Oakland for the last nine years.

Besides Pittsburgh, he has had pictures exhibited in Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, D. C.

He believes the European situation has had a tendency to make European pictures exhibited in the International not quite up to par, and the American pictures superior.

Dr. Brode To Speak

Wednesday, December 6, is the date scheduled for an illustrated lecture by Dr. Wallace R. Brode on "Life In Russia." The pictures, upon which he is lecturing, were taken by himself in 1936 when a member of the Harvard University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology Eclipse of the Sun Expedition to Siberia.

graduating class in 1873. Berry Hall was the first building.

An interesting section of the catalogue states that "boarding students will be required to walk in the open air at least half an hour daily, unless especially excused by the preceptress."

Nearly 70 years ago, the foundation for our college was laid. How different it all is now, and yet we owe PCW as it is today to those first students whose interest in their college made it possible for it to grow as it has.

'Pittsburgh Speaks,' And PCW Wins

PCW is on the air! Mary Lou Shoemaker, '40, Sue Wooldridge, '41, and Rachel Kirk, '40, made their radio debuts on Thursday evening, November 2, when they took part in the program, "**Greater Pittsburgh Speaks.**" This program, sponsored by the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, is in the form of a battle between two teams on questions concerning the Pittsburgh district.

On the November 2 program the PCW team defeated three men from Duquesne University, winning by five points. The Duquesne team had been victorious the Thursday before over a group from the University of Pittsburgh.

November 9 the girls from PCW nosed out by 1 1/6 points a team of three college graduates from Business Training College.

At this writing the PCW Kierans have retired with laurels intact and are accepting all challenges.

Miss Jones Presents Modern Dance Group

Pioneering in the art of the modern dance, Genevieve Jones and her Group have built a considerable Pittsburgh audience for this contemporaneous art. On Thursday evening, November 30, the "Friends of the Dance" will present Miss Jones and the Group in a program of modern dances at the Twentieth Century Club.

Original compositions with American cultural and satirical themes will be seen in "Young American Woman," "Jazz Suite," "Heroines of 1917" and "New Land; New People." Bertha Gerson Kaufman, musical director, has composed background scores for several of the dances. Betty Eiler, Mathilde MacKinney and Miriam Johnson have also contributed scores. Olive Nuhfer, the Pittsburgh artist has designed many of the costumes.

The "New Land; New People," an ambitious composition which centers attention on the American cultural and historical heritage will feature the Group: Blanche Hoffman, Mary Louise Kretchman, Rose Mukerji, Rose Anne Serrao and several other young men and women.

Music Department Gives Recital

Last Monday, November 20, at 4:30, a recital was given by students in the music department. The program follows:

Voice

Mexican Folk Song
..... Frank La Forge
Beryl Bahr

Voice

Hast Thou Not Known
..... Frank La Forge
Eileen Wessel

Piano

The Mirror Lake Niemann
Etude Melodique Rogers
Mary K. Eisenberg

Voice

Into the Night Clara Edwards
The Moon Homer Grunn
Frances Mahaffey

Piano

Concerto in D Minor (allegro)...
..... Mozart
Marion Cohen

Miss Helene Welker at second piano

Voice

Punchinello Molloy
Whither Schubert
Gladys Cooper

Piano

Viennese Dance number 2
..... Friedman-Gartner
Julia Wells

Voice

How Can I Leave Thee
..... German Folk Song
All Through The Night
..... Welsh Folk Song
Marion Kieffer

Violin

Moment Musical
..... Schubert-Kreisler
Ballet Musique from "Rosa-
munde" Schubert
Fay Cumbler

Voice

Bonjour Suzanne Delibes
Chansonne Triste Dupare
Helen Ruth Anderson

Piano

Hunter's Song Grovlez
The Doll's Lullaby Grovlez
The Swing Grovlez
Sally Cooper McFarland

Our Monthly Reminder—

Patronize Your Music Store

**WAGNER-BUND
MUSIC COMPANY**

Hacke Building

207 Fifth Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. Butler Expostulates On Ruins of Pompeii

When Dr. Ralph Magoffin failed to appear for a lecture before the PCW student body on Friday morning, November 10, Dr. Nita L. Butler spoke on "Pompeii." Dr. Butler, an authority on the recent excavations in the ancient city, told PCW girls Pompeii would never be a dead city to her. She told of her visit to the homes which are now uncovered. Most of these ancient houses were several stories high and had many conveniences, such as running water, which we consider modern.

Contrary to a common belief, Dr. Butler explained that citizens were not killed by the sudden showering of ashes during the eruption of Vesuvius. The eruption was slow enough for all of the people to leave town. Those who returned were killed by gas and it is those people who were recently unearthed.

Dr. Ralph Magoffin, the scheduled lecturer, is the retired head of the classical department at New York University and he was to speak on "Pompeii and Herculean Risen from the Ashes of Vesuvius."

Miss Marks Entertains

On Thursday afternoon, November 16, from 4 'til 6 o'clock, Miss Marks entertained the members of the faculty at a tea in Berry Hall drawing room. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. Spencer, Miss Bair, Mrs. Marks, and Miss Butler who poured, and Miss Chubb, Miss Mowry, Miss McFarland, Miss Perry, Miss Weigand, and Miss Griffith who served as aids. The tea table was decorated with pink pompoms and white candles.

Calendar

November

Wednesday 22... Thanksgiving
Vacation begins—12:30 P. M.
Monday 27... Thanksgiving
Vacation Ends—8:30 A. M.

December

Monday 4 Chapel
Lillian Adlow Friedberg
"Effects of World Events on
Economic Status of Women."
Wednesday 6 10:30-11:30
Dr. Wallace R. Brode
"Life In Russia"
Monday 11
.... 70th Anniversary Program

Arms, to Arms Girls Form Firing Squad

If any day when you are walking down the driveway between Woodland Hall and Berry Hall, something whizzes past your ear or neatly removes your newest hat from your head—don't be alarmed—just keep on walking as fast as you can, until you are a safe distance from the danger zone. You can either go back to investigate the matter (at your own risk), or you can take it for granted that it is the rifle team on the loose. Down under the pillars of the chapel in Dilworth Hall is what is known to a few people as the "Rifle Range" of PCW, and here in this secluded place at 4:30 on Tuesdays and Thursdays, the would be "Annie Oakleys" practice their sharpshooting.

Mr. Carlton Will Instruct

The instructor is Mr. Theodore Carlton from Munhall. The Munhall Rifle Team which Mr. Carlton coached has held the National Inter-scholastic Championship for the past four years. Because most of the members of the team are beginners, Mr. Carlton is teaching the fundamentals of "how to handle and shoot a rifle in ten easy lessons"—but judging from the tales of the students, the lessons aren't so easy. The "sharpshooters" use 22 calibre rifles and supply their own ammunition.

Rifle Team Organized

The rifle team was organized by June Hunker, '43, Marian Rowell, '43 and Betty Gahagan, '42, and loyally supported by Barbara Browne, '43, Brice Black, '43, Ruth Notz, '42, Eleanor Gangloff, '40, Eleanor Beinhauer, '43, Florence Croyle, '43, Carol Bostwick, '42, Phyllis Keister, '42, Ruth Strickland, '41, Peggy Wragg, '43, and Eleanor Garret, '43. June Hunker and Marion Rowell have been on the Munhall National Champion Rifle Team for the last three years, so we can really boast of some experts in this organization.

As yet, the girls have not shot for scores, but they will begin in the near future to concentrate on accuracy as well as perfection in the fundamentals. Mr. Carlton hopes to train the girls for competition in the National Intercollegiate Matches and with other College Rifle teams.

HEAR AND THEIR

By Jo Anne Healey

Well, it's only a matter of hours now, before we sit down and surround the old turkey—and stuffing—and plum pudding—and such. Oh Joy! Oh calories! The whole thing makes us dreamy, and sort of poetic like. We can't write poetry though, so we'll quote it instead. Here goes.

From *JEAN BURCHINAL* comes this poignant comment on the times:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November
All the rest have thirty-one
Unless we hear from Washington (D. C.).

In the same vein we have:

Thanksgiving used to come once a year,
And that was very nice
But Pappy is a Republican
So now I have it twice.

And continuing we have a brief bit of anonymous eloquence which came to us inscribed simply "It's the BUTCHER Boy for Me:"

Is this really serious?
Or merely having fun
Or is it just another case
Of make a hit-and-run?

Don't blame us! It was a contribution!

We will leave the contributor's dept and enter the Credit Noted section. And we extend the laurel of honor to *SUE WOOLDRIDGE*, "*MOOCH*" *SHOEMAKER*, AND *RACHEL KIRK*, for the excellent showing they made on the recent KDKA "Greater Pittsburgh Speaks" Program.

Our secondary laurels go to the publicity committee of the **Knight of the Burning Pestle**. Never, we think, has there been a more effective or extensive (and we do mean extensive!) campaign. Nice work!

Confirmation of scoop! Frances Johnson got the pin!

Among recent week-enders we note *ALICE CHATTAWAY*, *JANE BYERS*, *ELAINE FITZWILSON* AND *WEASE McINTYRE* to Penn State, *VIRGINIA LAPPE* to Yale, *BETSY COLBAUGH*, *PEGGY ORR*, *MARY KINTER*, *ETHEL HERROD* to Princeton and *PATTY LOGUE* to Cornell. *RUTH FITE* had fun at the U. of Penna. and thinks she'd like to go back. She hopes he thinks ditto.

Personal Notes

Recipe for a sandwich—*INEZ WHELDON* and "Ham."

It's Oberlin, W&J, and New Kensington, in order of descending interest, for *JULIA WHELDON*.

MARGARET BEBERTZ has gone back to the love of her freshman days. Just like a woman—drag out all the hats in the store, and then buy the one you saw first in the window.

MARY LOUISE HENRY threatens to go to Tahiti with Bill, but don't despair—You can always go and look at her picture, which is on display at a nearby Woolworth Bro's Emporium.

NANCY WILSON uses the regal "We" when speaking of Tommy's new car.

Add small tragedies . . . At the recent "Open House" dance, *JEAN SWEET* spent the whole evening concentrating on one man. Whereon he ups and invites *AMY*

FUN FARE

By Betty Crawford

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" . . . and that goes for Jill too! So, Jack and Jill, why not jump aboard the amusement wagon for lots of laughs and fun as well as some really worthwhile entertainment?

First on your list should be that much talked about production, **Abe Lincoln in Illinois**, which is the 1939 Pulitzer Prize play. Written by one of our outstanding dramatists, Robert E. Sherwood, this play should be an excellent way to celebrate Thanksgiving. Raymond Massey has been highly praised for his interpretation of the role of Honest Abe. The play is at the Nixon for the week of November 20th.

One of the outstanding pictures of the month is Frank Capra's **Mr. Smith Goes to Washington**. Jimmie Stewart and Jean Arthur have the leading roles. Lots of laughs mingled with excellent historical material make this movie well worth seeing.

Special attention . . . English majors! **The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex** should be a picture of real interest to you, as well as to everyone else. With Bette Davis and Errol Flynn as its stars, and the romantic, legendary story of the relationship of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex as its plot, this promises to be an especially good picture.

Most everyone has chuckled at Alec Templeton's clever piano interpretations . . . and now Pittsburghers have the opportunity to see this noted artist as well as hear him. Mr. Templeton is making his only local appearance this season at the Syria Mosque Wednesday evening, November 29. After his formal program which includes selections from Bach, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Debussy, and Chopin, Mr. Templeton will play selections requested by the audience.

And don't forget to visit the International Exhibition of Paintings at Carnegie Museum. The pictures are interesting as well as being technically good, and there is such a variety of subjects that you'll not be bored one least bit. Rather you'll come away feeling that you have derived much pleasure from the exhibit. (And it's worth your getting tired feet!) Everyone should take advantage of Pittsburgh's having the International and see it at least once. P. S.—It closes the first of December.

McKAY, with whom he had had one dance, to the Military Ball. "It just ain't fair," laments Jean.

People you should know . . . *BETTY BACON*, who recently had a proposal from a State Policeman. How about fixing me up with a ticket, Betty?

"*BIZZIE*" *WARD*, who is the envy of all the girls, after her recent interview with Glenn Miller.

Well, that about covers that, so we will go off and contemplate our proofs. How they got through the mail, is beyond us, for we are sure they come under the heading of Undesirable Coverage. However, like Nelson, "our face respects no libel laws," and meanwhile we have reached the end of our column, but we'll meet you by the turkey.

SLANTS AND ANGLES

By Betty Eastwood

Not Thanks Alone

Armistice Day is passed. Thanksgiving Day is coming. Two national holidays in a time of sorrow, which, though different in their origin, appear today very much alike in what they mean to us. It was a quiet Armistice Day here in America and in Europe where there is no peace. The crowd along the streets did not cheer as soldiers marched. There were tears too close to their eyes. They were remembering how once they had shouted, rejoicing over peace, that now is shattered. Armistice Day! Grim irony now!

What can we say now, since we can not say the war is over? Only this on Armistice Day and on Thanksgiving Day. "Thank God that these soldiers march on parade and not to war." This we can say. "Thank God the harvest time of America finds the fields rich with grain and undisturbed by marching armies." This must be our thought now in November, 1939. We must give thanks with all our hearts that our homes and our youth are still safe. But smug thanks are not enough. We can not close our eyes to suffering and fear and destruction. We must pray without ceasing for a happier time when Armistice Day will really mean that war is at an end, and when Thanksgiving Day will be a day of thanks for a ripe harvest in a world of peace.

The Voice from Within

We have something new and different here in Pittsburgh. Radio cops! Yes, really. Each policeman is equipped with a radio set, with which he can tune in the police station for instructions. The idea has all sorts of possibilities. Here we are walking along the street and all of a sudden a voice from nowhere crackles out in the spooky way police radios do, "Go to the corner of Craig and Fifth—a murder." We look wildly around. Nothing in sight, no radio car, no radio. Nothing but a policeman waiting for a street car. "What did you say?" we ask nervously. He blushes and pushes his tummy. The voice is silent. "Nothing, Madam."

They used to say talking to yourself was a sign of insanity. Not any more. Man walks down street bellowing loudly. Not insanity. He just forgot to turn off the radio.

Cat Got Your Tongue?

Robert Frost is lecturing at Harvard this fall. In an interview he described the method by which he means to proceed, and we think PCW could profit by his example. The idea is to "stir up" the students. He wants them to talk and says he will lie down on the desk and snooze if they don't. "Maybe then they will realize I want self-starters, not followers," he says.

Mr. Frost has something there. Intelligent discussion in class helps not only the students, but the professor, who gets awfully bored with his own voice. He who doesn't have anything to say, holds Mr. Frost, is on the way to becoming a "case." There are too many incipient "cases" at PCW. We are that way ourselves. Let's speak right up and prove we are capable of thinking. Our professors will be glad to know.



By Janet Ross

Did you see the Army-Navy hockey game or were you one of the two hundred and seventy-five students who missed this classic of the year? The weather, the fifteenth, was perfect for hockey. Moderate temperature with a brisk breeze ruffling the pleated shorts. As all of you know the Army and the Navy teams are picked from the best players on all four class teams. The stars thus honored were:

Army

BurryRW.....	Ludlow
Patton, G.RL.....	Fitzpatrick
KinzerCF.....	Wells
McClungLI.....	Binford
HazeltineLW.....	Arthur, R. M.
Wolf, C.RH.....	Rodd
Keister, P.CH.....	Over
BlackLH.....	Browne, B.
WattersRF.....	Dunseath
ViehmanLF.....	O'Neill
AndersonG.....	Fite

Subs

Howard	Scalyo
McIntyre	Gahagan

The opening bully was taken by Julie Wells and the play immediately centered in and about the general vicinity of the Army (defending) goal. Try as they did the Navy just couldn't do anything with the ball. Out of the melee shot the ball and the Army forward line. Once moving there was no stopping them, although the Navy fullbacks certainly tried. A short shot by Caddie Lou Kinzer, center forward, put Army into the lead with a one to nothing score.

Wells, again, got the bully but the ever-alert Keister was on the ball and once more Army was on its way with Kinzer again scoring.

With this the Navy turned on the power and dominated the play but once again their shots were ineffectual and the half ended with Army leading two to nothing.

Hard hitting and a dogged determination marked the second half and finally a pass from the backfield to Ruth Mary Arthur, fleet-footed wing, yielded a spectacular solo dash and score for Navy. This buoyed up the hopes of the Navy team but these were again dampened when Kinzer shoved her third goal over the pay-stripe to put Army into a three to one lead that they never relinquished.

The game was characterized by splendid defense work by the Army full, Watters and Viehman, and goalie, Mocky Anderson, while O'Neill and Dunseath should take the bows for the Navy defense. The attack of both teams was badly hampered by a rough field so that accurate shots and passes were few and far between. The work of several freshmen, especially, Watters, Black, and Fitzpatrick, gives great promise for games and teams to come.

Brain Truster's Paradise - - -

What do you do when we find yourself in the library with time to spare? Do you tell Jean how Jane lost John . . . Or do you read the editorial of the **New Yorker?** . . . Or try to invigle the new copy of **Esquire** away from the desk? . . . Or sleep?

If you have done these things, you have been wasting your youth, your education, and your time. It is the purpose of this article to give you something definitely advantageous to do while waiting for Tempus to fugit. Go down to the Norman room, and look at the books. Spend one hour a day in this room, and you can pass the examination that leads to the Brain Trust. So why not start now, and amaze your friends with the new "you?" There is so much that you don't know. For instance:

What does it mean if you dream that you see a duck with a rope around its neck? Don't wait till you have this dream. Go now and find the answer in **Psychoanalysis in the Class Room**.

Who said, "Boys are never quite natural when they know they are being watched?" The name of this genius is in **Children in the Shadow**.

Can you discuss "The chances on the circus becoming the future theater?" No? Well read **The Russian Theater**, and you will be able to.

Do you agree that "most American husbands are stingy?" You will if you read **The Nervous Housewife**.

Who founded the theory that "an oyster may be crossed -ive?" The answer and several full page pictures are available in **The Critic**.

And what of the poor cynic who said "Trust not a woman . . . even though she's dead?" Well, what of him? Find a retort in **The Book of Familiar Quotations**.

All of this knowledge is in one room, bounded by four walls! But there is still more of value for you. Have you ever been told to write a theme, an "essay of opinion," on any subject you choose? And then found yourself without either a subject or an opinion? Your troubles are over! All you do is go down to the Norman Room and gaze at the yellow-striped books, and lo! from the titles springs a theme! And to prove that it will be a worthy theme, we cite the following example, which is made up entirely of book titles found in the Norman Room, and which is the basis for a term paper in Sociology.

To Begin With Why Should We Change our Present Form of Government? The Coming Generation will be Feeble-minded and Semi-Insane. The Man at the Crossroads realizes that the Art of Being Ruled is exemplified by Roosevelt in the Bad Lands. Our Children will be subject to the All Too Human failing for the Power of Alcohol, and will forget Lincoln, Lee, and Grant, and remember only the Memories of the Kaiser. There is More That Must Be Told about the United States, because the Nervous Housewife is Full Up and Fed Up with the Problems of China, and promptly forgets The Problem and goes to the Theater to see the School for Scandal. The Nature of Man cannot visualize A Far Country, but instead Gallops to the conclusion that the only solution is to immediately assure America's Race to Victory.

Ain't Science Fun?

We are beginning to feel very inferior about our lab work in biology. It seems that everyone else in the lab knows what it's all about, and we just haven't discovered that yet. Our experience with the amoeba made us dreadfully bitter for a while, and we had serious thoughts of joining the French Foreign Legion, but we are better now, thank you.

The amoeba (after somebody had located it for us) didn't look like its picture, which we thought rather inconsiderate of it to start with. And then it changed position so rapidly that we couldn't draw it. That discouraged us so much that we gave up in disgust and just drew a lot of wiggly lines that may not have looked like an amoeba, but they certainly didn't look like anything else. We got all excited when we looked back because we thought it was going to divide, but we found out that it was just using the old amoeba trick of moving in two directions at once. We were humiliated, so we buried our nose in the microscope and saw lots of bacteria which nobody else could see, and for a while we were the envy of the class.

We didn't know that you had to keep putting water on the slide, and we finally found that our slide had dried up and our amoeba had become very dead. We hurriedly put water on him, hoping to revive him . . . in fact we did everything but give him artificial respiration . . . but he was too dead to respond. We felt like a murderer, especially when it took them ten minutes to find us another one. We washed the dead one down the sink with military honors, but even the second amoeba couldn't erase our feeling of guilt.

The second one was taking a nap, we think. At least, he wouldn't move, except for vague motions now and then as though he were having amoebic nightmares. It was suggested to us that we put him on top of the lamp because he might be cold. They thought maybe that would make him move (we had to draw him moving at this point), so we put him on the lamp and we even remembered to keep water on him, but we must have left him on too long . . . at least he **looked** rather cooked when we took him off and he still wasn't moving. We peered around furtively and satisfied ourselves that nobody was watching us and then we drew lots more wiggly lines which, if you used your imagination, could have been an amoeba trying to get some place else in an awful hurry. We pretended our amoeba was still alive when we gave it back, and we hope nobody noticed that broiled look he had when we returned him.

We really grew quite fond of our amoebae, but we have decided, in view of the many accidents that can happen to them, that we will raise dogs instead. But we will always keep a soft spot in our hearts for the two amoebae we knew personally, in spite of the bitterness and frustration that attended our brief acquaintance.

GERMANY

... By Ann Hamilton Miller, '40

Editor's Note: Ann Hamilton Miller, '40, spent her junior year at the University of Munich.

Before telling you any of my experiences as an American student in Germany, it is important that I, first of all, tell you how Germany and the German people impress me; for without this background we are apt to have a misunderstanding, you and I. Just one parenthesis however, to those of you who have traveled through Germany — my opinions and impressions may clash with yours. Try to remember, please, Germany was my home for ten months, and in those ten months I made a conscious effort to live as a German, not as a foreigner.

If I were to forget all else about Germany—but believe me, I never shall—one characteristic would still remain as that which attracted my attention throughout all of ten months and which made me feel the veritable foreigner when I arrived in New York again. Have you ever, in America, seen a city of 800 thousand, or 4 million, or even a small town of 100 thousands inhabitants of which you could say, "It's clean?" In fact have you found a single street in any size American city that wasn't cluttered with paper or dead leaves, or dirty with slush and old snow? If you long for that here sadly absent public cleanliness, go to Germany. Go to any part of Germany. I defy you to find any waste bigger than a cigarette butt on the street or sidewalk and that will be there no longer than 24 hours. Every morning a little, old street-cleaner will be out with a brush patiently and dispassionately sweeping. It's strange, but all the street-cleaners I saw were very little and very old, and the handles of their brushes were, all much too long for the men who manipulated them. Their snowshovels were just as too big; however these queer little men in black, badly-fitting, but surely comfortable uniforms adjusted themselves nicely. Their work is not lucrative if there's no snow, or if the leaves aren't falling, for waste-paper is deposited in iron baskets hung on fences or attached to little wooden posts.

It may seem to you I have gone to too great a length in describing Germany's cleanliness, but it is a

characteristic of which everyone who visits Germany makes at least a mental note.

But an ubiquitous clean-up campaign was not the sole source of wonder for an American, for an American who lived her whole life in Pittsburgh. Everyone was so nice to me; everyone wanted so much that I like Germany and her people, that I enjoy myself, that I be happy, and above all that I feel at home. In going into this, I must admit I lived in that part of Germany which is noted for its "gemutlichkeit" and its friendliness—that most amazing of cities, Munich.

Within the first few days of my arrival, I went to see the famous Rathaus, where at one o'clock every afternoon lifelike figures in the tower dance. With all due regard to Miss Piel, I must admit my German was not good in those early days, and my confidence was at a low ebb. I used a minimum of words to express my desires, and I practiced while walking along the street, or climbing steps, or waiting for street cars, what I should say and how. On this day, for four blocks I planned, and practiced, and patted myself mentally on the back as I made progress. I was going to say, in German of course, "I beg your pardon. Can you tell me, please, how I come to the Rathaus?" In English I can say it all in one breath, but in German it took three breaths—"pardon," breath; "please," breath; and "Rathaus," longest breath of all. That was partly nervousness too, I think. The moment came as I stood waiting for a traffic light to go my way. There was a policeman there wearing a green uniform and a shiny metal hat. "Aren't these Germans handsome though!" I translated that thought. I was always doing that until I came to think automatically in German. I think I was trying to sneak up on my mind, trying to make myself believe those words had really come to me in German. At any rate, by the time I had the right cases and tenses, the light was green, and my policeman was gone. I chose the person nearest me and said, "Rathaus!" He was a little startled by my word command, but he smiled and said, "Ja wohl!" took my hand and off we went.

One night about six months later,

as I contemplated Germany and the Germans, how they always wanted to help me, how patient they were in explaining aspects of their lives which were new and incomprehensible to me, how they always respected my opinion and never got angry, or bore a grudge against me if I disagreed with them, the key to their secret came to me. I looked down at a letter I had begun to a friend in America. Two words caught my eye, "I" and "you." How strange! How symbolical! When one writes "I" in English, it's capitalized. In German "ich" begins with a small letter. In English "you" is not capitalized. It's "Sie" in German.

In America it's big "I" and little you. In Germany it's big you and little I! Somehow I cannot feel that this phenomenon is a mere chance. I feel that a language grows from those living creatures called men who speak it. In this difference, this difference which seems so small, I think you will find the answer to a very serious question, perhaps even the solution to a more serious problem that arises therefrom: what makes the difference between a German and an American? How can we create a friendship between our two nations?

With these two questions and, as food for thought, that rather startling grammatical fact about you and me, I close my first article on Germany. I haven't been able to say a great deal, but I do hope that this may have proved to be an introduction to the Germany you may have forgotten exists. A Germany that lives on and on, no matter what the political status. A Germany which you must learn to know before you pass judgment.

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The American Way

... by Renee Schreyer '40

The boards of the floor were worn smooth and black from men's heavy shoes and school girls' brown and white oxfords. The black marble of the soda fountain, at the left of the door, betrayed its long past shining newness only by a gleaming ring left by a wet glass. The clerk picked up the glass with one hand, rubbed a dirty grey cloth over the spot with the other hand, and put the glass back. Drops of moisture rolled down the glass; the wet ring reappeared. A haze of blue cigarette smoke drifted, and stopped, and drifted again, seeking an outlet into the open air. Shelves of cellophane-wrapped teddy bears, toilet articles, stationery, thermos bottles, above the wooden booths along the right hand wall; piles and piles of candy boxes on the counter in the middle back; tiny boxes, bottles, vials on the pharmacy counter at the left. Men standing aimlessly beside the pin ball machine near the door; the clang, clang of the handle as it shot the silver ball around and through and into the number under the glass case. The American corner drugstore awaited the arrival of the school girls who drink its eternal Coca Colas and smoke its endless cigarettes.

The soft tread of four pairs of saddle shoes broke the monotony of the dingy store. Four laughing, care-free voices entered from the fresh air. Four sweaters and four skirts sat down in a narrow booth. The four girls, with one movement, dumped their armloads of books on the floor beside them. Notebooks and textbooks dropped with a bang; the girls laughed.

"What shall we have?"

The storekeeper came forward to take their orders.

"What will you have, girls?" He laughed, too.

"I'll have a large Coca Cola—with ice." The girl's English was correct and precise. She looked up at him from under her eyelashes.

"I'll have one, too—and a pack of Camels." She frowned, as she spoke, and reached for a straw.

"The same." The dark haired one reached in her purse and laid a leather cigarette case on the table.

"Four large cokes, then," the fourth giggled, and turned toward her friends.

The sound of the rise and fall of their voices filled the room. They

talked quickly and urgently, in unison. Silence. Then again with a rush of words to express their thoughts, feelings, moods.

"Practice teaching is fun, but it wears me out. I had to teach today. I gave the kids an intelligence test. One has an I.Q. of 68." Her words ran together; she punctuated her sentences with a giggle.

The brown haired girl, sitting beside her, frowned, then raised an eyebrow. They all made sounds of sympathy.

"I got a letter today!" The girl opposite her spoke and finished in a lilt of happiness and anticipation.

"What? Again?" They all said and laughed. "Good work!"

Their orders were brought, and they all sat sipping their drinks through two straws and smoking cigarettes.

The dark haired girl spoke thoughtfully, "I have to write a story, and I just can't think of a plot."

"I'm glad I don't have to write this year. I just can't." The brown haired girl was speaking. Her eyebrows drew together. "I'm so filled up with one thing. I write words and words, and they all mean the same thing, and no one listens. The Germans are all so happy! And here everyone goes around with a long face. Why are they so dumb? Why can't they listen and feel what I feel?"

Silence gathered around the intenseness of her words. The three others looked at her and at each other.

"Are you all coming to the dance?" The subject was changed. Relieved, they all spoke together. Serious, one moment, gay, the next, they spoke and were spoken to. The Coca Colas were disappearing quickly. The girls put out their cigarettes and relit second ones. Oblivious to all around them, they talked and laughed and talked some more.

The clerk behind the counter turned on the radio. Foreign words, spoken intensely, ran on and on, and no one listened. The clang, clang of the machine went on relentlessly. The storekeeper rattled the glasses as he washed them. The conversation in the booth became lower.

"Shh!" The dark haired girl turned, looking for the radio. "Who is that speaking?"

"It's French, isn't it? It must be Daladier, answering Hitler's peace proposition. Can you understand him?"

They all turned toward the listening girl.

"God, I hope he wants peace," the brown headed girl said. Her voice had regained the intenseness of before.

The listening girl spoke flatly, not looking at her friend, sitting opposite her. "The answer is—no peace."

The voice on the radio stopped. A different voice started giving the English translation. All heads were turned toward the voice; all listened. The translation was slow and halting, robbing the original speech of its fervor of the faith in right and hate of wrong. The voice stumbled on—

"Hitler wants the world; he shall not have it—"

The brown haired girl shouted, "He doesn't want the world. He wants the Germans to have what belongs to them. He wants Germany to be recognized for the glory that it is, and her people for the glorious name that is theirs!"

The dark haired girl's mouth tightened. She looked very French for a moment. She shuddered at the other's voice, as her friend stumbled on—

"Why does Daladier want war? He wants to kill the Germans and stamp out Hitler, the greatest man in the world!" Her words were harsh with hate and resentment.

The dark haired one reached for her cigarette case. Her fingers trembled as she put a cigarette to her mouth. The brown headed girl picked up the matches, struck one and lit the other's cigarette. She smiled.

"March soldiers of France—"

The dark haired girl looked up from her cigarette. "Thank you," she said softly.

Autumn

By Frances Mahaffey '40

The trees shudder behind fanning leaves

At that He-giant, the wind
Who shakes their shivering torsos
And blusters their shivering bellies,
Leaving them clutching at their
nudity—

SC WHAT?

... By Katherine Rutter, '40

He said his name was Ray Marshall. As he introduced himself, he spoke that name so readily that no one would have suspected it to be an alias. It had almost ceased to be an alias, perhaps; and it was much easier to say than Ray Mulligan which was his real name. As Ray Marshall, he spent his summers having "bull sessions" at Hunter Field and making himself a general nuisance. As Ray Mulligan, he went to Sunday School every Sunday so that he could go to the church swimming parties at Eastwood Pool.

Ray Marshall was also the name he gave to the cops. And the cops had a permanent record card with that name topping it. Ray liked cops. They weren't such bad guys after all. They couldn't do anything to him. He was still a little under fourteen. Cops couldn't prosecute kids under fourteen. If he weren't just under the age limit, he would be sunk when the man in the corner house couldn't stand any more of the gang's singing and called the police. Ray's bass voice always made that old sourpuss mad. And Ray was the only one in the gang who could sing "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea" to its finish. Everyone else lost out when they came to the wart on the frog on the log in the bottom of the sea, but he could keep on going clear down to the germ on the hair on the wart. Usually when he reached the last "hole in the bottom of the sea," and was holding "sea," the scout car came over the hill. Spider, Hunky Joe, Farmer, and the rest of the guys lit out to the woods; Ray was left holding the bag. He couldn't get around so fast on his crutches. The cops would tell him to quit singing or they would haul him in. O. K., let them haul him in. It was fun to ride in the scout car. Its radio picked up really good stuff. He had been the first guy on the hill to know that Woody Brooks had stabbed some bird that was trying to get smart. That was the night the gang had left him to explain the unlocked swings on the playgrounds. But maybe they hadn't been sorry they ran when he scooped the whole neighborhood on a stabbing!

Having to use crutches wasn't so bad. He kind of liked them now. People were sympathetic when they saw how he had to hobble around.

When old Pop Thomas heard about how often he had been in the hospital, he said he thought Ray should smoke cigarettes in spite of his grandma's disapproval. Anyone who had been dead four minutes needed cigarettes, so Pop slipped Ray many a pack. That being dead hadn't bothered Ray much, though. He had been a hero when he woke up. The papers all carried stories about him. Everyone had wanted to see him. The doctors and nurses fussed over him. His grandma said she was sorry for every cross word she had ever said to him. The kids flocked around him, and asked how it felt to be dead. He didn't know; he hadn't felt anything. He was sure he hadn't been in a place with golden streets. All the kids were sure of that, too; they wanted a description of the other place. Everyone wanted to hear about one place or the other. Even the minister had talked seriously with him about it. He could only say he had been unconscious. Still people looked at him with awe. Some who had always chased him went out of their way to speak to him, even the man on the corner. And he had missed a whole semester of school. He was proud to say that his mastoid operation had come so close to his brain. Hadn't he been trying for seven years to prove to his teachers that he had at least a little bit of brain? Now they knew.

He didn't know he had been dead until the doctors told him. He guessed they knew what they were talking about. They had given him ether, and he had supposed he had just been unconscious from it. He wouldn't have cared so much if he had passed out, but he was kind of glad they had been able to bring him around. Life was fun. Before his operation, he had always done pretty much as he pleased, but after he found that he had been dead—gee, it must be awful easy to die—he decided he was going to have all the fun and excitement he could get. Grandma would probably preach at him. That old pain-in-the-neck! What had she ever done? She had never had any excitement or fun. She had never even seen the inside of a police station. Yeh, that siege in the hospital had fixed things. Cram everything into one day, tomorrow was far away. Get a thrill while you have the chance. The cops wouldn't bother

him, they couldn't. There was nothing else to worry about.

Not till he got blood poison in his foot, anyway. That was a year after his mastoid operation. It nearly finished him, too. He would probably always limp, but he wouldn't always use the crutches. They were no good. He thought he would get rid of them right away. His foot felt O. K. He would try walking without them soon. Maybe that wouldn't be such a good idea, though. Miss Blake had let him slide through in History because he had such a hard time getting around. And his crutches were a good excuse for being late to class. That gave him a chance to grab a smoke between classes. Some of the gang was always on the corner. They all took drags off the same cigarette. Cigarettes were dog-goned expensive stuff. Better to buy cheap tobacco and roll your own. Chewing tobacco was even cheaper, but he had almost been expelled the time he chewed in class. Even his crutches had not saved him that day. His grandma had been notified about that episode. She didn't get to bawl him out, though. It had been spring so he had stayed out in the woods for a couple of nights. She worried about him so much that she forgot the note from school and wrote an excuse for his absence. If she had not written one, Pop Thomas would have.

Ray didn't like to miss school, though. Not because of the work he had to make up. He never bothered about that. What difference if he did flunk? He had never passed all his subjects yet, so why start trying now? School was much more fun if you didn't do any work. Unless you called it work to get Miss Fields to cry. That wasn't very hard to do. Tell her she was ugly, or call her a dumb-bell, that would get her. She couldn't run to the principal about it every day. The principal might begin to think she was a bad teacher. It was the same in the wood shop. He had sworn at Mr. Bish. Mr. Bish had sworn at him, and told him to go to the office. He had told Bish to "go to," then left. He had slammed the door only to hear a crash. Bish had thrown a hammer at him and it had broken the glass on the door. Bish hadn't had him expelled, and the glass in the door was still cracked.

(Continued on Page 15)

DROUGHT

. . . by Betty Eastwood '40

The valley of the Susquehanna has long been famous for green fields rich with the freshness of the spring time, and later golden with the summer. Prosperity was the whole being of the rolling farming region, though the word was little used, for where it exists there is no need to mention it. The farmers lived happily selling their crops to supply the city markets, keeping enough for their own needs in the long New York state winter. Poor they might be in comparison with city dwellers, but there was food enough and to spare, and milk-and-egg money for fuel and clothing. Their other wants were few. Red-cheeked children ran in the fields and played in the hay-mows undisturbed all summer. The cows grew fat in the pasture. There was meat in the smoke-houses, and the cold-room shelves were lined with colored jars, where the sun and the wind and the taste of wild red berries after a rain were bottled up for hearty meals when the days would be dark and the garden covered with snow.

I went home to this pleasant valley in the middle of June, and rejoiced to see the familiar unchanging hills. The roses were just bursting into full bloom in the gardens and the grass was cool and green underfoot. I walked out into the garden and was thankful for its beauty, as I had always been. Life would be lazy and peaceful all summer. There was nothing to do but stroll along the country roads and swim in dark, deep pools. I would store up memories against the lonely winter time.

"It's very dry," they told me. "It hasn't rained since the first of May."

A fine dust rose between the grass blades as I rubbed a toe against the edge of the garden path. "Sounds like good picnic weather," I said.

The last days of June were cold and dark, as if fall were on its way. The heavy clouds masked the sun from dawn to darkness, but there was no rain. The farmers watered their crops from the pasture streams and looked hopefully at the sky. The cattle browsed on green grass, and there was fodder in the silos and corn in the fields. We laughed in the town and planned our summer fun, and wished it would be hotter so we could go swimming.

With the first of July the sun re-

appeared, and we went out into the country one day when the blue arch of the sky was very high, and clear and cloudless. We sought out a shady glen, where the water leapt sparkling in the sunlight, and rushed over the rocks to quiet pools among the pines. Here we had spent many happy days, and here we would go again. There was something wrong that day, something we did not bother to define, something ominous, blunting our sharp, gay pleasure. The glen was dry. No longer did the water leap over the rocks. It trickled down between them, weaving a crooked course, leaving their white heads muddy and parched above it. The laughter of the rapids was silent. There was scum on the surface of the pools. "What is wrong?" I asked. "Has it been that dry?"

"Oh, it will rain soon," they replied. They weren't worried. No one was then, but I was disappointed to find the glen so ugly. It was not what I had expected to find, not what I had come home to see. There was a vague disquiet in my heart and I was glad when we returned to the town. The sun had made the day far too hot. The heat seemed a weight inside my head, a dark, oppressive weight that ached dully. The picnic had not been a success.

From that day I began to understand. I think now that I knew the moment I saw the dry rocks in the glen, but I kept on hoping. It wasn't so bad in the town. There were places to go and cool drinks to be sipped in darkened rooms in the afternoon hours when the sun was high in the sky. Everyone said it would surely set in and pour for days soon. There would be a rainy season. There was nothing to worry about. The farmers continued to carry water and look for rain.

I kept on hoping until the end of July, until I walked one afternoon in the garden. The paths were sere and brown. The grass crackled as I stepped and sent sharp, stiff blades against the open toes of my sandals. The ground was not cool and damp as it had always been. It was rough and hot, unyielding. The roses had faded, but they had not fallen from their stems. They had shriveled there, old and wrinkled and ghostlike.

It was not long then until I went

out into the fields and the hills and learned the lesson of wilted crops and dusty roads, learned to know the heat of the sun on hopeless eyes. It was a different sun from the one that had shone before on my homeland. No longer was it silvery on the dewy cobwebs along the fences in the morning, nor did it cast a yellow glow at noon, so that the world was all green and gold and blue with the sky and the shade of trees. Morning brought a sullen, red light as if a fire were burning in the east. Noon was white heat, with no breeze and the sky ugly and gray. It was a lead-colored world, and the leaves of the trees drooped and turned brown at the edges. This was the land I had taken for granted, the beautiful sanctuary built by nature for my pleasure, that I might know the cool rush of farmland brooks around my ankles, and might play all day in the shade of rustling trees, heedless of the people who lived on the land, contented to only drink my fill of its beauty. I could not be heedless now.

Drought is not a tangible object that can be fought in the open, that can be seen afar off and beaten back. It is a slow, creeping terror that comes on and on until it has devoured everything in its path. There is little to be done but wait, and the people of my valley waited. One morning when the farmer went down to the shallow brook there was no water. He borrowed some from his neighbor. The next day the neighbor's brook, too, was dry. The pasture, he discovered one day, had been cropped so close that there was no grass left, and he had to take silage out to the field for the cattle. Then came the night when there was just enough silage for the next day, and the cows cropped the weeds along the roadside.

The farmer no longer looked at the sky. He did not speak of the drought; or the empty silo, where food for the cattle next winter had been stored; or the corn that withered in the field. He did not look at the caked brown furrows of the field where the second planting had not come up. His house was dirty from the sharp dust that seeped in the windows and doors when the wind blew, but there was no water with which to wash. His wife tried at first to keep the children's clothes

clean, but she gave that up too in the end.

It was then the government tried to help, then that the once-loved valley became a catch-word printed in black ink on the evening papers. Water was shipped in in tank cars and distributed to the stricken people, but the amount was pitifully small. The papers carried confident articles from the weather bureau. If rain came within a week, they held, the second planting would be saved. The farmer didn't believe the papers very much. He did not think the government could help. Tragedy was a part of his life. Tragedy and heat, in the gray-white light of noon and the cruel, red stars, and the buzzing flies that were not still all night. Knowing no way to turn, he went out into the fields with his wife and children and knelt there in the dust and prayed. Newspapermen came and took pictures of them praying. It did not rain, and the papers published the pictures, calling them, "Scenes from the Eastern Dust Bowl."

The name burnt into my brain, printing it in stark, black letters there. It couldn't be true, I thought. This was no dust bowl. This was my land, the "mountains" which were always green, always a refuge to which I could come home. The dust bowl was a foreign thing, belonging to the west, to hungry and ragged, hopeless people whose faces stared from the pictures in the Sunday paper, but whom I had never known. It couldn't be the valley of the Susquehanna, but it was. The pictures were there, mute testimony that a far-off tragedy had touched home. I saw them and I knew they spoke the truth. I had seen corn not two feet high in August, and empty barns. I had known the blank despair of the man who had one day to pack up his family effects and turn his back on the hills and the woods, and the lilac bush beside the door, because there was nothing left. More than this, I had seen the mute submission in the face of the man, who, also having nothing left, must stay because there was no place to go.

The summer was dying when I left my hills, fading early, exhausted, spent. With fear in my heart I turned away from the gray ghost of sun-parched earth, but not with despair. There will be famine, poverty and cold in the Eastern Dust Bowl this winter. When spring comes there will be floods if the heavy snows melt too quickly from

the barren, wasted fields. It seems as if the land might never be made to live again. But the people who have loved the fertile valley are hardy souls. From their communion with the elements they have learned one thing, to keep on hoping. The terror that eclipsed that hope when there was nothing but scalding sun and stiff brown grass has gone. When winter is passed the farmer will go out into the field to plant the few seeds he has been able to buy. He will lead a single cow to pasture where his herd grazed before. His children will play barefoot in the fields because there will not be money for shoes. He will not complain of his plight, nor think of his small earnings that have been swept away. True to his heart, which is in the shape of the pines against the evening sunset, and the feel of the plow in his hands, he will have begun again.

So What?

(Continued from Page 13)

School was fun—never a dull moment, always excitement. Junior High knew he was there. Wait till he got to high school, he would split the place wide open—if he ever got there. Why hurry? Junior High was swell.

The future? No use worrying about that. If he studied hard, there probably wouldn't be a job when he got through. Smarter people than he were out of work. He could prepare for being out of work by not working. He would be farther ahead in the long run. Anyhow he had enough to think about.

Old man Bishop was hauling him in before the justice of the peace. All because he had made fun of Bishop's new car. It wasn't really a new car, just new to Bishop. Bishop did not need to get so mad. All Ray had done was to comment on it. It did look like a fire engine, it was so big. And it did chug like a train; so what harm had there been in asking Bishop where he put the coal in? Oh well, Bishop would be sorry. Halloween was coming and garbage would look swell draped all over the Bishop porch. The cops might come, but so what?

New Book Shelf Invites Readers

Last spring, the faculty Library committee composed a reading list, the purpose of which is "to suggest reading that will be pleasurable, because it can quicken the consciousness of our cultural heritage and illumine the world we live in."

On the shelf beside the library entrance, are placed books from the "Reading for Enjoyment" list. For each issue of the *Arrow*, students from the creative writing class will write brief reviews of books they believe students would be interested to read. Why not read . . .

One More Spring

One More Spring is the tale of one winter in the lives of three people, a woman and two men. It is a winter which was overshadowed with hunger and cold and the dark cloud of depression.

It is the story of how each found a new faith and how, by doing things to make others less miserable, each found his own happiness with the coming of the **One More Spring**. Beyond that they did not look, for each was content with what he had and asked little from the world.

A simple yet powerful tale, it is very real to those who read it, for it so aptly portrays the period through which we have so recently passed—the Great Depression.

Philosopher's Holiday

From the introduction in which Irwin Edmon apologizes for not writing an autobiography to the last page—where he admits that he has written one—**Philosopher's Holiday** is extremely fascinating. It is not often that a book without an aim or plot can so closely hold the reader's attention.

Humorous incident, popularized philosophy, some original poetry, and best of all, bits of exquisite descriptive writing—all help to make up a book so interesting that each page is turned in eager anticipation.

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Ultime Thule

By Frances Mahaffey, '40

Oh keep for me one corner of
Eternity
Unwashed from cobwebbed Hope,
Joy's fount,
Which long since dried up at its
source for want
Of those small tears that were its
nourishment
And Joy's presaging. Give me years
Beyond the bloodless, dried up
socket few;
I want no fears that, doddering,
clutch the hems
Of other lives outlasting mine
In the long sweep of time.
I am not greedy for their merriment
That time I spent, and I am wearied
at the scene
I saw before. My place is taken—I
deplore
The briny tears that turn to statues
looking by.
Give me a corner of Eternity;
The pale's beyond the sunset
where I'll die!

Impression

By Marden Armstrong, '42

The fat white
Smoke
From the morning
Train
Is like a swift
Unlinked
Chain of pillows
Thrown by a little
Brown-eyed boy
At his
Sister.

Pooley to Charm

By Frances Mahaffey, '40

My mouth is full of bitterness,
My stomach's full of acid,
My heart is acrid with despair
How can my face be placid?

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THE ARROW

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jottings in the margin

Things we never knew 'til now . . . **The Arrow** is going on nineteen . . . in 1933, PCW had exactly the same terminal dates for Christmas vacation that it has this year . . . War department . . . what a medieval-sounding word "enemy" is . . . with the way the battles on the northern front are going, it would seem that all those contributions should be for Russian, instead of Finnish, relief . . . Winter dusk is worth waiting the whole day for . . . Sight you mustn't miss . . . the dusting of red and white lights across the darkness beyond the library . . . Churlish snarl . . . why all the confusion and disorder in the den? . . . Department of utter despair . . . exams begin just one month after Christmas Day . . . Note to Santa Claus . . . all we want in our stocking is time to catch up on this fall's crop of books and time to SLEEP . . . And a Merry Christmas to you.

Chance to Shine

The announcement by the faculty of the inauguration of a system of working for honors at PCW should not be passed over lightly by the student body. While the new plan of study will be followed by only a few members of each class, every student should feel a vital concern in the successful working out of the system. With the adoption of the honors system, our college takes a real step towards academic freedom and true scholarship.

For far too long a time, any faint yearnings that may have existed at PCW for intensive creative study have been stifled by the closely confining lecture-notes-quiz method of teaching. The traditional organization of classes is as nearly ideal as possible, probably, for lower division students and for students in the upper division who are not especially interested in doing individual research. However, the student who would wish to pursue her own line or go deeper into a certain field than the somewhat broad catalogue courses permit, the lecture-quiz system is too demanding in itself to permit much independent experimentation and research.

Beginning next year, according to the new plan, seniors who have proved to their professors their ability for honors work, may substitute for six regular academic hours research or experimentation in the subject in which they are vitally interested. It is believed that such students taking only nine class hours will have enough time to do study that is really intensive and satisfying and written work that is keen, polished, and, perhaps, even creative.

The success of the honors system, and the resultant higher standards of scholarship for the entire college is in the hands of the student. Now is the time to prove that the thirst for knowledge has not been quenched by mere tastes of the Pierian spring.

Chapel, As Usual

If silence is golden, PCW students are indeed poverty-stricken if their behavior in chapel is any indication of their true worth. Indeed, noise has become so much a part of chapel, that, far from being a place for rest and meditation in the midst of a busy morning, it is rapidly becoming a half-hour of nerve-wrecking.

It would seem that there is no apparent reason for the muttering and tittering and pencil-dropping that has recently assumed epidemic proportions. None of us is so informed that she cannot learn something from every speaker. None of us is so nervous that she is unable to sit relatively still for thirty minutes or an hour. And no PCW student, it is hoped, is so impolite as to insult the leader or speaker by her inattention.

The student body has been asked repeatedly by its president, by the administration and by the chapel committee to observe the rules of common courtesy in chapel. Such pleas have fallen on deaf ears. So probably no amount of editorial railing will cause any of the many offenders to mend her manners, prick up her ears and discover that chapel although compulsory, is not so bad after all.

Working for Honors To Be Inaugurated

Faculty Adopts Plan For Individual Study

The faculty of Pennsylvania College for Women, meeting Thursday, December 7, adopted a plan for honors work which has been under consideration for more than a year. By this plan, a certain number of each class will be given opportunity during the senior year to do intensive individual work which will amount to six hours credit for each semester. The objective of the plan is to give to able students a certain amount of freedom from requirements of the curriculum and to allow them time and scope for somewhat intensive exploration in the field of their major interest.

In order to qualify for this work, a student must have satisfied the members of the faculty with whom she has worked during her freshman, sophomore, and junior years that she is capable of doing individual work, and she must also have maintained a high scholastic rating.

The honors work will be generally administered by a Faculty Committee for Individual Study. The students who are to do individual (or honor) work must be recommended to the Committee by a majority of the faculty members with whom they have previously worked. An alternative method has been provided whereby a student may apply on her own initiative to the Committee for permission to do honors work. In the latter case, the Committee will obtain recommendations from members of the faculty who know her work before such permission can be given.

Recommendations and elections for honors work will be made at the end of the junior year, starting with the present junior class. Members of the senior class next year who have gained permission to do the work will take nine hours of class work each semester; the remaining six hours will be devoted to their individual projects, with a weekly conference with the director whom the student has chosen from the faculty.

It is possible that in certain cases students who are qualified and permitted to work on individual projects may prefer not to do so, but to continue with the usual fifteen hours of class work. The choice is to be the student's own. No discredit is to be attached to the girl who decides she

Advertising Director Of Warner Brothers Will Speak

Mr. Harry Goldberg, national director of advertising and publicity for Warner Brothers, will speak in Chapel, Tuesday, January 9.

Mr. Goldberg originally joined Warner Brothers with the intention of staying with them for just a few weeks in order to help them reorganize one of the publicity departments. However, he is now head of the entire theater publicity department and has, as part of his work, also aided in the production of several motion pictures.

He has had a good deal of experience in the newspaper as well as the theatrical field. On the old Philadelphia Press he was feature editor, special writer, and Sunday editor. He held the same desks on the Philadelphia Record. For a time, writing for magazines was his chief occupation. Many of his interviews with famous people have appeared in national magazines.

In chapel he will give an informal speech, telling us something that hasn't been said before about motion pictures.

Calendar

January 9—Chapel—Mr. Harry Goldberg—**Moving Pictures.**

January 15—Mr. George E. Evans, Chairman of the Housing Authority of the City of Pittsburgh.

January 17—Senior dinner given by Alumnae.

prefers not to do intensive individual study.

The program each honors student is to follow will be planned with the faculty director she has chosen and submitted to the governing Committee for approval. Programs are to be as broad in scope as possible, and it is hoped that they will cover a field of correlated subjects rather than a single subject. That is, a student who chooses to do individual work in history will also make herself familiar with sociological, economic, literary, or educational movements which are pertinent to the historical problem she is studying. Or a student who is working in chemistry will be expected to explore material corollary to her project in biology or physics. A comprehensive examination over the field of her individual work will be given each honors student at the end of the senior year.

Day, Dorm Students Hold Formal Dances

Decorations Will Be Blue and Silver

The dormitory and day students will hold their formal Christmas dances tonight in Woodland Hall and Dilworth Hall.

Decorations for both dances will be blue and silver. At the house dinner preceding their dance, the color scheme will be carried out in a silver tree with blue lights.

After singing Christmas carols, the dormitory students will follow their custom of exchanging gifts. Each girl will give a present to one of her fellow students whose name she has chosen in a drawing held before the dance.

For the dinner dance, Shirley Clipson is chairman of the decorations committee which consists of Marjorie Binford, Katherine Morse, Jean Burchinal, Jane Brooks, and Mary Schweppe. Ruth Mengel is in charge of the place cards and seating arrangements, and Julia Wheldon, Nina Makly, and Beth Howard are on this committee. The gift committee consists of Jane Shidemantle, Betty Ann Morrow, Mildred Stewart, and Mary Jane Fisher. The House board is acting as a committee for the dance at which Ches Walters and his orchestra will furnish the music.

The day students, having successfully petitioned the administration, will hold their first Christmas dance tonight. Peggy Matheny is the chairman of the dance, assisted by Jean Cate, Helen Hecht, Mary Balmer, and Mary Ann Bell. Len Malvern's orchestra will play for the dancers in Dilworth Hall.

Students Dress Dolls For Christmas Charity

Much activity and interest has been shown on campus for the past month in the dressing of dolls for Christmas charity.

The work was done in cooperation with YWCA and the entire student body. Distribution and collection was for the Free Public Kindergarten Society and was under the supervision of the Freshman Commission, headed by Brice Black, chairman and Ellen Copeland, sophomore advisor.

The dolls were put on exhibition Monday, December 18, and prizes were awarded for the best handiwork.

"Union Now" Author Explains Theory

Clarence K. Streit, author of **Union Now**, advocated a Federal Union composed of the 15 democracies of the world to insure universal peace, when he spoke to the student body in chapel, Friday, December 1. "Our greatest concern, in modern times, he said, is now to arrive at and maintain peace and freedom." There could be no war against this powerful union which would have from 60 to 95 per cent of almost every essential war material. No nation or possible group of nations would dare to attack it, once its defense forces were united, Mr. Streit believes.

It is necessary to appeal to the citizens of the democracies for their aid in bringing about world-wide peace because nations have proved themselves incapable of letting down their barriers and objectively discussing the problem, he said. When polls show that the citizens of the democracies (the United States, Canada, The United Kingdom of England, Scotland, and Wales, France, Ireland, Switzerland, Belgium, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa) will agree to support the new Union, according to Mr. Streit, a constitutional Convention will be called to draft a strong but elastic Constitution . . . the most freedom-creating political system that man has ever invented. "When the agreed-upon number of countries have ratified it, the New Union will be established, ready to prevent war, bring prosperity, and maintain our liberties."

There would be many benefits resulting from this proposed Federal Union. Mr. Streit said that everyone in the world would be benefited through it, even the nations outside it. Dictatorship of every kind and the many forms of intolerance that thrive on depression would cease to threaten our liberties.

The Union would be open to all countries as they restore or develop democratic rights, as the plan now stands. Membership would be so advantageous that all nations would want to belong. It would stop dictators by offering to their adherents a government infinitely better than their former regime.

Streit showed that the 15 founder-democracies are those which can most quickly and efficaciously unite to bring the Union about. Most of

Clausen Addresses Christmas Chapel

A special Christmas program was presented today at the last Chapel meeting of the student body to be held until after the holidays. Reverend Bernard C. Clausen of the First Baptist Church was the principal speaker who chose as his subject, *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen*.

The remainder of the performance was given by members of the music theory class. The chorus sang four songs, **A Carol, Jubilate, The Bells,** and **Bethlehem's King** which were composed by Marjorie Norris, Montana Menard, Frances Mahaffey, and Betty Gahagen respectively. **The Bells** was sung to organ accompaniment. Eileen Wessel sang the descant to **Bethlehem's King**. A vocal trio, Jane Hanauer, Gladys Cooper, and Mary Elizabeth Rope presented response to the **Prayer** which was composed by Gladys Cooper.

Verse Choir Performs

The Verse Speaking Choir gave a concert to the South Hills College Club, December 13, and presented the same program to the Wheaton Alumnae at their meeting in the College Club, December 18. They recited **The Women at the Well**, several Christmas carols, and a few humorous selections.

Their next program will be given at the Twentieth Century Club, January 11.

these people can read either English or French, or both. None has been at war with the others for over a hundred years. They do 70 per cent of their present trade with each other and they have the same basic ideas of individual freedom and representative government.

The proposal was first set forth in a recent book called **Union Now**, written by Clarence Streit, World War veteran and a newspaper correspondent for 19 years, covering the League of Nations at Geneva for the New York Times during the last ten years. There he had his first experience with the inefficiency of the leagues and of other arbitrary solutions to world peace. From his thorough knowledge of both Europe and America, he has evolved this concrete down-to-earth plan for founding an American-type union on a large scale that the world needs today.

PCW Will Publish New View Book Of Campus Scenes

A new PCW View Book will be published this year. The theme of it is "a college life and campus, as simple and free as a college in the country, yet having the advantages of a city close at hand."

The book will contain many pictures of the college and pictures which will show the cultural and educational advantages of its location in Pittsburgh. There will be a picture of the art class taken with a well-known artist whose painting is shown in the Carnegie Art Gallery; PCW students broadcasting over KDKA; the **Arrow** staff working in the **Arrow** office and at the printer's; Maurice Evans, the noted Shakespearian actor, with two members of the dramatic club; and the Sociology students doing social work at the settlement houses, in addition to many pictures taken on campus, and in Woodland Hall, the Library, and the Science Building.

Settlement Groups Are Guests of YWCA

The YWCA held a party for settlement groups on Monday, December 18, at four o'clock in the gym. The children who came to this party were the groups from the Soho Community House under the leadership of Ruth Mary Arthur and Margaret Dunseath and the groups from Armstrong House under the direction of Jane Viehman and Janet Ross. Approximately forty children attended and had a rollicking time—complete with gifts, games, stories and refreshments.

Miss Mowry Receives Sandburg Volumes

The day before Thanksgiving proved to be a red letter day for Miss Vera Mowry, Dr. Spencer's secretary. She received from Carl Sandburg, whom she has known for the last three years, four volumes of his new **Abraham Lincoln** book **The War Years**. The book was not officially published until the first of December.

The **New York Times** highly recommended the new volume, not only as the most interesting but also the most authentic book ever written about Abraham Lincoln.

Spencer and Kinder Are Guest Speakers

President Herbert L. Spencer and Dr. James S. Kinder, head of the Education Department and Director of the PCW Film Service, were guest speakers at Butler County Institute in Cairns City, Saturday, December 9.

Dr. Kinder spoke in the morning and demonstrated the value and use of films and visual aids in general. Dr. Spencer spoke in the afternoon on "Making of Citizens."

The American Association for the Advancement of Science will meet in Columbus the last of December. Dr. Laura Hunter, assistant professor of biology, attended a number of the conventions in the past years, and is planning to attend this one.

Many small groups, who are working different fields of science, compose this organization. In the various sessions papers are read, which are limited to ten or fifteen minutes in length. Immediately after the speaker has finished, those assembled take part in a discussion of his subject. Each person attending the convention goes to the meetings scheduled for the group in which he is interested. Dr. Hunter plans to devote much of her time to the meetings on zoology. For the persons who miss these gatherings, abstracts of the proceedings are published.

Occasionally, there will be symposiums where two groups will meet in joint sessions, and merge mutual interests. One afternoon will be devoted to displays under microscopes. A highlight of the convention will be the Biology Smoker, an informal affair, where all those who are working in this field may meet and discuss their accomplishments.

College Organist Gives Recitals

Mr. Earl B. Collins, organist and instructor at PCW and director of music at Bellefield Presbyterian Church, was chosen to give the organ recitals at Carnegie Music Hall Saturday evening, December 2 and Sunday afternoon, December 3. Among his selections were several Christmas numbers and the Carillon Suite by Alfred Johnson, Pittsburgh composer and organist for the Sewickley Presbyterian Church.

Regional Secretary Of Student Movement Holds Interviews

Mrs. Louise Pfuetze, Regional Secretary of the Student Christian Movement in the Middle Atlantic States, visited PCW Monday, December 11. Until last June she was Dean of Women at Whittier College and she came to this district last September. Mrs. Pfuetze is very much interested in Christian organizations in the colleges. During her recent stay in Pittsburgh she visited the YWCA organizations in the University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Tech, and PCW.

The morning of her visit to PCW she interviewed all the members of the YWCA Cabinet and Advisory Board. The girls discussed their problems and plans with her and she gave them many helpful suggestions and new ideas. She also told them how to make their work more interesting and their activities more successful.

In the afternoon Miss Marks gave a tea in her honor in Berry Hall Drawing Room. The members of the YW Advisory Board, Cabinet, and the Freshman Commission attended. Mrs. Spencer poured and members of the Commission served.

Mohammedanism Will Be Topic For Discussion

Mohammedanism will be the topic of the discussion at the YWCA meeting January 10 at 3:30. The speaker, Dr. R. F. Shields, is an authority on Eastern religions, having spent much time in the Sudan and Ethiopia. He is a graduate of Tarkio College and the Pittsburgh Theological Seminary and received his D.D. degree from Tarkio College. At present he is Secretary-Treasurer of the Missions in the Sudan and is in the United States on furlough. His work is evangelistic and educational. His book, **Behind the Garden of Allah**, gives an excellent picture of life in Egypt.

A discussion will follow Dr. Shields' talk. Topics will include the spread of Mohammedanism; the life of Mohammed; modern Mohammedanism; the influence of Judaism, Christianity, and the ancient near-East religions on Mohammedanism. Dr. Shields will join in the discussion and answer questions.

Frances Mahaffey, '40, is chairman of the meeting.

Sing Noel! Traditional Carolling Ushers in Yuletide

As the saying goes, the ears of man first heard a Christmas Carol when the angels sang over Bethlehem. But there was no such thing as a carol on earth until twelve hundred years later when St. Francis of Assisi in Italy decided that people weren't understanding the true beauty of the scene in the manger. So he set up the first creche and had monks sing the first carol. Ever since then people have been singing carols and have come to think of Christmas as not being Christmas without them. When we sing them it puts us in touch with all the other Christmases we have ever had before and all the people we have ever loved at Christmas. Maybe we don't believe in Santa Claus anymore, but when we sing a carol we can't help remembering the way we felt when we did believe.

So that's one reason why PCW always sings carols about this time of the year. For a long time we had only sung them in our chapel and in our vespers and in our parties or pageants. Then, just four years ago, we discovered how much nicer it is to sing them to somebody else. In 1936 Miss Held suggested that the Glee Club and the dorm girls go out along Woodland Road carolling. All the Woodland roaders were delighted. The Mellons lighted a candle of welcome in their window, according to the old custom, and one home opened all its doors so that the music could drift up to an invalid. Then, last of all, everybody stopped before Dr. Spencer's house and sang to the children.

It's beginning to look now as if we had begun another tradition. Because every year since—barring impossible weather—both dorm and day students have gone out carolling. We gather together and go out—into the snow sometimes—and sing under lantern light. People come to the windows to listen and some set up candles. But the greatest thrill of all comes to us who are doing the caroling who stand out in the darkness and the crisp night air singing about another night and another people who stood in the darkness. It is very easy then to believe, as we did when we were children, in the angels and the star and the wise men and tiny child in the manger at Bethlehem.

America's Heritage From the Indian Told in Chapel

In her lecture on Wednesday, December 6, Ataloo, interpreter of Indian culture, spoke to the student body on America's heritage from the Indian. With sincerity and simplicity, she explained the significance of the culture of the American Indian, and the part it has played in the development of our country.

She stated that the music, art, and religion of the Red Man are symbolic, and by bringing out the finer points in these phases of his life, she succeeded in showing the deep, aesthetic, and spiritual beauty of Indian culture.

She also expressed the hope that the White Man would visit the Indian, not as a prying tourist, but rather as an understanding, appreciative friend.

Ataloo, a member of the Chickasaw tribe, was born in Old Indian Territory, Oklahoma. Her grandmother named her Ataloo, which means "Little Song." The name was almost prophetic, for she possesses a beautifully rich contralto voice, revealed when she closed her lecture by singing an old Indian lullaby, and a quaint little song about Indian lovers.

Ataloo's early education was in private and public schools, and the Oklahoma College for Women. Later she received her A. B. degree from the University of Redlands, California, and her M. A. degree from Columbia University, New York. Under a scholarship from International Institute, and a fellowship from the Rockefeller Foundation, she continued research in comparative education, Indian culture, and art.

She feels that true interpretation, and adequate training for leadership are the primary needs of the Indian today. The first she has sought to accomplish through her lectures and concerts, and the second through aiding worthy young Indians to receive an education.

Recollections in Tranquility

By Nancy Over, '40

As I walked up an uneven stone pathway to an old, old house the bright sun made me feel peaceful and happy. A cool, fall wind whipped brown leaves from the trees and flung them mercilessly to the ground.

The path led to a red brick, grey-shuttered house that had been standing at the end of the path for 110 years. As I knocked on the door, I could see in my mind's eye two old-fashioned hoop-skirted ladies, knitting and gossiping on the porch. A black cat slyly pushed a ball of yellow yarn along the porch.

Miss Agnes Way is a member of one of Sewickley's oldest families and although she will be 98 in March she is as quick-witted and gay as she was when she was 20. She is one of the few persons, regardless of age, who will always be young, alive, and filled with the "joie de vivre." Her formula is the "keep in touch with young people and women's clubs." Miss Way prefers the society of younger people because older women bore her with stories of their husbands or new recipes.

She has always been interested in art and was a member of the first class of the Pittsburgh Academy of Design. She exhibited in the first Carnegie International in 1897 and she was the first art teacher in a Pittsburgh public school where she earned money to pay for her expenses when she later studied in Paris under Boulanger. She laughingly told me that she had been chosen to be the art teacher because the principal

thought that she wouldn't flirt with the boy students.

She studied under a strict master in Paris. Classes lasted from 8 to 12 and from 12:30 to 5 o'clock and during this time the students were not allowed to talk to each other. She was in the class for three months before she found out that there was another girl in the same class who could also speak English!

In Paris Miss Way met Rosa Bonheur and Thiers, the first President of the French Republic. After the Franco-Prussian war, a benefit was sponsored for the children of the soldiers. She gave an American dollar bill to the relief fund and was called to Thiers to receive his and his nation's thanks!

Miss Way was a member of the faculty of the Pennsylvania College for Women for ten years when she returned from Paris. She taught art and wood carving during the first years of college. She remembered many funny and interesting experiences that she had at PCW. She was talking one day to the German Professor, when the president of the school came up and told her that she wasn't paid to talk to the men teachers. The teacher replied that Miss Way wasn't paid for a lot of things that she did for the school. Another time one of the trustees came to dinner one night, and his words of grace were: "We thank thee, dear Lord, for these few crumbs that are set before us."

Miss Way's philosophy is that of her mother. It is simply this: never be ashamed to do an honest and a true deed. She says, having attained the age of 97 years, she has always done that.

In a lavender blouse and skirt and lace cap, with eye twinkling under an eyebrowless forehead, Miss Way looks as picturesque as Whistler's mother. She reminded me of a package marked "fragile, handle with care," when she placed a diminutive, wrinkled hand in mine as I said goodbye.

Jean Watson Debates With Davis of W. & J.

Jean Watson, '40, member of the PCW debate team, debated with Clifford A. Davis of Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., on Station KQV, Pittsburgh, on Saturday evening, December 9.

The two person, non-decision debate was on the question, Resolved: Franklin D. Roosevelt should be elected for a third term.

This was one of a series of debates given over the radio by W & J with representatives of other colleges in the vicinity as guests. The time is Saturday at 9:30 P. M., and they are on for 15 minutes.

Tentative plans for a future debate between W & J and PCW on this campus are made for February.

Miss Watson was coached by Miss Robb, speech instructor.

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HEAR AND THEIR

By Healey and Higgins

Christmas comes but once a year, and five days hence it will be here. The season now is bright and gay, and everyone awaits The Day . . . except us, and we haven't done our Christmas shopping yet. But we did see Santa Claus, and he gave us some inside dope on what the lassies have requested to be in their Christmas stockings. Requests are as follows:

Beth Howard—a recording of My Bill (life sized).

Alice Chattaway—a recording of Oh Johnny! (life sized).

Virginia Lappe—a recording of Boola Boola.

Jean Burry and Jane Hanauer—a recording of There's Something About a Soldier. (You've been a good girl Janie, and we hear Santa will grant your request!)

Alice Provost—a recording of Anchors Aweigh. (She has the anchor.)

Wease McIntyre—a recording of Dangerous Dan McGrew.

Some of the girls got their Christmas gifts early, i. e., Pat Lowry, who got a husband, and Connie Shane, who got a diamond ring (with a man attached).

Among the gayer events of the Christmas Holidays is the Southern Club Ball. Among those who will be present, whether aiding or merely decorating will be Sonnie Croft, Anna Betty Saylor, Jean Arthur, Dottie Lou Evans, Midge Norris, Elaine Fitzwilson, Alice McKain, and Alice Steinmark . . . all genuine (allegedly) Southern Belles, suh, From South ob de Border. Yeah Man!

Speaking of Men (and aren't we always?), Katie Iams' Billy is flying home from the U. of Penn. He did likewise at Thanksgiving. Such devotion . . . or could it be the stewardesses? And Ginnie Gillespie's Summer Romance will catch up with her some time during vacation. To continue, there are Janie Campbell's Men, all of whom possess at least six cars. Never a dull moment! And then there's the Man that Mary Kinter is leading a merry chase. And the Man with whom Natalie Lambing recently celebrated almost a half-year anniversary. And now we go from the sublime to the ridiculous, and have the Funny Feature of the Month. It was Barbara Maerker grabbing a train to get out of the city, and an admirer traveling here as fast as possible, and never the twain did meet.

Add Jewelry.

Or rather subtract. Three pins were lost recently, all of them by accident. Among the losers were Peg Christy and Pat Brennan. Which reminds us—wonder where that Jivin' Jewelry of Wease Caldwell's is these days? We haven't seen it lately.

Well, the time has come for us to go and listen to "I Love a Mystery," so we will close in time to hear our daily thrills (chills, kills, etc.) Don't forget to listen to Fred Waring, for some of the lassies wrote and asked him to write a PCW school song, and who knows? Merry Christmas . . . Happy New Year, and we'll be hearin' you.

SLANTS AND ANGLES

By Betty Eastwood

Adeste Fideles

Merry Christmas, to all people, in all lands. We have heard so much of gloominess lately, that we have been tempted to ask, "What's merry about Christmas this year?" But, there is still a wonderful message in the holiday that we will celebrate on December twenty-fifth. The Christmas story is a story of the coming of a man of insight, strength and faith into a world of iron. It is more fitting now than it has been for many years. The world of today is very like the world that knew the first Christmas day. Think of the Roman eagles, and of the absolute rule of the Caesars. Militarism, Dictatorship. The minds of men were confused, philosophies of escape gained countless adherents. Stoicism, Epicureanism, Skepticism, to these men turned, trying to avoid the issue of reality which was harsh and cruel. Christmas marked the beginning of a new era. From the faith of one man, born in poverty in a country town in the provinces came a strength that was to change the world. We should remember that this Christmas, and in that memory recognize the hope that faith having risen in an age very like our own, can rise again. There is hope of peace again in our time if we will stand firmly in the faith that it can be. This Christmas, in all lands, that hope will be a bright light in the darkness. A baby was born in Judea many years ago. Faith will be reborn in our world today. More than ever now, needing that re-birth most horribly, we must do our part by saying "Merry Christmas."

Don't Look Now

When Russia attacked Finland an awful lot of people began to wonder just whose war this is anyhow. They are still wondering. We have been so preoccupied with the children scrapping in the front yard that we didn't notice the thief at the back door. He is in now, and the children may have to stop fighting to run for the police. In this war anything can happen, and it does.

This Cockeyed World

Science is a wonderful thing. It has found out why most people are slightly crazy. It seems the cells of all living matter are unbalanced. Cells, as everybody knows, are made up of molecules, which are made up of atoms. The atoms group themselves together in unsymmetrical groups. Science finds two kinds of groups which differ "much as the right hand differs from the left" and which never get together on anything. Here lies the key to man's "screwy-ness." They eat plants made up of lopsided cells. These cells get assimilated, through the chemicals they contain, into lopsided cells in the body. A man walks down the street, functioning very well on set of cells number one. Suddenly he stops, looks bewildered, and, turning abruptly, starts off in the direction from which he came. No, he didn't forget anything. It's just set of cells number two starting to work. From now on we can do anything at all armed with a magnificent defense. "Can't help it. It's my atoms."

FUN FARE

By Betty Crawford

Christmas . . . the holiday spirit . . . mad rushing from parties to theaters, from teas to dinner and from dinner to dances. The air is tingling with excitement . . . it's everywhere! It is a time of meetings, gatherings . . . people are enthusiastically friendly; more anxious than ever to do things together . . . to go places . . . they're on the move every second, wanting something different and exciting every minute. Everyone is ready to play!

Garbo laughs . . . and so will you, when you see Ernest Lubistch's *Ninotchka*. Recommended as the best in sophisticated entertainment. The supporting stars are Melvyn Douglas and Ina Claire. Sensational . . . and just the thing to take your mind off Christmas shopping and the many things you simply must do tomorrow.

For something new and utterly different go over to the Buhl Planetarium. There you can star gaze with perfect ease and discover that there is much more in the sky than just the "heavenly moon." *Star of Bethlehem* is shown at three, eight and nine o'clock.

Opening Christmas night and continuing through January 2 at Duquesne Garden is the *Ice Follies of 1940*. This promises to be an extraordinary entertainment, and the only appearance in Pittsburgh this year. So if you're bored or weary with the usual "things to do at night" see this grand winter sport of ice skating at its best.

Don't forget the Princeton Triangle Show which will be at the Nixon Thursday, December 21, the night our Christmas vacation begins. Incidentally, Noel Coward's *Private Lives* opens at the Pittsburgh Playhouse December 26, continuing through January 13.

Well, happy vacation, a very Merry Christmas . . . and lots of good times!

Hint For the Hurried

Althea Lowe, '43

Are you trying to decide in this last minute frenzy just what you're giving to her? If so, this is just the column for you to read. We've surveyed the city's shops and stores and here are a few of the things we think she'll love.

If you're planning to spend around a "dollar," don't overlook those Lucien Lelong lipstick kits—a suede case and three shades: Dianthus, Robin Hood Red, and Corsair. They really satisfy for there's a shade for any occasion! Then there are lovely wide belts of blue and red hemp with flowers embroidered upon them and a cluster of bells acting as a buckle.

If she adores those "novel little jobs" . . . there's the merry-go-round with three small bottles of perfume upon it and a striped canopy over and above, or the bar equipped with a railing and any brand (of perfume) she might prefer. A pink flower cart, with a white flower,



By Janet Ross

Don't look now but winter is here. Surprised, huh? Well, even if the snow isn't lying quite six feet deep and the wind howling down our chimneys, PCW has begun her winter indoor sports program. To quote that popular pupil of good old Socrates' question game, Prof. Quizzical I. Q. Whaddayanoaboutpgh . . . and we quote, "What is happening in PCW's gym when members of feminine sex wave abbreviated snowshoes at a feathery little animal, species *shuttulus coccus*?" Look for the answer to this question of the century in the next issue of the *Arrow* (plug) when we shall unveil the winner.

CHARLOTTE WOLF ELECTED!

Charie Wolf, outstanding Junior athlete, has been elected Vice-President for next year of the A. F. C. W. Incidentally, that means Athletic Federation of College Women, an organization where different colleges exchange ideas on how to organize and conduct their Athletic Associations. The Vice-Presidency was held this year by Ruth Mary Arthur, President of our A. A.

Blue, green, purple, yellow, red . . . no, not a rainbow . . . these are the volleyball color teams. So you think volleyball is boring, eh! How would you like to play in a game that ended in a tie, 46-46, or one that no one knows the outcome of until Miss Errett finally announces, Yellow, 53—Blue, 54?" These are just typical examples of the caliber of our games this year. Now aren't you sorry you didn't come out? Let's see you at basketball practice, which will begin immediately after Christmas vacation. As is the custom the color games will be held first—this is YOUR chance really to learn basketball—then on with the real thing. The inter-class games are always welcomed with a spirit of friendly competition, but don't be fooled by the word friendly. These are matches of skill, spirit, and the will to win. (Note from our diet expert: this is an excellent way to get rid of those extra pounds acquired at Christmas tables.)

and pink sachet looks and smells pretty and is not out of reach.

If she's a luxury lover she'd appreciate dainty bed socks and pastel sheets with her monogram. And have you heard about those bed smokers? There's an ash tray and an attachment to hold the cigarette, to which a rubber tube about three feet long is fastened. She can lie in bed and puff to her heart's content and if perchance she drifts into dreamland, her monogrammed sheets won't be ablaze.

For those who wish to spend upwards of five little dollars, the selection is even more varied. If she possesses a bunny fur evening jacket, she'd make fine use of bunny fur mitten (they keep hands warm on dates), or if her evening wrap is velvet, give her velvet ones trimmed with sequins, of fur. Miniature recording machines which play 12-inch recordings would be welcomed by any girl and they'll occupy a prominent place in her room.

My Pal Scrooge

Scrooge was not such a villainous old fellow, after all, when he snorted, "Bah! Humbug!" to the assorted carollers and nephews who wished him a Merry Christmas. Even in the relatively uncomplicated days of Dickens, it would seem, Christmas was not all the Peace-on-earth-good-will-toward-men thing it was cracked up to be, and Scrooge, who was nobody's fool, recognized it. And although he was scared into becoming the mistletoe and holly sort, before the phoney spirits sneaked up on him, Scrooge was as honest and stout-hearted a man as you would meet in all the sets of Dickens from here to London.

No matter how you may feel concerning Scrooge's treatment of his clerk and his nephew (whom I, for one, have always considered something of a good-for-nothing), you will be forced to admit that he saw the Yule racket without its usual gloss of lighted candles and Christmas tree angels. To Scrooge, in his early and practical incarnation, the last week of the year was just a time of increased spending, overeating and interruption of business. The old boy had something there.

Christmas, Scrooge said, was a humbug. Those were the simple, earth years of Victoria, when people made their own entertainment, when preparations for Christmas were largely culinary and the exchange of presents was practically unknown. Holiday merriment centered around the festive board, the punch bowl and the mistletoe. December 25 was one day out of the year when everyone was happy and sentimental. It was one day when people went to church in the morning, fed on plum pudding and mince pies all afternoon, and danced and sang all evening. That was about all there was to Christmas, that and a general feeling of benevolence towards the beggars who were allowed to starve after the 26th. Christmas then was, to the jaded eyes of the twentieth-century, a day of genuine jollity and good-will. But Scrooge, the hard-headed businessman, called it humbug.

One shudders when one imagines the epithets he would have applied to the kind of Christmas now descending upon us. Christmas begins the Saturday after Thanksgiving when the stores sprout blue fir trees,

golden holly, and Santa Clauses with synthetic beards. There is a huge parade, and a lot of children get lost and a lot of mothers wish they would stay lost until the day after the stockings are supposed to be filled. Every charity in town, working on the theory that the divine in human nature is nearer the surface during December than during any of the other eleven months, puts on a drive to get funds for the long, cruel year to come, and all the Women's Clubs make up baskets for the poor and deliver them in a veritable aura of self-righteousness. That person is rare who is not losing the remaining shreds of his religion trying to complete his Christmas shopping between rehearsals for pageants, plays, and cantatas. Family life is at a standstill while Mother stands guard over the hidden presents, mails all the packages and cards, cleans the wallpaper, washes the windows and woodwork, takes down the dirty curtains, and tries her grandmother's recipe for fruit-cake. Choosing and trimming the Christmas tree is a long and arduous process in which every member of the household engages and with which no one is satisfied. So Christmas morning dawns bright and clear on a world that lies limp and exhausted.

But this same Christmas morning is only the beginning of things. Christmas is no longer a holiday: it is holidays. From the 24th to the day after New Year's, not a creature is worth anything, not even a mouse. Life for a week is nothing but looking at other persons' presents, writing thank-you notes for your own, helping finish up turkeys and boxes of candy and ruining your last pair of evening stockings and no one thought to give you any for Christmas. It is getting so that the merriest of the season is measured by the volume of retail sales and the thickness of the shopping crowds.

Christmas, humbug, Scrooge? Move over, Ebenezer, while I write a letter to Santa Claus.

Betty-Lee Salon

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BOOK SHELF

Ethan Frome

In a hundred and ninety-five pages Edith Wharton presents the tragic and beautifully written story of **Ethan Frome**. For a few hours worth-while reading this book is one of the best to be found.

The background is a small New England town which is snowbound for the larger part of the year. The story is tragic and yet so real and flowing that one's chief reaction is pity. The reader discovers with the author the character of the man who was tied to his useless land by two women: his wife and the woman he had loved. The love Ethan Frome found too late and his brief hope in escape from his nagging wife are vividly portrayed while his later life is just as alive though in soberer lines.

Plato: The Man and His Work

Here is a volume of Plato that will prove fascinating and understandable to anyone who has philosophical interests or curiosities. It does not require of the reader an extensive background of either Greek history or philosophy, but offers a simple account of the life of Plato, together with a careful analysis of his complete works from the first Socratic Dialogues to the famous "Laws" of his old age. Each of the works is set forth in the order in which it was written, and is explained in so clear and natural a style, that without any previous knowledge of Plato the arguments are easy and at the same time stimulating to follow. It is, as the author states in his preface, "just what Plato has to say about the problems of thought and life, and how he says it." It is not "what some contemporary thinks Plato should have said."

The House of Flowers and Gifts

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THE WISE MEN

With the swift passing days the Christmas season is coming again, as it has always come. We will laugh and forget our work and our worry. We will hear the old story, which we have heard every year since we were first able to understand the words. But, for some of us this year will not be the same. Some of us have grown up since last year, and to us the Christmas story can never be quite the same again. We have found that it is not alone a pretty legend. There are three "Wise Men" in the story. do you remember? They came and brought gifts to the Christ Child. "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

When I was a very young girl I liked the Wise Men very much. I had seen them in pageants, and they wore long flowing robes, and had great black beards. My favorite of them all was Gaspard, partly because his was the only name I could pronounce, but mostly because we sang about him in Sunday school and I knew he was the one who brought gold. I had a feeling that he was the one Christ Child liked too, because his gift was the nicest.

My fondness for this particular king was a thing that belonged to my childhood. It is gone now, and I can trace the way of its going. It is the story of a little girl who grew up.

Christmas has always been the central day of the year for me. When I was very young it meant Santa Claus and Daddy, and I was never quite clear as to which was which. Daddy hung up his stocking on the mantle on Christmas Eve, and I filled it full of candy and nuts, and a nice long letter from "Santa Claus" telling how much I hoped he liked the things he got. On Christmas morning there was always a second stocking beside the one I had hung the night before, a special one from Santa himself, all filled with things labeled "To Bettykins from Santa" in Daddy's handwriting. I could never quite understand how I could fill Daddy's stocking and he could fill mine, and there could still be a Santa Claus, but I learned the biggest fact about Christmas. At that time I must give gifts to everybody.

My grandmother explained the reason very carefully. The Wise Men brought the Christ Child gifts, and ever after people have been

giving them because the Christ Child would want it so. That was easy to understand, and there were the carved wood figures of my creche to prove it. Gaspard, Melchior, and Balthazar kneeling before the manger and holding out three golden caskets. But the only gift I really cared about was the gold. That was like the shiny pennies in the toe of my stocking. Frankincense was all very well, but I wasn't inspired by the little bronze burner on the hall table where my grandmother lit little green cones that gave off a funny smell. If that was what it was like I didn't think the Christ Child would want it. As for the myrrh, who would want bitter old juice from bushes. I thought Balthazar was pretty dumb.

A good many Christmases went by before I came to know that gold alone would have been an unwelcome gift to the Christ Child. I left the age of Santa Claus and the shiny pennies behind, and grew into the age of rare books for Daddy, and cellophane-wrapped jewelry cases beneath the Christmas tree. I learned to do my shopping throughout the year so that I would have the loveliest things possible for each one of my friends. The symbolism of the frankincense and the myrrh became quite clear to me, and I had a rather morbid fascination for the myrrh, because it was so melancholy, and I was in the "life-is-a-great-tragedy" stage. But when it came to giving gifts I still clung to gold.

It was not until I was much older that I learned the worth of frankincense. There came a Christmas when I went to buy a gift for the man I loved. It must be beautiful, I thought. It must be the finest thing of its kind on the market. But the thing I sought could not be bought with money. I had to give him faith. I had to offer something of myself, companionship, courage, laughter. These were things beyond gold, more infinitely precious, which I gave that year. Gaspard had brought gold, material riches, to the Christ Child. Melchior brought prayers, riches of the spirit, frankincense. In coming to understand that these were two great gifts, either one of which alone was not enough, I left my childhood behind.

There is another Christmas coming now, another time of gift-giving.

But now a new element has entered the story of the Wise Men. Today I sold boutonnieres at a Christmas party. There were red and green, and the leaves were as shiny as ivy after the rain. "Will you buy a boutonniere?" I said. "It is for the help of the French soldiers."

Myrrh, the symbol of grief, was the gift of Balthazar to the Christ Child. It is the gift that I must give this Christmas. I have grown up now.

It is a legend, this story of the kings who came from the Orient to offer their small treasures to the child who was born in Bethlehem. But the legend is true. It is not alone three wise men, offering strange gifts to a tiny baby. It is all the people in the world receiving the whole of life into their hands, the beautiful, the costly, and the bitter. I have sold boutonnieres to help the soldiers, and I know that if the man I love were among them I could do no more than that. I can not guard him from danger. I can not wipe away grief from the hearts of those who will spend Christmas alone, in fear for those who are fighting. There are tears in the story of the "Wise Men," and they cannot be ignored.

That is why Christmas will be a different thing for me this year. I understand now that three kings had to bring three gifts, and that in doing so they were the wisest of the wise. Money is meaningless without love. Without sadness there could be no contrasting joy, and no strength. The child to which they offered these treasures was to grow into a complete person. He must know all things. I have learned why Gaspard and Melchior came; now in time of war I, and many other young people, have had to face the coming of Balthazar. The Christmas story of the Wise Men has become our story. We have grown up now, and we too this Christmas will offer a full gift of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

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One Christmas Eve

... By Audrey Horton, '40

Mother sat tensely upon the davenport listening, and as she sat she watched the soft snow falling. Then she sat up stiffly, for she caught the sound that her ears sought, the scraping and pounding of father's heavy boots as he came into the house from the garage.

"She is worse, Frank." Mother whispered hesitatingly as if even to say it would bring reality home to herself.

Father whistled, put his hands in his pockets. "Doctor here still? Did the nurse come? Should I go in? Anything to be done?" while he was removing his heavy riding coat and leather stained knit gloves. Little Aenid solemnly stood in front of him waiting to take them. Her pigtailed head bowed reverently at the things mother and father were talking of in such quiet worried tones. The warm glow of the log fire softened the lines of mother's face, and turned lively lights on in father's eyes and hid the gray, wiping years from both their faces. Father held out his hands to the fire, drew down the corners of his mouth as he searched the live coals, striving to draw from them some word of hope for mother. Mother was sitting withdrawn in the corner of the couch, vainly hunting the silent flakes of snow now falling faster and thicker, falling so silently, so terribly silently. Aenid sat on the stool at the mantle and held father's coat to the heat. The only light in the high ceilinged room was the grate fire, and the arms of light seemed to be stabbing at the darkness, forcing it back only to have it recoil and spring at the flames again. Father turned suddenly and looked at mother; then realized that the words which he had found were merely words so he let them dangle in his thoughts unspoken. He looked so big and helpless that mother smiled. He reached down to where Aenid's little head bent industriously over the momentous task of holding the coat all beaded with crystal, to the fire. Father ran his fingers through the little looped up braids, finally giving one a tug.

"Where is Jean, Honey?"

"Taking down the holly and the pine leaves."

"And Dicky-boy?"

"Taking the tree down, putting the train away."

"And Audrey?"

"She took Miss Pill-bottle home."

"Miss who?"

Mother put in a word of explanation to the end that Aenid and the day nurse were not the best of friends.

"I don't like her," Aenid affirmed. She told me that I make noise, that I couldn't see Grandma. She wouldn't let me go in. I even heard Grandma tell her to, but she didn't. Audrey should 'a let her walk home; maybe she would get lost in a snow drift!"

"Where is Uncle Sam. Aenid?"

"He went to see Santa about some things. I don't think it will do much good though."

The heavy hall door swung open, sighing wearily. The in-rush of air flew at the flames unmercifully. In clomped Dick dejectedly, and stood at the fire place helping father gaze into it. He took out a crushed bandanna handkerchief and zealously scraped at the smudges of pine tar on his scrubbed hands. He couldn't think of anything to say for a while, then said, "Shucks."

Suddenly he felt that he had said the wrong thing and glanced sheepishly up at father and went over to mother and sat down beside her. He dropped his eyes and worked at the tar on his hands vigorously, "Snowing hard now," he offered lamely.

The sparks that sprang to life as father threw a log and kindling on the fire sent shafts of warmth and light dancing into the pools of shadows which had collected around the edges of the room. Jeanie slipped into the room. They all looked up. "Oh, Doctor Kaufman just came down to the kitchen and told me to tell you that she is much better." Her brown eyes shone, and she clasped and unclasped her hands. Her wiry uneven smile proved what she had said, and she dropped into a chair happily. Mother and father sighed, for the restrained emotions that had been damming up were suddenly freed and sought escape.

"Audrey is back too, we have a surprise for you."

Aenid had no time for surprises, though, but excitedly asked a dozen questions. "Could I go and see her now, right now? Will she have Christmas dinner with us? Is she going to light the plum pudding?"

Father put his arm around Jeanie and gave her a big squeeze.

"Hey—open the door please, someone," came from outside in the hall, accompanied by the rattling china

cups on the glass-topped serving wagon. Aenid, in a burst of her unrequited enthusiasm, opened the door, and made little hungry sounds at the fragrance of chocolate. Jean put long matches to tall candles with red Santas and holly. Dick heaped pine boughs on the fire. As he did so he commented, "This is one way that a Christmas tree looks and smells pretty nice."

"This is one way to spend a Christmas Eve," sighed mother.

Father poured the steamy hot chocolate for each of us, and we all sat around the fire as close together as we could get without having it appear that way. "Well Audrey, how were the streets? Road in from the stable was rotten. I worried about those tires. They are carrying too much air for weather like this."

"The sidewalks are frightful, but the streets are fairly good, no ice yet. Say Dick, why don't you sweep the snow off the walk before we go to bed; it's covering the ice and is pretty nasty. There are a lot of carollers out tonight. No better is she? Oh I hope everything comes out, for this Christmas was meaning so much to her. She loves to see the packages and bundles coming in; the holly and pine thrill her so. She said night before last, that mistletoe was the 'cutest' stuff."

Jeanie got up and walked to the window. It was a tall window, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. The snow was banked high against it; Jeanie abstractly kicked at the snow, which lay like a falling drape from either side of the outside. "Listen," she said, "the bells, it's midnight. Christmas, it's Christmas. Oh do you hear the carollers?"

Aenid whispered hesitatingly, "Look, Momma, Doctor Kaufman."

"I came to tell you . . . I came to tell you that she is gone."

Outside through the crispness of the frosty air, the ecstatic voices of the carollers broke the dead silence in the room . . . "Peace on earth and mercy mild."

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GERMANY

... By Ann Hamilton Miller, '40

Life in a German University differs fundamentally from life in an American college, for the respective basic attitudes toward higher education are, generally speaking, diametrically opposed. The practical-minded German never attends a University for a liberal education, nor does the practical-minded German do something just because one does it, even if that something is getting a so-called higher education. A German goes to school to learn, to learn something specific, something usable. Because this is his attitude, the kind of work he does, and the way he does it is unique to an American. Attending classes, doing outside reading, discussing problems with professors and fellow students—that is a student's life in Germany.

The academic freedom afforded those who attend a University is remarkable. There is no cut-system, because there is no compulsory attendance of classes. This freedom is based on two facts: first, the German attitude towards higher education, and secondly, the fact that not the University but the state gives examinations. State examinations cover four months time including oral and written tests, and practical exercises. If you miss a class, you have probably missed a vital part of that subject, but nevertheless you are held responsible for that information. Hence, there's not much point in cutting a class, because you have only deferred that which must eventually be done. This system goes so far that when a professor cuts a class, he must hold it at a later date—by students' demand!

But the Germans are a friendly people, and a people who enjoy life physically as well as mentally. So, to reimburse the physical for having sat by so quietly in the background while the mental took the spotlight, there are vacations. The only official one-day holiday is the ninth of November, the day honored as the Anniversary of National Socialism in Germany. But Christmas vacation, in which is included between-semester vacation, lasts for two months. Most of the students go skiing in the Alps, or travel somewhere during this time, however there are always those intellectuals who spend their vacations in the library, or those who throughout the year leave spend their evenings participating in Life-in-Munich. Professors never give assignments. They will tell you what

the text book is, suggest other references, and recommend intensive research in the various and numerous libraries. From then on they lecture, and you are on your own. Students do not recite, they attend lectures and take notes. Preparation is a purely voluntary thing; so if you have slackened your preparation pace, the two months' vacation is a good time to catch-up. Easter vacation lasts a week, Whitsuntide, a week-end. The academic year closes the end of July and begins again the first of November. The University and technical schools are open for summer school as well, so that those who are ambitious and want to finish within the minimum time limit of four years, may continue attending classes throughout the summer.

Social life of students as such is fairly limited. All students are, automatically upon enrollment, members of the "International Studenten Klub." Every Friday night one of the national groups gives a program, with a dance. The attendance is largely foreign students and those Germans in their first year, who haven't yet learned that attending a University is a full-time project.

There is no dormitory life, because there are no dormitories. Students live at home, or if they go away to school, board and room with a family. At the University there is a list of families who have submitted their names as being willing to take in students, giving rates, and preference for foreign or native students. There is a place called the "Studentenheim" (Students' home) for those students whose budgets are small. But the Studentenheim does not serve meals. It is, in the vernacular, only a place to hang your hat.

I have been commenting on the German students, now let me tell you about their unusual way of commenting. Students in Germany reserve the right to express themselves in class. When a well-liked professor comes in, the students pound the desks with their hands, and stomp their feet. If a professor

says something that would bring a "Hear! Hear!" in the House of Commons, German students voice their approval by stomping and pounding. But if any professor should be unfortunate enough to say something of which the students disapprove, they shuffle their feet. Or if anyone should come late into class, and by his interruption disturb the status quo, he too is doomed to that most humiliating of humiliations, the shuffling.

Now something about these people who pound and shuffle and take University life so seriously. The human physical aspect is very different from that of our American college groups. There are very few girls, and among the girls very few chic ones. Nine out of ten times the personable young women are American or Scandinavian. A greater percentage of the men are over thirty years of age, and many are older than that, for attending a University means working for a Ph. D.

You will probably wonder how I, still striving for a Bachelor Degree, managed to keep up with potential "Ph. Ders." To be quite frank with you, I didn't. But the tutors gave us Americans our examinations in University courses, took our incapacities (as well as our age and nationality) into consideration. Most of our group were about twenty years old, and were not expected to have the background that our German classmates have. As Americans, it wasn't expected that we know very much, or care very much about the University courses. You see, in the eyes of a German and more particularly in the eyes of a German professor, the American creed is:

"Eat! Drink! Be Merry!—and Smoke!"

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CHICKEN DINNER

... by Dorothy Vale, '42

She leaned heavily against the wall—she was very tired—while she surveyed the scene before her.

It was nine o'clock Saturday evening. Since four-thirty she had been helping the women of the Willing Workers' class prepare tables for their chicken dinner. The dining room in the basement of the church, seated one hundred and twenty people with not too much room to spare. Now every seat was taken; the last arrival had just been served; and the girls and women who were waiting on the tables moved more slowly, stopping leisurely now and then to talk. The conversation and laughter, the clatter of heavy church cutlery against the cumbersome plates, and the noise of pans and kettles and crockery from the kitchen filled the room with a low, not unpleasing drone.

She looked at the table before her. One could tell it was late in the evening by the number of grease spots and coffee stains on the table cloth. The plates had been changed at least four times (she'd heard Mrs. McCormick tell Mrs. Phillips that almost five hundred tickets had been sold) and each time there had been a few more smears on the linen. Should she refill the bowl of cole slaw? She decided not. There was still enough in the bowl if that portly man on the left should want more, and everybody else at the table had had as much as he would want.

Johnny was having a grand time, she noticed. He was stuffing food into his mouth with satisfaction and little difficulty by means of his fingers and a spoon. Johnny's mother was waiting on a table on the other side of the room, and couldn't see Johnny. She wondered idly if Johnny looked like his father, who had been killed in the World War. He was buried in the cemetery at the foot of the hill, beside one of his forebears who had died in the Revolution. She glanced over her shoulders at the words chiseled in the large granite plaque there: "A. R. Presbyterian Church. Built 1793. Rebuilt 1835. Again rebuilt 1897."

As she looked back at the table she saw Mr. Mitchell take the last roll from the platter. Going over, she picked up the plate and took it back into the engine room to refill it. The two boxes of rolls, immediately inside the door, were waist-high, and she had to lean far over to reach the rolls,

for the boxes were almost empty. The crisp fresh smell of hard rolls and the sweet smell of the cloverleaf buns mingled with the odor of the damp stone floor as she straightened up, the meat platter piled high with rolls. She wondered what the men who had built the church would think now if they could see their engine room filled with boxes of rolls, boilers of coffee, pans of cake, sliced, ready to serve, tubs of soapy dish water, and stacks of dishes.

She carried the platter back to the table very gingerly. That top roll didn't look too steady. She watched Mr. Mitchell as he picked up another bun—how huge his hands were—massive, solid hands. The kind of hands Diego Rivera paints: hands that can empty the udders of a dozen cows rhythmically, gracefully, surely, one after another; hands that can take a slender needle and dig a thorn from a boy's calloused bare foot without the quiver of a muscle; hands that know the feel of the earth, and love it. Mr. Mitchell's hands, Mr. Phillips's hands, even young Johnny's hands—her eyes traveled the length of the table—almost every other pair of hands was the same. Strong, solid, brown and leathery hands, with nails cut or worn short, like the nails of a sheep dog that travels over rough pasture land.

Her eyes fixed themselves on Eleanor Phillips's hands. They were smooth and white, the nails polished and long (long like a pet Pomeranian's nails that haven't been clipped), but Eleanor's hands will be able to darn socks if they ever have to, she thought, even though they play the best game of bridge in college. And she wondered if Eleanor's was the most popular shade of nail polish at Westminster this fall.

She looked at Eleanor's mother, not a handsome woman, but her head was smooth and shining, and she had a serene face, intelligent eyes. Eleanor's mother had been a school teacher before her marriage, just like Johnny's mother. Now she was a farmer's wife. Not an easy life, but a full one. Mrs. Phillips was the prototype, more or less, of every woman in the room—even of that stringy-haired, discouraged-looking woman barely visible through the kitchen doorway, who was serving out second helpings of chicken dressing.

Those helpings of chicken dressing were for Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson, she

saw. She wondered if they had ever missed a Willing Workers' Chicken Dinner, and she smiled at the thought. Mrs. Donaldson might be too old to help prepare the dinners anymore, but she would never miss one. Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson were the oldest couple in the room. She tried to remember whether it was their fortieth or forty-fifth wedding anniversary they had celebrated last year. There was only the slightest bend to Mr. Donaldson's shoulders, a concession to the weight of years and troubles that rested upon them, but the head was still erect and confident. She wondered how many people could bear the discouragements that couple had—the loss of home and child and money, of everything except each other—and still be able to sit so straight and smile.

She leaned heavily against the wall—she was very tired—while she surveyed the scene before her. And she felt a slow surge of pride that she could call these people her people—these people, with their goodliness, and earthliness and courage. They were plain—but they were the blood and bone of America. They were plain—but their sons and daughters, college-bound or farm-bound, were the men and women of tomorrow, and their roots, whether they liked it or not were here, here where the letters chiseled deep in the granite read, "Built 1793, rebuilt 1835, again rebuilt 1897."

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SUMMER

. . . by Rachel Kirk, '40

The woman sat in a wooden rocking-chair on the west side of the porch, her work lying neglected in her lap. The hands that held the blue denim overalls she had been mending were square, with blunt finger-tips and reddened knuckles, and there was no polish on the short nails. She had not taken the thimble from the middle finger of her right hand; it rested against the end of a needle which was already half-way through the material, as if, after a moment, it would continue its work. The woman was no longer young, nor yet was she middle-aged, but there was about her an aura, a sort of glowing serenity. She had the calm beauty of a woman who has asked little from life except the chance to work for someone she loved.

She sat there, rocking slowly and quietly. A rhythmic little breeze stirred the wisps of hair that had escaped the smooth brown coil low on her neck. Her forehead was broad and high, her nose straight, her lips full and sweet. The blue of her cotton dress and the golden tan of her skin made her eyes the color of the sky on cloudless summer mornings. Under the level black line of her brows, they viewed with contentment the scene before her. Her gaze did not go beyond the hill that curved to meet the sunset; it rested upon the fields and meadows and orchards around her—the farm, her home, her world.

This was the time of the day she loved the best. Just before supper, it was a tranquil hour, cool and undemanding and filled with a faintly other-worldly light which made the beautiful earth even more lovely. All sounds came softly, as if filtered through velvet. The rattling of the milk pails made gentle music in the barn across the road, and from the kitchen where her mother was giving Betsey her supper, the murmur of voices was almost lost in the dimness of the house.

The grapes on the arbor beside the walk were growing fuller, darker. She could smell the muskiness of them already. Over the stone fence back of the house was the orchard. The trees she could see—peach and cherry—had finished bearing for the summer, but beyond them were the purple-laden plum trees and the apple trees heavy with their burden—the spicy MacIntosh, the yellow

Maiden Blush, the striped Courtlands. Even more wonderful to see than the foaming pink and white of the spring, she thought, was the golden fulfillment of late summer.

This year's harvest had seemed to her more bountiful than ever. The wheat heads had been heavier, the corn taller. The silo and the lofts and the bins were filled; her cupboards in the cellar could hold no more jars of vegetables from the garden and fruit from the trees behind the house. The earth's yield had been almost unbelievably luxuriant.

Perhaps it was because she was more sensitively attuned to Nature this summer than ever before, that all growing things held such a fascination for her. She smiled, then, remembering early morning excursions through the dewy grass to the turkey pens to note the progress of the young birds. Usually, she considered turkeys sillier than geese, and made Kenneth, the hired man, feed them, but now even they were a part of the enchantment she was under.

The child she bore within her—the unaware source of her newly-sharpened awareness—would he see the world so poignantly beautiful? Would he find peace and joy only in the earth? Would there be for him no truth away from soil and sun and morning mist? Or would there be any beauty, any peace or joy, any truth anywhere in the world for him?

Some people thought not. She had read their articles in the *Reader's Digest* during the short summer evenings. They had disturbed her, the things they said about wars and insanity and plagues and the end of civilization and the breakdown of religion and the destruction of the world. She had read of the preparations for war and propaganda and military training and how the countries would line up against one another and how many airplanes they all had. It had seemed to her that the world was full of hate, permeated by it, governed and moved by it. And the hatred was caused by fear, and together, they crushed out of people all other emotions, and there was no room anywhere for love or kindness or pity.

The persons whose writing she had read, some of them, believed there would be a great war, horrible beyond any imagining. Cities and

towns would be destroyed; the face of the earth would be changed—scarred and pitted; hundreds of thousands of people would be killed or would die; life as we knew it would disappear; and civilization would be forced to begin all over again.

She had tried, finally, to picture a world devastated, her farm-world shelled and burnt and empty. The house would be a pile of ashes, the barn and sheds heaps of dust. Where the fertile fields and meadows had been would be only a rocky, dusty battle-ground where not even weeds would be growing. The orchard would be splintered and stripped and ghostly. There would be no fruit, no wheat, no grass, no sun, no life.

No life, for how long? How soon would it be before green shoots would thrust themselves out of the roots of the orchard trees? And grass and weeds would grow. No one could stop them, no one! The zinnias along her garden fence would seed themselves and flaunt their red and orange and yellow, and if anyone were there, they could soon have wheat and corn and vegetables growing. She and her husband and Mother and Kenneth and Bob and Betsey and the baby-soon-to-be-born might not be there, but the farm would be. Nothing could destroy the earth. The world was so beautiful; beauty cannot be obliterated completely.

No, she was not afraid for her new child. He might have to search far for happiness; he might have to fight for truth; but beauty and peace would always be here—on the land. And he would find them, she was sure of it.

Indian Song

By Marden Armstrong, '42

It is the dove—
That faint clear call
Winging over the cliffs,
Over the mountains,
Over the chanting waters.

The beads make no noise
The moccasins are soft.

The call of the dove
Thin as smoke at dawn
Sings
Over the cliffs, over the mountains,
Over the chanting waters.

This Thing Of A Vain Attempt

By Dottie Lou Evans

Oh boy, the door closed, the speaker started to speak, we don't have any chapel cuts left and what to do?

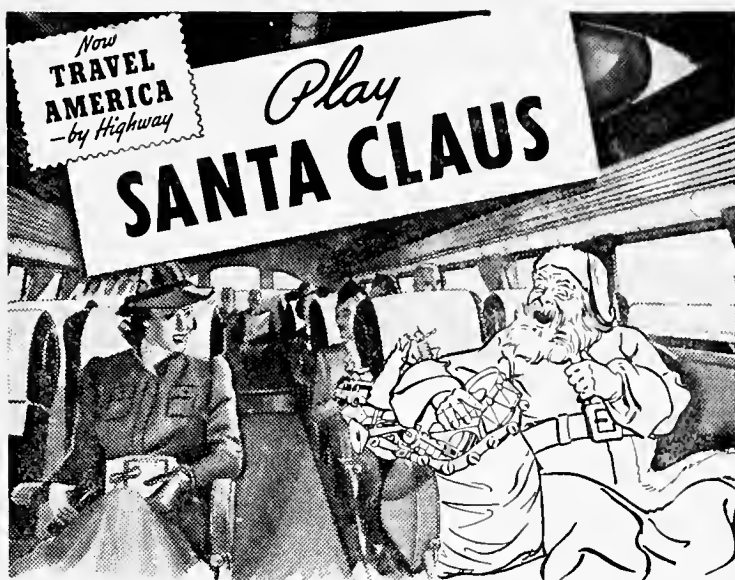
Well, let's see. We might just try a bold entrance by way of the front door. But then, on the other hand, certain interested members of the audience might object too strenuously because the door squeaks and, what is even worse, the floor boards sound like something lifted bodily from the "Flying Dutchman" and transported to PCW. On top of that, looks from the faculty are enough to take the starch from any over-eager chapel gate crasher.

Then there is the little method of unobstrusiveness. We could pull up our coat collar (or, if there isn't any pullable collar, shrink shyly into our "Sloppy Joe") and creep in with a fervent prayer that everyone is too deeply engrossed to notice our humble entrance. Of course, there is still that little point of noises like a convention of mice when we sneak to our seats.

Since that is ruled out, how about being stage-door Johnnies? If we can scramble up the steps and exert enough energy to push the back door open, why not quietly sneak into a rear pew and hope the rolltaker is freakish enough to possess eyes in the back of her head? However, those on the platform might still see us and there is nothing like a nice stealthy approach to discum-booberate a speaker, especially if the chapel goer is a scintillating senior in a flowing black gown.

Well, as the arguments against that are fairly convincing, how's about a soap-box and "peeping Tom" act. Some inner friend could use the excuse of an extreme need for air-conditioned ventilation and open the window a few yards. Then we could, through a series of stage whispers, catch the rolltaker's roaming eye (that eye-business is, of course figuratively speaking) just to inform her we are there. But . . . the inevitable would happen, that soap-box would become kindling wood under us and discumbooberation would again set in.

At this point you have made yourself the victim of numerous snarly looks, the sufferer of skinned shins (due mainly to your unsteady perch



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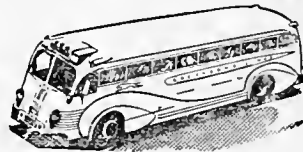
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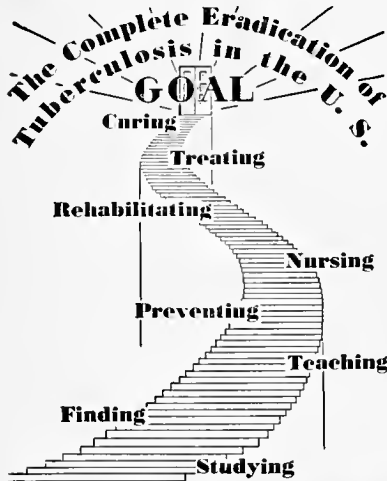
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on kindling wood), and a first rate psychopathic case.

So, come on kids, let's get to chapel on time and save all this trouble and embarrassment. We can, if we try as hard as we have tried to crash the gate.



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The ARROW

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No. 4



The Calm Before—

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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jottings in the margin

Signs-of-the-post-holiday-season . . . people with their tongues hanging out, watching the mail-box . . . Now that the Dies Committee has handed in its gentle report, American collegians can sleep nights . . . The gray snow on campus getting grayer . . . Nobody-loves-me-department . . . wedding plans and hope chests are overshadowing worry about exams . . . How come no picture of PCW tray-sliding on the hill, now that winter is half over? . . . Roseate dreams . . . the seniors' idea of taking it easy next semester . . . Shades of our childhood . . . those long black licorice sticks in Co-op . . . There ought to be a law against people with only one or two exams . . . Have you noticed the increased activity in the library lately? . . . Signs-of-the-decadent-times . . . all those scholars who hunt snap courses in a most diligent manner . . . The translucent evening sky, presage of spring.

Lilies of Mother-of-Pearl

In Anne Morrow Lindbergh's "Prayer for Peace" in the January **Reader's Digest**, she quotes an exquisite Chinese poem. One stanza seems peculiarly applicable to the situation in which the modern woman finds herself, the same situation that prevailed in 675 B. C., when a young woman of the Orient wrote:

"I may walk in the garden and gather
Lilies of mother-of-pearl.
I had a plan would have saved the State.
—But mine are the thoughts of a girl."

For all too many thousands of years, the only existences possible for women have been decorative or domestic. Our roles have been nurse-maids and cooks or dancing-girls and courtesans. A very few have escaped the relegation to kitchen or ballroom, the indulgent laughter of men at their opinions; but most women have had to seek expression for their ideas and dreams and hopes in the lives of others. For most women their influence on the children in their care has been the sole power they have wielded.

Let there be no misunderstanding. No one advocates a feminine rebellion against domesticity, and every one names the teaching and guiding of children the noblest work on earth. But inculcating one's doctrines in young minds is an indirect and frequently ineffectual way to put them into practice. After they have left the classroom or the nursery, children are apt to forget the principles therein laid down.

What, then, can women do to bring order out of the world-chaos, to shape beauty out of formlessness? Can they do more than gather their eternal "lilies of mother-of-pearl"? May they not help to make tangible their dreams of a world where their children may live in peace?

Perhaps not. They have been given the vote, and politics is still corrupt. Several women hold important positions in government and business, and our democracy is no more nearly perfect than it was before they entered it, and business continues to operate on theories that would do credit to Captain Kidd.

But, it is hoped, the failure of women thus far is due only to their inexperience, their lack of stirring words to their centuries of silence. Some day, we trust, women will find their voices and will use their particular gifts, their common sense, sympathy, talent for order, to frame a new world.

In the meantime, it is the duty of women to examine the world as it stands, to understand what are called "current events," to bring such influence as they have to the cause of peace and life for everyone. Most important of all, women, who realize most poignantly that all people are alike and that other mothers send their sons to war, women must show the men who set up boundaries that a world without barriers is a world at peace.

It is time now to leave the "lilies of mother-of-pearl" for children to gather.

Opinion Survey Made As Exams Loom Ahead

With Blue Books looming on the horizon, once again we are beginning to be exam-conscious. We make more frequent trips to the library, prepare our daily lessons more carefully, and start burning a little more midnight oil. We stock up on food and cokes for the long seige ahead. What do we think about exams? Teachers and students all agree that in studying for them we are able to get a good point of view about the subjects that we have been studying since fall. Exams make us catalogue and assign to their proper places all the stray facts and bits of information that have been thrown out by teachers all semester.

Dr. Butler approves of examinations because in studying for them we receive a perspective of the course that it would otherwise be impossible to get. She disapproves of cramming and believes that there is much to be gained from exams if you study correctly for them.

Mrs. Shupp approves of examinations and thinks that once you get down to studying for them that they are a lot of fun. They give you a chance to summarize the material that has been passed out in bits all semester and they give you an opportunity to tell all that you know about a subject.

Dean Moor believes in giving examinations that require thinking. He believes that thought questions develop your initiative and he disapproves of cramming.

Dr. Wallace says in studying for exams, that the student will coordinate the material of her course which she would otherwise not do. He thinks that we should have comprehensive exams that would cover not one subject, but the entire field.

The general opinion among the students seems to be that if we did not have exams we should never make ourselves study the semester's work as a whole and that in our studying for finals we clear up many vague ideas about our subjects. We should like to have shorter exams, and since we have an Honor System we should like to take tests where we want to take them instead of being confined to a classroom, or at least be allowed to leave the exam to walk around the building for a few minutes.

Famous Pianist Gives Recital

Josef Wagner, world famous pianist and composer, will give a recital in chapel, February 12.

In his concert Mr. Wagner will play Beethoven's Sonata in E Major, Debussy's Poissons d'Or, Stravinski's Andante, Prokofieff's March, Hindemith's Tanzstueck, Casella's Bolero, Minuetto, and Galop Final, and his own compositions, Variations on a French Nursery song, Prelude, and Toccato.

Although he has been in America less than two years, Mr. Wagner has given concerts in New York, St. Louis, Miami, Detroit, Providence, and Newark. Soon after his first concert in the United States, cities acclaimed him as king among the top-ranking musicians of the day.

Mr. Wagner has given a concert in every capital of Europe and is said to be the foremost pianist and composer of the continent. He won the International Chopin Prize in Warsaw and a Bluetner grand piano in Dresden, at a German pianists' convention in 1930.

Religious Week To Be Held

"Religious Interest" week will begin on February 12. After the success of the one held last year by the Federal Council of Churches, Carnegie Tech, the University of Pittsburgh, and PCW have decided to have a joint conference this year. These meetings were conducted for a week on all three campuses and consisted of luncheons, afternoon meetings, and teas on each campus. The first talk here will be on February 16. Dr. Louis L. Mann, who is Rabbi of the Chicago Sinai Congregation will represent the Jewish religion. Dr. Mann received his Ph. D. from Yale in 1914 and is one of the foremost Jewish Rabbis. He has spent most of his life working on reforms for the youth of America. The Protestant representative will be Dr. J. Harry Cotton, minister of the Broad Street Presbyterian Church in Columbus, Ohio. Dr. Cotton received his Ph. D. from Princeton in 1931. Dr. Cotton has lectured many years in India, Japan, and China. The Catholic demonination will not send a representative to the conference.

Mary Ellen Chase Will Be Speaker At Commencement

Mary Ellen Chase, American author and educator, will be the Commencement Day speaker when the class of 1940 is graduated June 10, President Herbert L. Spencer announced to the **Arrow**.

Miss Chase, whose most recent book is an autobiography, "The Goodly Fellowship," was one of the speakers suggested by the seniors when they discussed graduation plans at the President and Mrs. Spencer's dinner in December.

The author, professor of English at Smith College, was born in Blue Hill, Maine. She was graduated from the University of Maine in 1909 and received her M. A. in 1918 and her Ph. D. in 1922 from the University of Minnesota. Miss Chase also has degrees of doctor of literature from the University of Maine and Bowdoin College and the degree of doctor of humane letters from Colby College.

From 1918 to 1926, Miss Chase was instructor and assistant professor of English at the University of Minnesota. Since 1926, she has been a member of the faculty of Smith College.

Mary Ellen Chase is the author also of "The Silver Shell," "A Goody Heritage," "Mary Peters" and "Silas Crockett," "This England," and "Dawn in Lyonesse" and is a frequent contributor to periodicals. She is also editor of "Constructive Theme Writing for College Freshmen," familiar to all PCW students of English 1-2.

French Club to Hear Monsieur Max Vivier

The French Club will present on Friday, January 19, in Berry Hall, Monsieur Max Vivier, who will speak on current events. Monsieur Vivier served with the Foreign Legion and was awarded the Croix de Guerre in the World War. He is at present making a lecture tour of the eastern United States.

His lecture, which will begin at 4:30, will be partly in English, partly in French. Admission will be 25 cents, and tickets are now on sale. On the evening of the 19th, Monsieur Vivier will lecture at the Alliance Francaise on his impressions of the Foreign Legion.

Mr. Goldberg Speaks On Movie Industry

"Everybody in the United States has two jobs: his own and the movies," said Mr. Harry Goldberg who spoke in Chapel, January 9. Mr. Goldberg is Director of Publicity for Warner Brothers Studio.

In defining a good picture Mr. Goldberg explained that each picture is an experiment. A picture cannot be called good, bad, or indifferent until the public has seen and judged it. Pictures like "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Romeo and Juliet," which were expected to be popular and on which unbelievable sums of money were spent, were just about "flops." Mr. Goldberg then explained that a "flop" is a picture in a hopeless search of an audience.

In the last few years the movies have been making biographical pictures, the speaker said. The first, "Louis Pasteur" was a fair success while the next "Emile Zola" was even better. "Young Mr. Lincoln" was released last year and now "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," from the famous play, is being adapted for the screen. The biographies of Edison and other well known men will be filmed in the near future.

Another new idea is the series of patriotic "shorts" which are now being made. These have a thread of the ideal of national unity running through them.

Although the studios want to make educational films it is very difficult to please the public, said Mr. Goldberg. A picture like "A Midsummer Night's Dream" may be unpopular while something like "Alcatraz" has a huge box-office receipt.

Alumnae Honor Seniors At Dinner Tonight

The members of the senior class will be the honor guests at a dinner given tonight by the executive board of the Alumnae Association at the home of Mrs. George W. Cangi. This dinner is given annually for the purpose of acquainting the seniors with the alumnae.

The committee in charge of the dinner includes Mrs. C. Bradley Warren, chairman, Mrs. Robert L. Swishelm, Mrs. Newton E. Tucker, Mrs. Francis Procter, Jr., Mrs. William G. Beal, Mrs. Edwin R. Crick, Jr., and Mrs. Earl Brown.

Photographic Contest For College Seniors Sponsored by Vogue

The Editors of Vogue Magazine, a Conde Nast Publication, have just announced a Photographic Contest for seniors in American colleges and universities.

The contest offers two career prizes—one for men, one for women—consisting of a six months' apprenticeship, with salary, in the Conde Nast Studios in New York—with the possibility of a permanent position on completion of the period of apprenticeship. In addition, eight cash prizes and honorable mentions will be awarded.

"In our search for new talent," said Mrs. Chase, Editor-in-Chief of Vogue, "it is natural for Vogue to turn to the colleges, where there is a keen interest in photography and a background in the arts well able to produce the type of photographer suited to our editorial requirements. We believe that among the student body of our American colleges there are many promising photographers. It is our purpose to discover them through this contest."

The contest will be composed of a series of eight photographic problems to be presented in the magazine. These will cover a wide range of topics, including outdoor and indoor shots, action, still life, etc. Winners of the contest will join Vogue's New York staff on or about June 15th.

Freshmen Choose Class Officers

All the freshman officers have now been elected for this year. The following girls were chosen by the class during the earlier part of the semester: president, Jean Archer; vice-president, Nina Maley; secretary, Jane Fitzpatrick; treasurer, Brice Black; A. A. representative, Janet Ross; and Student Government representative, Mary Evelyn Ducey.

The freshman commission consists of Brice Black, chairman, Amy McKay, Marian Kieffer, Marion Rowell, Marjorie Noonan, Jean Wyre, Dorothy Kaessner, Coleen Lauer, Jean Archer, and Dorothy Brooks. The commission is now decorating the YWCA room and later, in March, will have charge of a dance.

Louise Wallace is chairman of the freshman nominating committee.

PCW is Represented As Scientists Meet

PCW was represented by Dr. Hunter and Sally Browne at the one hundred fifth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and Associated Societies, which was held December 27 to December 30 in Columbus, Ohio, on the campus of Ohio State University.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science and Associated Societies covers essentially the entire field of pure and applied science. Its great scientific programs are as varied as science and almost as varied as modern life.

The membership of the Association consists not only of professional scientists—university professors and other research laboratory investigators—but also of amateur scientists and the rapidly increasing numbers of persons who are interested in science and appreciate its importance for the future of civilization. These non-professional members of the Association add much to its influence.

Dr. Hunter and Sally Browne attended the sessions and symposia in which they were interested. The program at each session consisted of short talks on original research, followed by general discussion.

One of the high points of the meeting was a talk by Huxley, the noted English scientist, now visiting in this country.

Miss Welker Offers New Piano Classes

Starting, the second semester, new piano classes open to all students in all grades of musical proficiency will be offered by Miss Welker.

These classes will be organized on the basis of the student's musical background. The work will be planned to meet the needs and desires of students in the class.

This is a real opportunity for students who would like to play the piano and have not had financial means or time for more intensive work.

The rate for these classes is the prevailing rate for classes as stated in the catalogue.

The work may be taken with or without credit. A semester credit is given if a theory course is taken with the piano course.

Library Association Holds Conference

The College and University Section of Special Libraries Association of Pittsburgh will hold its conference at PCW on Saturday, January 20.

The hour set for the discussion is 2:30 in the Science Lecture Hall.

Dr. William M. Randall of the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago will be the speaker. The subject of his talk is "The Relation of the College Librarian to the Faculty."

After the meeting, tea will be served in Berry Hall drawing room. Miss Harriet McCarty and Mrs. L. B. Hubbs, PCW Librarians, will be hostesses and the Faculty Library Committee will pour. Members of the committee are Miss Margaret Robb, Miss Dorothy M. Shields, Miss Laura N. Hunter, and Mrs. Marguerite Owens. Students helping to serve at the tea are Katherine Rutter, '40, chairman of the Student Library Committee, Peggy Christy, '40, Mary Ellen Ostergard, '40, Gladys Patton, '41, Mary Rodd, '41, Susan Wooldrige, '41, and Marjorie Binford, '41.

Junior Prom Theme Candlelight Ball

The Junior Promenade which will be held this year at the Twentieth Century Club, March 1, will be a Candlelight Ball. The decorations will be white candles in candelabra and ferns. The only lights will be the illuminated stars on the ceiling of the ball room.

Louise Caldwell, chairman of the prom, and her committee have not yet selected an orchestra.

Alumna Dies

Janet McQuilkin Jackson, class of '34, died at her home in Bradford, Pennsylvania, December 11. She attended the Ward-Belmont Junior College, in Nashville, Tennessee, and was graduated from Pennsylvania College for Women.

I am no out-door girl. I am definitely unathletic. In fact, if, during the course of an intellectual conversation, some aesthete should ask me what word in the English language I considered most unlovely, by unanimous decision would be "Exercise." It has a harsh, energetic sound which clanks on my delicately attuned tympanum and shudders through my fragile frame. Just mention the word, "Exercise" to me, and my sleep is haunted for days with nightmares of chapped knees and red noses amidst hockey-sticks and the snows of November or mussed shorts and stringy hair in the sun and sweat of August.

This neurosis, if neurosis it be, can best be summed up in a motto I have taken for my own—Calvin Coolidge's immortal remark, "I do not choose to run." Life is too short, I muse in my more reflective moments, to hasten its end by running to meet it. All the vicious family of tennis balls, golf balls, pucks, battle-dores and shuttlecocks, marbles, basket-mush-and volley-balls require much too vigorous attention for me ever to cultivate a friendship with them. And horses are almost extinct in this mechanized world, and water is cold and wet, and ice likewise, only colder. Besides, my legs bow in riding breeches, and my ankles bend on skates, and in a bathing suit—well!

I eschew completely athletics, and in the term, as I use it, are included activities other than those pictured in the sport section of college yearbooks. I will not, for example, be a party to jitterbugging, nor will I fight to maintain my place in a line. I am dead set against bridge, not only because of the amount of concentration necessarily involved, but also on account of the amount of energy unnecessarily expended. The player who is dummy, which is usually me, has to shove back her chair, get up, empty the ash-trays, fill up the candy-dish, sharpen the pencil, get drinks for the other three and make intelligent comments on the progress of the game. At a party, there is a constant hegira from table to table, and you no sooner get comfortably settled in a chair that fits you properly and with companions that please you immensely, than you have to arise and move to one of

JUST CALL ME CREAM PUFF

those despicable folding chairs from the undertaker's and a partner who will talk of nothing except finesses and void suits. But more than this; my intuitive and involuntary antipathy towards athletics goes so far that I would rather be caught playing mumblety-peg than reading the sport pages.

Those pictures in the Sunday rogravures of mass calisthenics—all black and white and windmilled arms and legs, make me dizzy. They also make me sore. There was a time when I, too, engaged in group exercises—under duress, of course—and was a cog in the wheel lefts and column rights and arms front. It got so I could scarcely descend stairs for two days after gym, and bending to tie my shoe-laces was reminiscent of the agonies of the Spanish Inquisition. And what was it doing for me, I queried. What was I getting out of it? Nothing; so I stopped.

Since then, I have disciplined myself to think only on comfort and to act only purposefully. I lead a Spartan life, my only recreation being in reading, eating, talking, and indulging in my sole sport—seeing how many expensive hats I can try on without a clerk's accosting me. Therein is more cunning and more excitement than is to be found in an eternity of your soccer and your wrestling. Leave me my hat departments, and you may have all the tennis rackets from here to Wimbledon. I'm sure I don't want them.

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Brave Professors Turn Dramatic Again As Rehearsals for Entertainment Begin

Cheer up children! Exams are almost here. The faculty is beginning to look a bit complacent over the prospect all ready, and we are feeling sadder than we should as soon after Christmas, but our day will come.

At the present writing the date for our great revenge is set at February 10, 1940. Yes, it's the day when the faculty entertain us, and we laugh and laugh and laugh. Just how the custom started no one seems to know, but by some trick of fate the faculty let themselves in for a dangerous exhibition of their talents right after exams. Courageous, don't you think?

Two years ago some of the more stalwart of our stern professors fell to pondering the matter and decided that indeed it was a risky enterprise; and rather undignified to boot. The students reluctantly leapt into the breach, and turned back the tide of battle. "All right, don't cry," they said. "We'll do it." The faculty relaxed in peace, but we notice they made no bones about being ready, willing and able to perform for themselves last year. Take-offs are funnier when one is on the doing, rather than the receiving side. Yes, two years ago we took off the faculty, and last year they showed us how we look. This year they will again perform for our edification.

There has been much discussion pro and con and the results indicate a preference for faculty monkey-shines. We did a little snooping and inquiring and have come out with the results, which we here and now print for your perusal, and for the silencing of any more arguments. We would have more conclusive results if more people would make up their minds what they want, but you can't have everything.

We had poor luck trying to pin canny Dr. Wallace down to a definite statement, but he straddled the fence with a grace that should land him a circus job any day.

"I think the student body should give it," he said, "It would save the faculty a lot of work. But, on the other hand, the students get a new light on their teachers when they see them perform. Good for the teachers too—draws them nearer to the institution."

Dr. Evans is a diplomat too, and she puts it about as neatly as any-

one could. "It's a 50-50 proposition. It should rotate," she told us, as we gulped and wondered if maybe a new tradition was being born before our eyes. We didn't like the idea too well because this would be our year to entertain under that system, but we quietly glided away in our politest "handle all diplomats with care" manner to seek greener fields.

It was a faculty member, well almost, who made our souls light again. Miss Mowry, who played the white rabbit last year and had beautiful ears, spoke right up. "By all means the faculty should give the entertainment. Besides we owe it to the students, and besides all that, it's fun."

An opinion at last! We were so pleased that we retired to the dormitory to rest, and there we learned what "We the People" think. Mocky Anderson, another one of those tactful people who believes in share-the-wealth plans, thinks a 50-50 plan is the answer. Most of the students, however, are in favor of having the faculty do the work.

Our president, Peggy Christy, true to the dignity of her office, holds that tradition, which calls for the faculty to carry off the dramatic honors, should be upheld. "Everyone had such a good time last year," she wistfully added.

It remained for Audrey Horton to answer what seems to be the principal faculty objection to the program. "Why," demanded a professor, stretching his long legs under the seminar table, and brushing his brow with a nervous hand, "Why do you want to see us make fools of ourselves. It would be different if we were actors, but some of us aren't."

Audrey knows why. She says, "You have no idea what the faculty can do until you see them in the Valentine Dinner program."

That, briefly, is the reason why we have been arguing for faculty entertainment, and why also we will turn out enmasse on February 10th. Away from the classroom, lecture, and blue book atmosphere our faculty is very charming and displays unexpected talent for whimsy. They are human after all, these master inquisitors, as all who come to the program will find out.

Teachers have to relax sometimes. And that's why we say, "Come to the Valentine Dinner." Anything can happen and most of it does.

CAREER MART

By Mary Louise Henry

In looking for a career to follow, women are becoming more and more aware of the possibilities in the merchandising field. This afternoon when I interviewed Mrs. Stewart, the fashion director at Joseph Horne's I found her well-paid profession is more than just a dream. Mrs. Stewart, a striking woman in navy-blue and white, talked to me in a quick, well-modulated voice.

Opportunities for Women

"A big department store," she said, "is a fascinating institution. There are countless positions open to women, which is as it should be, for 85 per cent of the shopping is done by women. At Horne's women write the publicity, make the sketches, design the show-case displays and work with the Personnel Department. The high salaries offered to women are extremely attractive."

Manufacturers Set Styles

Mrs. Stewart went on to say that her department has monthly meetings at which she forecasts the new high in fashions to her buyers, who go monthly to New York to purchase stock. Contrary to the public belief according to Mrs. Stewart, it is not the public, but the manufacturers who set the style. Colors and styles are decided months in advance by designers, and purchased by department stores. Then the publicity department writes attractive copy telling the public what is "being worn," and early fashion shows feature Schiaparelli red, dusty pink, or bustles. Sales girls handle their stock enthusiastically and intelligently, and presto, the style is set.

As I left the store, which was almost exclusively filled with women, I wondered what other field combines with the glamor of working with beautiful gowns and jewelry, the practical opportunities for advancement and a high wage scale.

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Announcements Set Campus In a Whirl

Holidays bring numerous weddings and engagements for PCW students and faculty. The festivities of the holidays are definitely over but with the close of the holidays and the return to school have come announcements of the engagements and marriages of former PCW girls, students and men faculty members. Two members of the class of '37 have announced their engagements. Betty Barron to Robert Colbaugh, Jr., a brother of Betsy Colbaugh, '42. After graduating from PCW, Betty studied for a year at the Katherine Gibbs School. Helen Chabot is betrothed to Lewis Schwartz. From the class of '39 there are two girls who have already taken the final step. Betty Hobbs and Dr. Ralph Dougherty were married on January 3. Jean Doherty is now Mrs. Sanford Warbur and is living in Berkeley, California. Jean studied at PCW for two years and was president of her class in her freshman year. Mrs. Drew Johnston (the former Nancy Spear) is now living in Cumberland, Maryland. Nancy was a member of the freshman class last year.

Seniors Get Rings

Three girls from this year's senior class returned from vacation wearing rings. During the holidays Punky Cook's engagement was announced to Fred Thompson who is a medical student at the University of Pittsburgh. Kay Thompson will sometime in the near future become Mrs. Loyal Mitchel, and Helen Cheng is engaged to Raymond Yang, a student in the Yale graduate school. Helen and Raymond met when they were both students in Naukai University in Tientsien, China.

Miss Chubb Engaged

Miss Marjorie Chubb of the class of '38 and now secretary to Miss Marks returned from Pasadena last week wearing an engagement ring given her by Mr. John Alden Randall. Mr. Randall attended California Tech and U. C. L. A. They have no definite plans but the wedding will take place sometime during the summer.

Mr. Elmer E. Stickley, professor of physics and astronomy was married during the holidays to Miss Rosiland Olivia Horner. They are now living in Mt. Lebanon.

Winter Sets Stage For Sports-Lovers

Half of us here at PCW don't know what we're missing in the way of winter sports. Once in a while somebody goes to the Poconos or up to Canada on her vacation, but most of the time we just sit around wasting weekends and the perfectly good chance to stick in a real holiday between exams. Did you know, for instance, that you can go sleigh-riding with real sleighs and real horses in North Park? You can rent them 'or groups of five or ten or you can even rent sleds. Aside from the sledding, of course there's skiing by the eighteenth hole of the golf course and skating at Lake Marshall, on Pierce Mill Road off Babcock Boulevard.

For those who live nearer South Park, there is also sledding and skiing and skating. The ski-ing is just off the fair grounds behind the new golf club house on Brownsville Road. And if you have any trouble, you can't miss a couple of huge signs that point to "Sunny Slope." The skating is at the swimming pool. Also on South Side are the McKinley Park tennis courts frozen over for good skating.

For those who live in the city and don't have any way of getting out to the other parks, there is skating in Schenley Park's Panther Hollow and in Hiland Park next to the swimming pool by Carnegie Lake. There is sledding in Frick Park, and good ski-ing where the old Pittsburgh Country Club used to be. Longue Vue Club has frozen over the ground around the swimming pool, but it is only open to members or members' friends. And of course there is always the Duquesne Gardens' indoor rink. Friday at 3:30 and 8:30 is best and Sunday at 8:30 next best as far as the crowds are concerned; but it is also open at 2:30 Sunday, and Saturday morning.

Last year Kaufmann's had a snow train to Kane and as far as we (or they) know they are planning the same thing this year. We'll know for certain in a week or so. The train last year left Saturday evening, with everyone sleeping through the whole trip. Then, all day Sunday was spent ski-ing and having a wonderful time generally—the train acting as a hotel. Midnight Sunday, the train left for Pittsburgh and everybody awakened up Monday morning—all ready for a nice week of work.

PCW Goes Traveling In Holiday Season

School has started! The carefree mornings of nothing-to-do-but-sleep are stored away among our memories. The grind is commencing to grind! In other words, girls, come out of your fog long enough to hear what folks have been doing this happy holiday season.

Some vacationers really vacationed—for instance, Alice Provost and Lois Wirth who tripped off down to Annapolis for New Year's week-end. Pretty nice! Another college week-ender was Ruth Gracey. Her good-time was had at Bethany. Of course, college trips weren't the only ones on schedule. Betty Eastwood journeyed up to Owego, N. Y. where it is very cold, to see her true love; and Jane Pierce went to Florida, where it is very warm. Speaking of Florida, have you noticed Miss Campbell's vacation-acquired tan? Combining three trips in one, Margaret Bebertz, first went home to Badaxe, Michigan, then week-ended in both Toledo and Detroit. We hear she had a wonderful time. Napoleon, Ohio, is out Toledo way and its there that Barbara Maerker spent her holidays. By the way, we hear he's very nice! One of the most unusual and exciting adventures of all was Bizzy Ward's ski excursion. It was at Swan Springs where the snow is glorious and the food, quoting Biz, "is perfect." Another thrill was Allison Meyer's airplane ride to New Jersey—way up in the clouds and all that! We hear that Peggy Orr travelled to Baltimore and that Miss Walker was in Washington. But biggest and best vacation of all was Miss Chubb's. She went out to Pasadena—and came home with an engagement ring!

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FUN FARE

By Betty Crawford

Oh hummmmmmmmm . . . back again to books and unfinished papers, to work and more work . . . and the inevitable bug-a-boo, exams! To add to this helpless state is the holiday let-down, which pounces with a vengeance (and often with dire results) upon your care-free gay and unsuspecting mental set. So, for that thwarted, gloomy, post mortem feeling we suggest some fun, guaranteed to drive away the blues!

Three After Three, at the Nixon this week, is a gay, new musical comedy. Simone Simon makes her American stage debut, and is supported by such interesting stars as Mitzi Green, Mary Brian, Frances Williams, Art Jarrett and Stepin Fetchit. This should be light enough to make you forget about the paper due next week.

Harvest, the picture which was banned from the United States for a short time while the censors thought the matter (and the picture) over, and over, is at the Art Cinema. It was voted the best picture — foreign that is—of the year, and is famed for its beauty. Incidentally the house receipts from this picture will go toward the fund for the Spanish refugees in France. Yes, the picture is French, and well worth seeing.

GWTW (which is short for **Gone With the Wind**, a symbol weary movie reporters and newspapers have adapted, probably because they got very, very tired writing the title out in full for so many months of tedious waiting for the picture) will be in Pittsburgh! It opens at the Warner Theater on January 26. Need I tell you that Clark Gable and Vivian Leigh are the stars who will take us through four hours of delightful (and heart-breaking) entertainment? The movie version follows the novel faithfully . . . and the photography is reported as being a masterpiece. In fact, the entire production is colossal, to say the least. It might be well to see the picture in its entirety when it's in Pittsburgh, for it probably will be cut when shown at popular prices later on. We're mighty glad **GWTW** is finally made, and since everyone concerned with its production is so satisfied with the result, the picture is a **MUST** on your list.

Everyone is looking forward to Sonja Henie's appearance in Pittsburgh. Yes, those who enjoy ice skating themselves, and even the people who wouldn't skate to their nearest drug store, if that were the only way they could get there, are anxiously waiting to see her revue . . . Skating at its best, and she (Sonja Henie, that is) will be at Duquesne Garden January 29. This will be a good way to cool off after that torrid (and horrid) exam the afternoon before.

At the Pittsburgh Playhouse, starting January 23, through February 17, will be **An Intimate Musical Review** by Charles Gaynor. This is the only musical comedy on the Playhouse list . . . and, under the direction of Frederick Burleigh, promises to be a wonderful tonic for confused, after exam states of mind.

So relax, students (apologies to Kay Kayser) . . . and have some fun, as well as some really worth-while entertainment.

SPORTSCOPE

By Janet Ross

PCW has always been proud of its honor system and justly so, but it doesn't apply only to class work and exams. The honor system has its place in athletics, too. When you sign up for a sport, you show that you are interested in that sport and are willing to support it. Or do you? It seems not. When the volleyball teams were posted, each consisted of ten or eleven players who had expressed their desire to play. Wednesday, the 10th, two games were scheduled involving four teams. For the first game, one team had five participants and the other, four. The second game was forfeited, by a previously undefeated team, because they could secure only four members of their team while their opponents had succeeded in obtaining six, the minimum. If you don't want to play, don't sign up.

I don't mean that you must sacrifice everything else so that you can play, but if you can't come, please tell the manager or captain of your team. It isn't fair to those who are willing to play and want to have a good, organized team. Is this going to happen again in the basketball season? It's up to you. Let's have a completely successful season with one hundred per cent attendance at the games.

There. Now that tirade is over. Basketball season has officially opened this week. You know that everyone who wishes to play on her class team must complete four hours of practice. If you play in the color games, that will count toward your practice hours, but it can't possibly make up the entire four. Therefore, the practices will begin this week. Let's polish up that shooting, passing, and guarding before the color games start.

Aha! Madame Sheeza Wiz has hauled out that old crystal ball again and we see through the mist, a basketball tournament that should be a wide open race with many close and thrilling games that will merit the attendance of all you gals who don't care to take active part. None of the teams shows a decided advantage but it should be a close decision between the seniors and the sophomores. Both have experienced teams and the right type of material that yields champions. The seniors have a generally well-balanced team with excellent forwards and perhaps the best guards found in the entire school. A sensational forward attack characterizes the sophomores but they are a little weak in the guard positions. The juniors have the same trouble for, while they have good shooting forwards who will cause trouble for all opponents, the guard situation is decidedly feeble. Here, again, the loss of Dignan and Gibney, stellar performers, has handicapped the team. As always, the Freshmen present a problem, for, while they have several players with both experience and skill, they will not have had the time nor the opportunity for much playing as a truly organized unit. Don't be surprised, however, if they upset one of the upper class teams.

HEAR AND THEIR

By Healey and Higgins

The nights are filled with terror; the days are fearful too; it ain't from enemy bombers . . . but just those books of blue. This verse is sad and dreary, and so no doubt are you, so it's stand together ladies! as we hit those books of blue.

And so we escape to the Ivory Tower of the Past Season, and leave the future to fend for itself. Among the Christmas Conquests were those made by the Diamond digitated gals, **Punky Cook** and **Kay Thompson**. Congrats! **Madeleine Moore** has a decorated digit aussi, but it's on the right fin (???). **Lois Wirth** found a Navy anchor in her Christmas stocking, and **Ruth Gilson** an S. A. E. pin. **Jean Faris** found a Delt locket and **Cathy Carey** a Theta Xi pin. It looks like Santa is a Greek.

Among those who received gifts for the (picture) Gallery from their beloveds were **Julie Wheldon**, **Jane (Floridara) Pierce**, **Jane Shidemantle** and **Betty Eastwood**. From Uncle Sam's Finishing School came candy and mittens for **Jean Burry**, and a bona fide Kaydet for **Janie Hanauer**. And from Massanutten came a dinner and dance invite, complete with a lieutenant for **Jean Wyre**. The only two casualties of the season came to **Jane Chantler** and **Natalie Lambing**. The Delt of Jane's life saw her Sigma Chi bracelet, and Natalie parted company with her appendix the day vacation began.

Comes now memories of New Year's Eve. **Carol Bostwick** and **Mary Lou Armstrong** had New Year's Eve parties, and the event of the evening was the meeting between the Man with whom **Ginny Speer** should have had a date, and the Pitt Junior with whom she had one. **Ellen Copeland** started the evening playing with an electric train, and **Phyllis Tross** started it in church. After that, who knows? **Mary Ann Bell** escorted three men on the eve, and none of them was O. A. O. **Betty Sweeney** and her date ran out of gas (rather the car did) on a lonely road near the Field Club on the Eve of Eves. Gad, what a nite! (all sentiments herein expressed are the writer's own and do not reflect the policy of the paper. Ed.)

NOTE

Add items: **Pete McCall** beginning with a cold, and ending with a dozen roses.

Announcement by Cleveland papers of **Alice Chattaway's** engagement.

Note—**Margie Graham** sublimating My Bill.

Note—**Pat Kent** and **Gene Detwiler** and two Navy Middles.

Note—**Wease McIntyre**, the medico and the station wagon.

Note—**Jean Burchinal** in a STUpor.

Add slogans. Three Loves has Quintard. **Phil Keister**, **Nina Maley**, **Mary Singer**.

Off with the Old Love, on with the New. **Peggy Noonan**.

Double Trouble. **Peggy Wragg** at the Phi Gam House.

SLANTS AND ANGLES

By Betty Eastwood

The Sparrow's Fall

War is war, and peace is something else again, so the Finns dumped a whole division of the Russian army in the lake and everyone thought it was funny. There is no denying the military tactics that resulted in the whole-sale bath were very clever, and that in such strategy lies the hope for the Finnish nation. But the Russians who felt the ice give way under their feet and were plunged into the water in sub-zero temperatures were probably not amused.

In America this week four young boys ventured too far on to the ice of the frozen Ohio river, and only one lived to tell the tale. We did not laugh at this. Three young boys with their lives ahead of them, unafraid, daring each to venture far out for the sport of the thing; what a pity they died uselessly.

There were many more than three who drowned in Finland when the ice gave way . . . Fine young men these, and someone cared for them even as the parents cared for the boys drowned in the Ohio. We had no right to laugh at the Russians and to mourn the boys, but the mind is slow to grasp mass tragedy. Anyone can understand that three small boys did not come home to dinner one night. It is harder to think of three hundred or more young men. Perhaps it is better not to try, not to think of so many sad homes, not to visualize what each individual soldier was like, and who will cry because he does not return. Perhaps it is better to be sad because of three small boys while there is yet capacity for tears, while we are at peace.

What, Another Date?

Maybe we aren't properly impressed by ancient history, or maybe our teacher didn't do her job well. At any rate we didn't know that there was an argument about the date of the beginning of the Egyptian calendar. Not until Pitt professor, Jotham Johnson announced his discovery of the correct one did we even remember that the calendar had a beginning. It was one of those things that belonged in the corner of our mind devoted to the mummy of King Tut, all mixed up with the a detective story we read once, and a poem about Ozymandias. Now all that is changed. We, and all the children who study history, are confronted with a new date. If we are to claim to be educated we must put 3251 B. C. along with the other telephone numbers of antiquity. It's an awful strain, but life is like that.

Jane Fitzpatrick and **M. Anderson** are anticipating a Cornell week-end soon.

Tall story of the month—**Jean Keister** explaining a black eye by saying she fell down the stairs, and scared the dog, who bit her. We have heard better, and recently too.

Well, that's all there is, so we will go now and fix things so that all our exams don't fall on the same day. We'd rather flunk them at intervals. So we'll meet you behind the Blue Book. Happy New Year!

ITALY

... By Ann Hamilton Miller, '40

I have often wondered in this past year, now that I have seen Italy, what would happen to that beautiful, dirty, little country if a stolid, cleanliness-loving people ever should take control. For the Italians, Italy would be no more. For the American tourists, the excitement over the country's frank filth would be gone. However, to me Italy's charm lies not in that naughty-going-slumming feeling (somehow I just couldn't feel naughty, anyhow, about eating hair with my food); no—to me her charm is in the beauties Nature has given her, and in the creations of Italy's human hands.

One afternoon I sat on a rock and looked at two other rocks. That would be a wasted two hours anywhere except where I sat and looked—the Isle of Capri. The sun shone brightly enough to cast only faint shadows. The wind was heavier than "light," but lighter than "heavy." I could see the waves break far below at the foot of the cliff where I sat, but it was so far away that I couldn't hear the sound—only occasionally a faint "swish" would reach me from a gigantic breaker. I let pebbles and stones, and finally rocks as big as a man's head drop into the water below in an effort to get some response from the sea. All to no avail. Those words of the waters are not meant for human ears. But all the while I tried to comprehend the incomprehensible, to embrace the unembraceable, two gaunt rocks stood there in the sea, and looked at me. Like huge sentinels they were; silent, omniscient, and omnipotent. They never made a sound to me; I never made a sound to them. There wasn't even the sort of mystical conversation the poets advocate. We just looked. Soon, however, it began to rain, not where I was, but far out to sea. It was a fascinating sight and a most peculiar feeling, sitting in the sun watching it rain somewhere else. Out over the ocean there appeared to be black chiffon strips over a pink satin slip. Sometimes the wind would blow too hard and a tiny streak of satin showed through. But there was no time to grow poetic about the coming rain. After all that wasn't black chiffon and pink satin!

Italy is the country in which to be poetic though. There is no harshness

or heaviness in its Nature. Its huge rocks are not frightening and horribly solid like some of those I saw in Germany. Its beauty is beauty for beauty's sake. Germany's beauty inspired me to be strong and face the world, to do something tremendous. Italy's beauty made me glad to be alive, glad to be young and in love. Germany stirred me. Italy quieted me.

Venetian lace, Florentine leather goods and linens—you know of their fame, of course. I cannot find words to describe their exquisite loveliness. I can only advise you to save as much money as possible before you go to Italy, for you'll want to buy it all. But there are unbuyables in Italy that you'll want to buy. Our home would be indeed a strange place with Titian's "Assumption" and Michelangelo's "Moses" adorning the living room.

And there are other unbuyables you'll want to slip in your suitcase, not for their beauty but for their significance. I yearned for one of those signs that are placed in a conspicuous place outside every church, "Vietato Spumare!"—Spitting forbidden! Italy is indeed a fascinating country.

I have unfortunately forgotten a great many of the things I saw in Italy, for we tried to see a whole country in two weeks. One experience I had however, I shall never forget. While we were in Naples, the Rex was to sail. Four of us went down to the pier to "see her off." For an hour we stood and watched the third class passengers go on board. It was like a Theodore Dreiser novel come to life. There were old, old women with woven baskets, who slowly picked their way down the gang-plank. Many pairs of dim eyes were made dimmer with tears of parting from the fatherland. There were young men obviously believing they were on their way to the land of great promise. They were full of confidence, free of blustering confidence. I felt so very sorry, for I

knew there was no place in America for these young men. Their parents and grandparents stood in admiring circles about adored young sons. Soon the call for all to go on board tore fathers from sons, wives from husbands. Slowly the gangplanks were pulled up! Sailors struggled to get the thick ropes loose from the heavy, squatty, iron holds. A long loud whistle. We waited and watched. Another long whistle, and slowly the big ship moved out, pulled by the tiny tugs which were only a fraction of her huge bulk. The Rex glided majestically forward, then, under her own power. It was a beautiful sight—a great ship bathed in sunshine, against the background of Vesuvius. Soon we could see no more of the Rex, and only then did we notice the sobs from those behind us who had said, not "Till we meet again," but "Farewell" to loved ones. We took one last look, then left the pier. We were four more serious, four wiser young Americans.

There are so many interesting things I could tell you about Italy; our wild New Year's Eve when we did as the Romans do; another night which found us in the most unconventional of unconventional night clubs, and because the carriage driver thought we meant what we said when we expressed a desire for something unusual. Then there was the night two of us got lost in Florence, saw much of that charming city and made the acquaintance of many of her citizens 'ere we wearily rang the doorbell of our pension to waken the harrassed manager. And the afternoon we got on a bus and said, "Forum" meaning the Roman Forum. We rode and rode; out beyond the city-limits. Then in front of several ugly orange-colored buildings we stopped. This was the Forum—Mussolini's forum!

I could go on and on, but I won't, for eventually I would have to say, "Oh Italy, you are so beautiful—when I hold my nose!"

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CHERIE

. . . by Renee Schreyer, '40

Only the fresh sunlight, filtering through the city streets, denoted the approach of spring. Through the bus window, the girl could see the sparkle of the sun on the wet puddles left behind by the recent rain. The bus moved quickly and stopped with sudden jerks at the endless stoplights. Each stop thrust her forward, then shoved her back abruptly. She had been riding for scarcely a half an hour, but already the closeness of the air, the unevenness of movement, the jumble of blurred scenery outside the window were giving her a nauseating feeling where her stomach should be. She turned her head from the window and gazed around the bus; she was the only passenger. The seats were green plush and all alike; there was not much there to distract her thoughts from him.

Always the thought of him sent the blood pounding through her body, brought a sparkle to her eyes, a smile to her lips. Always the thought of him brought his face before her and happiness to her heart. She supposed it was naive to feel that way, and Leonard did not want her to be naive. She had done her best to avoid what he called a wide-eyed-gaze upon the world; but there was so much to see in New York—the towering buildings, the lights on Broadway, the conglomeration of peoples from all parts of the world—all in New York.

Her meeting with Leonard had been like a page, taken from a story in one of the American magazines. She had read a story like it once in the Housekeeping Magazine; she had loved it because the girl and the boy had been very happy. She and Leonard would have that happiness when they were married.

It had been on the ship, coming to New York, that she had met him. She had been playing the piano in the bar, and he had listened to the dignity of the old French Sarabande. The slow music had filtered through the room and had dragged his attention from his glass of port wine to her. The room had seemed set apart from the rest of the ship. Quiet, calmness, beauty had clung to the walls. It had been different from the disturbing quiet of the star-lit night outside. He was tall, too tall to be sitting on a high stool at a bar. His shoulders stooped awkwardly as

he reached down for his glass. His fingers were slender and very long; they curled around the glass. Very dark eyebrows matched his carefully brushed hair, which lay in even waves on a well shaped head. His black eyes had watched her steadily. Her white fingers had hit the piano firmly and lingered there, fondling the glistening keys. The dark pink of her finger nails had flashed against the black and white of the keyboard. Quietly, with no apparent motivation, her fingers had picked up the rhythm of "Parlez Moi d'Amour." He had turned back to his glass and watched her in the mirror above the bar.

She had risen, then, and come to the bar. A small, slender girl with sparkling eyes and a sober mouth, her short, curly hair combed back from her forehead and left to follow its own course. She had stopped there, and putting her hands on the marble of the bar, had looked at the bartender. He had smiled and come forward. She had hesitated, then stammered and blushed:

"Un verre . . . wataire."

He had nodded his head and set a glass of water before her.

She had sat down on a stool and drunk thirstily.

The man beside her had turned and spoken.

"It's a lovely evening, isn't it?"

She had looked at him and wrinkled her forehead:

"I . . . I speak not the Engleesh."
"Oh, I'm sorry. Vous etes francaise."

"Mais oui!" Her smile had been grateful. The conversation had continued in French. They had spoken of France, of Paris, of the French people, of the rough crossing on the boat. They had spoken of the French possessions, especially of the Martinique. He had described its beauty to her, the beauty of acres and acres of sugar cane; the beauty of a warm climate with no winters. His French was that of the educated, excellent, and with no trace of an American accent. In a little while, they had gone into the ballroom and danced. He moved with a natural rhythm which was unlike anything she had ever known. She had been pleased and responded to his charm and to his increasing interest in her.

It had been almost six months now, since she had first spoken to

Leonard. They had had such fun—he had taught her to speak English. They had danced together many nights, far into the morning. He had taught her to love New York and almost to forget her beloved Paris. He had taught her mouth to laugh, to lose its frightened, little-girl expression. Yes, he had taught her many things, but he had not taught her to love him. She had not needed to be taught.

It had been a calm night on the ship. In the distance, the sea and night merged into shadowless black. Dance music drifted faintly out to deck and enveloped Leonard and Denise. They had stood at the rail and watched wave roll over wave in an unceasing precision and had not spoken. Tomorrow, they would dock. Perhaps they would not see each other again. The quiet, the sweetness, the mystery of the night had filled their souls, and they had turned toward each other. Leonard's eyes had been very gentle as they looked into hers. His head had lowered toward hers, then raised sharply. Her eyes widened; she said:

"Excuse me . . . I can't help myself, but I love you."

She had not realized that a girl did not make bold statements such as that to a man she had just met.

His hands groped for her shoulders, then dropped. He turned back to the sea. His words had trickled out and lost themselves in the night.

"Denise, cherie, you mustn't."

"But I do." Her words trembled. He had kissed her then, and she had been frightened at what she had said. He did not say he loved her. She thought she understood. With that understanding had come a lead-like emptiness. She had turned and gone to her cabin to relieve the emptiness with tears.

She had been empty then, but now, she thought, her love had brought her peace. She should never have felt differently, for the hot intensity in Leonard's eyes had belied any indifference. He had probably been afraid of too much happiness too suddenly. Her real obstacle was his parents. This bus ride was taking her nearer and nearer to them. Suddenly she had the feeling of panic that a shy person has when he must meet a stranger. I will conquer; I must for I love him. What can be more *convenable* but

that they love me as a daughter. Would the bus never get there?

It had taken her so long to make up her mind to go to see them. Leonard had urged her so many times, ever since he had told her he loved her. His eyes had commanded her to go. He had said that they would adore her.

"How could they help but adore you, my chérie? You are part of me."

It was true; they were one, as one inseparable being. That was the reason, she had hesitated. No one had a right to be brought into their world. It was theirs and theirs alone. But she was going.

Two people had got on the bus, but she did not notice. She was reliving the delight and happiness of a sure and complete love. The bus had stopped; she must be there, she thought. It was difficult, not knowing New York. One rode on and on and hoped that one reached one's destination, eventually.

She got up, paid the bus driver with money that still felt strange to her, and walked out into the street. Laurence Avenue. Avalon Avenue, was what she wanted. Leonard had told her to ask a policeman for directions. Carefully, she translated to herself the correct English sentence to ask. She should have told Leonard she was going to see his parents. But she had been frightened at the idea. It had taken a sudden decision to make herself get on the bus and just go. Even now, it did not seem real. A policeman was standing at the corner. She hurried toward him; she must do it quickly, before she changed her mind. Her prepared words disappeared; she stammered, "Avalon Avenue?" with a pronounced question mark. He looked at her strangely, taking in her brown hair and fair, faintly freckled skin, her candid eyes. She barely heard his answer.

"Straight ahead, turn left at the next block."

She started to go and stopped as he said:

"Need any help, miss?"

Puzzled, she answered, forgetting her English, "Oh, non, merci."

He watched her as she hurried on. His kind face was perplexed.

"These French," he said to himself.

Strange, did she look so scared that she needed help? But then, Leonard said so often:

"You are so naive, mon amour. Your face looks frightened. You must not be afraid, for I am here to

take care of you." His white teeth flashed against the tan of his skin. He looked capable of taking care of any one. His straight nose, as if chiseled by a sure hand, always denoted strength to her. His eyes never begged; they commanded.

How she wished he were here to hold her arm, to make her feel that she had some one that cared enough to protect her from this strange city. He would hold it very tight, and tomorrow five prints would mark her white skin where his fingers had been. Turn left, the gendarme had said. Turn left. She did and came to a lovely long avenue with large modern houses on either side. A residential district, they called it in New York. The third house from the corner. There it was, a large, massive, beautiful house. She was frightened. No, I must not be; I must go. The house looks friendly, and the people in it are Leonard's parents, the people I shall love.

Long ago, in France, she had never thought that she would some day go to see her fiancé's parents in such a manner. She had, somehow, expected to have her parents make the arrangements with the man's family, to have everything settled for her. She had not even considered love. One just learned to love her husband, because he was her husband. But she was in America now; she must behave like an American, self-possessed and sure of herself. That was the hard part. She remembered her mother, saying:

"Be careful, you get hurt too easily. I hope you may learn to take care of yourself, Denise."

She did not need to learn to take care of herself, now; Leonard would do that. She was walking up the stone steps. Each step brought her closer to an undeniable fear. I'm being naive again. Stop it, act like a woman. You are no child. She placed her hand on the knocker and let it drop against the door determinately. She turned to look up the street again. A small colored boy was going past the house on a scooter. She scarcely noticed him as she inspected the lovely, green lawns and hedges in front of the houses. A nice, respectable neighborhood . . . something like her home in France. A pleasant feeling of belonging swept through her; she smiled as the door opened.

A large, stout, black woman was standing in the doorway. She was dressed in a plain black dress with white collars and cuffs. Her eyes questioned Denise. Oh . . . Leonard didn't tell me they had a maid:

I won't know how to act. Her English deserted her again; she was silent for a moment. Then, in correct, precise words:

"May I speak with Madame Delale?"

The woman's smile spread to her eyes as she answered:

"I am Madame Delale. Won't you come in?"

The girl's face turned pale; she gazed at the woman's face and saw nothing but black skin and the glistening whites of her eyes.

"You, Madame Delale?"

"Yes, and you must be my son's Denise."

No, no, it wasn't true; it couldn't be. This could not happen to her. She must be dreaming. What a horrible nightmare! But Leonard was white. Behind the woman was another black one and a boy, Leonard's brother. All black; horribly black. She felt ill, stifled.

She murmured, somehow, in broken English:

"Non . . . I call myself Marie . . . Pardon . . . Madame Devile is the name I want."

The black face looked startled, disbelieving. Denise did not notice. New York was alien; she must get out. She was dizzy; a blackness buzzed in her head. She stumbled down the steps and ran frantically up the street. She must get away. Her eyes were dull; her mouth was no longer child-like. She saw Leonard's arrogant face before her.

"Ma chérie, mon amour . . ."

She should have known. He had talked of the Martinique as if he had lived there a long time, there in the Martinique where the negro and white race are one.

She shuddered and ran faster.

The policeman on the corner saw her run past him. His eyes pitied her without understanding.

"Strange sights, you see in Harlem."

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DEVIL'S GARRISON

. . . by Jo-Anne Healey, '41

The silent night is strangely filled with noises of the mind when you are listening for a sound that does not come. It is dark here on the hill, and below the hill there is darkness also. But the sky is bright in brilliant flashes, as the long streaks from the search-light cross and recross the night. The air is cold, and the heavy gun between my knees is cold, and my joints are stiff with rheumatism. My neck is stiff with too long looking at the sky. I am too old for soldiering here on the hill, but all the young men have gone away, and perhaps they are already dead. In the city below me, the people mourn for them, but I say that is foolish. I went away once, to the wars, and I did not find them bad at all. I even died, and that was very amusing, for it was the devil himself who came and snatched me, and it is so written in the records of St. Christobal.

I was a young man when my company was transferred to Porto Rico on account of the rebellion in Cuba. We were all glad to go, for here was a chance to see the world, and to a young soldier the world was a wide place in which to strut before the women in his new uniform.

We were stationed at San Juan, and since there was no fighting, our duties were light. Each evening we were free. We used to walk, two by two, along the wide streets of the town, our long capes thrown back to show our swords. At the lower end of town, the dance halls were bright with rush lights beside the door, and from inside came music in a strange soft rhythm that set the blood to boiling. Inside there was plenty of good aguardiente to warm the palate, and the women were all a soldier could want, from dusky little negritas to the full-blooded Spanish beauties, whom one must address always as Senorita. There was one in particular that caught my eye, and soon I was in love with her. She had dark hair that reached her shoulders, and lips as soft and red as the carmin flower. Her name was Marie. And so I was desolate when I was transferred to the garrison at St. Christobal, which was on the seacoast, not far from San Juan. Even the fact that I was to be ranked as a lieutenant did not console me.

From the first, I did not like it there, and I soon found that I was not alone in this aversion. Men

hated the monotony of the duty, and the few leaves issued, kept them from seeking solace in San Juan. The castle of San Christobal was a gloomy place, and far too large for the small company of men stationed there. On the north side of the castle, there was a cliff which jutted about fifty yards into the sea. For about a half mile along the shore, back of the cliff, a wall had been built, so that watch could be kept over that part of the sea leading to the harbor of San Juan. An ell of the wall ran out onto the cliff, and at the extreme end of the cliff there was a sentinel box, of ruined and gloomy appearance. There were many mysterious stories told about this sentry box, for some of the natives swore it was the hiding place of the devil.

Each day, half of our small garrison was detailed to patrol the wall and watch the ships. We young lieutenants (there were only three of us) took turns of being command during the day, and at midnight we were relieved by an old guard sergeant, one Hernan Sebastian.

It was hateful work patrolling that dreary coast-wall, and the men often said that even a visit from the devil would be a welcome in the monotony. They spoke too loudly, I suppose, for one night the devil took them up on it.

I was in charge of the wall the night it began. It was raining, and the roar of the sea at the base of the cliff was like the incessant moaning of the damned. I stood in my little cubby-hole beside the only exit from the wall, and I counted the minutes, until the relief should come. Far out in the sentry box I could see now and then a flicker of light, where the sentry smoked a forbidden cigarette. The wind blew against me, and I was wet to the skin by the time Hernan Sebastian arrived with the relief, and never was I so glad to see a man. I gave my bayonet to a man (for we were short of rifles in those days) and, shivering in my wet clothes I went to the foot of the stairs to check my men as they came off the wall. Soon they were all accounted for but one, and thinking that he had perhaps stayed behind to talk to someone, I did not bother to hunt for him, but hurried back to the barracks and got into a dry uniform. I was just losing my second month's pay in a game of candido, when a

message came, ordering me to report to the Captain.

The Captain was a long thin man, with a nose like the beak of an eagle, and a voice like the caw of a crow. He was speaking to Hernan Sebastian, but when I entered, he turned and glared at me.

"You were in charge of the guard on the wall tonight?" he rasped.

"Si, Senor Capitan," I answered. "Did you check each man off the wall, after he had been relieved?"

For a minute I could not answer, and feathers filled my throat. I have not often been so much afraid since then. Finally I knew I must answer. "There was one," I said "who did not come, but I thought he had stopped to talk—I knew he could not get past the sergeant—he could not steal a rifle—" I stopped as the Captain clapped his hands against his sword, and my heart fell to my boots as I watched the slow red mount to his face.

"It was raining—" I began again, but I could not go on in the midst of that so great silence. Finally the captain spoke, in his rasping voice.

"Where was he when his relief arrived to get his bayonet?"

I must have looked my astonishment, for the captain did not give me time to answer.

"When the man detailed to relieve him got to the sentry box, he was not there, nor was his rifle."

The silence fell again, as I tried to bring my thoughts to order. "Not there?" My voice was not a soldier's voice. "But he couldn't have come off the wall without my seeing him!"

"Exactly," the Captain rasped, and my blood froze within me. Hernan Sebastian, who was a kindly man, took pity on me.

"Perhaps you fell asleep?" he said. "No, no," I answered. "I was not asleep. And I swear that no one left the wall before you came. It is quite impossible!"

The Captain was watching me through narrowed eyes, and he seemed impressed by my sincerity. Finally he spoke.

"Something is strange here. We will inspect the wall."

Silently we followed him out into the rain.

When we reached the wall, a group of soldiers was gathered before the stairway, and they parted silently to let us through. Several of the native

soldado made the sign of the cross as we mounted the wall, and as the thunder pealed, I found comfort in doing likewise.

The sentry box was opened on the Captain's order. It was dark and cold, inside, and very empty. The one window opened onto the sea. There were cigarette butts on the floor, and the captain frowned as he saw them. Then he gazed for a minute from the window into the sea, and spoke in a low tone to Hernan Sebastian. Finally he turned to me.

"There is no way," he said, "no possible way the man could have left without your knowing it. Unless of course he decided to take a swim." When no one laughed, he went on. "You will consider yourself under arrest, and you will remain in quarters, under guard until further notice." He turned on his heel, and I saluted automatically. Behind me, I could hear the men talking among themselves in low tones.

The next week I spent in quarters, under guard, waiting for my trial. The garrison was not a pleasant place to be, even to be jailed. The men were sullen, and they no longer sang in the evening. Everywhere men spoke of the devil, and the old rumors about San Christobal were on every tongue. Then, the night before my trial, another sentry disappeared from the sentry box!

It was as before, except that this time a rifle was left on the floor of the sentry box. I was playing cards with my guard when the news came in, and by midnight, searching parties had covered every possible place where a man might hide. It was no use. The man was gone, and there was no trace of where he went.

It was unthinkable that the officer in charge of the wall that night would have let him off the wall, with me under arrest on the same charge, so I was released to await developments.

With the men there was much trouble. The seacoast is a gloomy place at best, but now the storms began, and all night the waves crashed against the shore, and the lightning flashed, and men's nerves were strained to the danger point. Everywhere one heard whispers of *la garita del diablo*. Men refused at the gunpoint to guard the sentry box alone, and so were allowed to guard in pairs. The captain fumed and fretted, but to no avail. Finally he held a staff meeting to try and find some way to soothe the men, who threatened mass desertion. We met in the low-domed staff room, all of us but

those on duty. The captain paced the floor for a long while, and then he spoke. "Senors, unless we can subdue the rumors prevalent here, we shall be forced to disband this garrison, which will be a black mark on all our records. I have thought on this a long while and there seems to be only one solution. An officer will have to patrol that sentry box, to prove to these ignorant ones that it is quite safe."

We exchanged glances among us, and none of us could meet the captain's eye. He continued. "I have chosen from among you one, who in the excitement has evaded any punishment for his flagrant neglect of duty." The other officers sighed their relief, and my heart fell to my boots. The captain was still talking—"on continuous night duty for the next three weeks."

It was cold that first night I went on duty, and a pale moon glimmered behind the clouds. I walked jauntily, conscious of the gazes of the men. But as the departing footsteps of the day guards faded away, I was suddenly very lonely. The shadows were dark in the corners of the sentry box, and the moonlight made strange patterns on the waves. I jumped at every sound, and momentarily expected to see the devil in the box beside me. That first night was endless, but I was kept from thinking by my fear.

The first week passed, and gradually my fear abated. I spent long hours, thinking of how much I would like to dance, to drink, to kiss. I thought most often of Marie. I thought sometimes in those long nights I would go mad, just thinking of Marie. I watched the sea, but instead of a ship, I saw her eyes, and sometimes, I even heard music where there was no sound but the waves.

One night I could stand it no longer. I left the sentry box, and went quietly to the cubby-hole where Hernan Sebastian guarded the stairs. "Hernan," I said, "I can't stay out there any longer. I will go mad. I will throw myself into the sea. I swear I will."

He came toward me and warned me to be quiet. "You will be court-martialed if you're found here. Get back to your station."

I was filled with a strange madness. "I won't go back. Call the guard if you will, but I won't go back. Be a friend, Hernan. Let me off the wall, just for an hour or so. I can row across the bay to San Juan and see Marie. Just two hours, Hernan. No one will know, and I will be back

before the dawn relief. Please Hernan, for a friend."

At first he would not consent, but when I had convinced him I would not go back on duty, he consented. I hired a native fisherman to row me across the bay, and soon I was in San Juan.

It was like heaven there, the music and the people in the streets, and I hurried to where Marie worked in a dance hall.

Pulling my cloak close about my face, I entered, and chose a table in the corner of the wide room. There, hidden in the shadows I feasted my eyes on the beauty of the girls, and filled my ears with a music other than the wave's roar. There were few soldiers in the dance hall, and no one noticed me as I sat, warming my throat from the deep cups of *aguardiente*. It was not long 'til Marie came in, and she was as lovely as I had remembered her. We danced and I told her all the things I had dreamed of telling her during the long nights on the wall. Suddenly, while we were dancing, there was a commotion at the door, and when I looked up, Hernan Sebastian stood beside me. He was panting, as though he had run up the hill from the quay, and his breath came unevenly.

"I came as quickly as I could," he said. The Captain made a surprise inspection tour, and found that your sentry box was empty. I swore that I had not seen you leave, and already the men are deserting. Here—" and he pushed something into my hand—"you'll have to get away, or we'll both be shot. Hurry, and *Dios te salve*."

He was gone, and I was holding a bag of silver, for that was what he had pushed into my hand. Marie was tugging at my arm. "I heard," she whispered, "and we must hurry. My father is sending a wine-cart to the dock, to be shipped to Port Talma. The boat leaves on the tide, before dawn. You must be on it."

We went out into the street, and now the stars were out. The rain was over, and Marie was sweet beside me in the darkness. "Come with me," I begged. She did not answer, and soon we were before her father's house. Already the loaded cart was in the courtyard, piled high with hay to protect the wine jugs. I got in the back, and Marie covered me with hay. Her eyes were soft now, and I gave her the gold button from my tunic, and the braid from my epaulets. Then she was gone, and just before the dawn the driver came. He drove to the dock, and was passed

through the gate without question. I left the cart, and just before the wine-boat sailed, I booked passage from the captain. No one suspected an officer who had passed the gate, and in two days we were in Port Tampa. In another month I was home again. I had no family, and under another name I lived many years without meeting any of my old comrades. Then one day in the springtime, in a little sidewalk cafe, bright with geraniums, I met again with Hernan Sebastian. Over our drinks we recalled old comrades, and I recounted the story of my escape from San Juan. He told me that after my disappearance, the garrison had been disbanded because the native soldiery could not be made to patrol the wall. "La garita del diablo." He laughed so that he choked on his drink. "We were not sorry to leave that place, you may believe us. It was far gayer in San Juan, and the rest of our stay was like a holiday."

"Yes," I said, "but it was a shame that the holiday had to be gained at such a cost."

"What do you mean?" Sebastian asked.

"I mean the two men who disappeared. It is not possible that they were as lucky as I."

Hernan Sebastian put down his glass and looked at me. "What do you think happened to them?" he asked.

"I have thought about that for a long time," I answered, "and the only thing I can think of to explain such things is that it really was the work of the devil. Sometimes in the night I waken with sweat from dreaming that I too met with their fate. Who knows but what I might have disappeared one night from the wall, had not things happened as they did." I started to cross myself, and then thought better of it, for in the city one no longer does such things.

Hernan was laughing again. "Oho ho, ho," he roared. "So you too were among the stupid ones who believed our little tale about the devil? That is very funny, camarada, very funny indeed." The church-bells chimed the noon hour, and Hernan Sebastian rose quickly to his feet. "I must go now," he said. "The war has called my sons away, and I dig on the earth-works for enough dinners to keep my daughter and me from starving too quickly." He spat on the ground. "These wars," he said, "are no longer for the soldiers. Even the city fights. It is stupid."

He started to leave, and then suddenly he was laughing again. "I al-

most forgot your devil," he said. "Meet me here at noon tomorrow, and I will show him to you." He laughed so hard that he had to hold his sides, and I watched him walk down the street, the tears streaming from his eyes.

The next day as I walked in the city, the planes came over from the south. I and those about me took shelter behind the sandbags by the bridge. When it was over, I went on toward the restaurant, and the sidewalk cafe. It was no longer there, but the dust was still rising from the fallen masonry. Here and there I could see patches of color where the red geraniums lay among the broken pottery. The church was still standing, and I heard the chimes marking the noon hour.

Now I am alone on the hill, with my head turned toward the sky where the floodlights dim the stars. The gun between my knees is cold, and below me in the city many people mourn. I do not think I will be here long. Twice I have missed my meeting with the devil, and it is not likely that I shall be spared a third time. But I am not afraid. The air is cold, but I am warm with the thoughts of my youth, and when I look into the star-paths beyond the floodlights, I can see the twinkle of Marie's bright slippers, and my own feet move to join her in el baile.

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Sky Hooks

Versatile Marie McSwigan, reporter for the Pittsburgh Press, is at it again. This time she has written the biography of John Kane. Kane, she says, was one of the most significant American painters of the last quarter century.

Sky Hooks is an ingenuous story of a Scottish immigrant who came to Pittsburgh in his early twenties and worked at anything and everything. Artist Kane, was self taught and had his first experience painting houses and box cars. Nevertheless, after three attempts he "made" the International Art Exhibition.

Charlotte Bronte

One does not have to be a lover of biography to enjoy Edward F. Benson's **Charlotte Bronte**. Here is a biography which reads like fiction. The moors, the dingy parsonage, the loneliness, even the characters—an habitual drunkard, two imaginative sisters clinging together against the practical mindedness of their older sister—make up a situation which is almost unreal. Yet it is real and Mr. Benson treats it in a manner which satisfies fans of Emily, Charlotte and Ann when they search through its pages for explanations of the writings of these three famous sisters.

Especially commendable is the honesty with which Mr. Benson has used the letters and facts he could gather for his work. He tries to present a true account of the incredible Bronte family, and he succeeds admirably.

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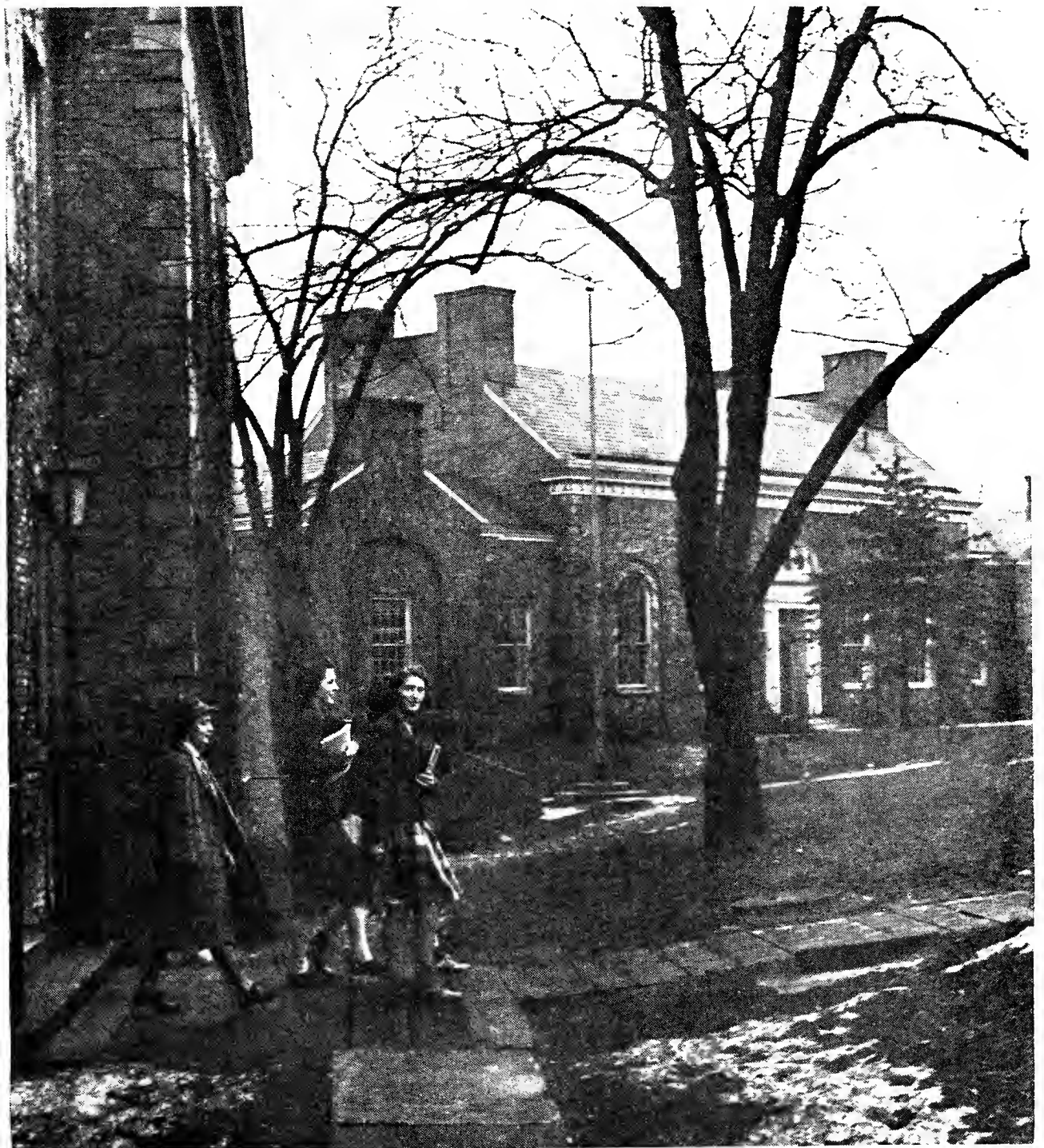
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jottings in the margin

Winter scene . . . the white ground, the white sky and the whirling white air between . . . Nobody-loves-me-department . . . that epidemic of engagement rings has been followed by a veritable plague of guest-towel embroidering . . . From usually reliable sources, we hear that Dr. Spencer had two dishes of ice cream at the Valentine dinner, one in the dorm and the other in the cafeteria . . . Churlish snarls . . . does someone pound on the radiator pipes with a very large hammer every time we have a chapel speaker? . . . and wasn't there a rule about closing the doors just before proceedings begin? . . . The sound of last week's snow crunching under foot is something we haven't heard since fourth grade . . . Apropos of Dr. Mann's speech . . . is the heart of youth possessed of an unquenchable, undefeatable something? . . . or are we more interested in a safe, comfortable life?

A Blow for Liberty

Among the more deeply satisfying of PCW's many charms is the pleasant relationship which exists between faculty and students. Ours is no stuffy administrative and teaching staff which peers down disapprovingly upon the lowly collegian from the heights of its superior knowledge and experience.

As a case in point, consider the faculty Valentine Dinner entertainment. It is doubtful that any other single factor contributes so much as does this annual affair to the feeling of *rapprochement* between professors and students which serves to make classes at PCW more than mere dispensaries for facts. This is the most beneficial result of the February show, but there are others.

For the members of the faculty and administration, besides proving at one fell swoop their good sportsmanship and excellent sense of humor, the Valentine entertainment offers opportunity for a display of often-unsuspected talents for playwriting, acting, singing and dancing, and set-building. (We point with praise to the elaborate production details of this year's show, the chorus work of the Three Little Fishes and the operatic technique of Dean Marks and Dr. Hunter.) It also frequently shows an amazing acquaintance with activities not purely academic, and, of course, no vehicle was ever better devised for the gentle ridiculing of those student traits which are ridiculous.

For the appreciative student audience, the faculty play is an oasis in the year-long desert of continually providing the college amusement, and it may also be considered a needed indication of the professorial innate humanity just before grades are given out. Most important of all, the violent merriment provoked by the Valentine play serves as Aristotle's "catharsis of the soul," sending students back to classes with refreshed outlooks and open minds.

These are all desirable advantages, and it is the policy of **The Arrow** that they could not be produced by any other agency than the faculty entertainment. Holding these truths to be self-evident, the last song of "The Three Little Fishes Go to College" came as distinct shock to us. The faculty's lyrical suggestion that it was the students' turn next year is not only inhuman, it is iconoclastic and un-American. Haven't the students enough to do at exam-time? Aren't too many of the traditions of our forefathers being broken? Shouldn't the faculty be given one chance to show its manifold talents?

Yes! Yes! comes the answer of **The Arrow**, voice of the student body. Never, so long as the Bill of Rights remains inviolate will this paper cease to strike a blow for liberty, to demand freedom from the oppression of being forced to produce a show of Valentine entertainment caliber a week after exams, to seek for every part of PCW posterity the great fundamental privileges enjoyed by their predecessors, foremost among which is the right to witness at least four of the faculty Valentine entertainments.

In a world of rapidly shifting values, we must cling to a few of the principles which made our country great.

PCW Enters New Field of Research

One of the great challenges of modern civilization is the problem of unadjusted people. It has caused a large percentage of business failures, lack of friends, broken homes and criminal cases. It is responsible for the fact that over half of the persons in the United States hospitals are mental cases.

To meet this challenge, under the initial encouragement of the state advisory group and its chairman, Dr. William C. Sandry, the Proposed Adjustment Institute of Pittsburgh has been organized. Gerald D. Whitney is chairman of the institute, and Dr. Spencer is chairman of the Board of Advisors.

PCW is the administrator of the funds to be used and of the institute program. It is planned to select the seventh grade of a junior high school in Pittsburgh for the first experimentation. There will be home-room programs several times a week which will contain personal application to the students' needs and will be followed up by individual conferences. Teacher training and parental education are also a part of the proposed program.

The plan is an outgrowth of work begun years ago in Pittsburgh schools with the guidance programs and placement advisors. The follow-ups of graduate students have aided this work. But it is evident that the schools have not yet succeeded in teaching students how to get along with people or how to handle situations arising in every day life. It is to accomplish this that the proposed institute has been formed.

A tentative decision has been made to carry on the experiment for five years, and it has been estimated that it will cost fifteen thousand dollars a year. The money has been granted by the Carnegie Foundation, and PCW is the recipient of this important trust.

Dr. Spencer is highly enthusiastic about the project. A mental hygiene course will be given at PCW in connection with the plan. Dr. Spencer hopes that eventually the students will be more capable of working with children in helping them to become mentally adjusted and that they will learn how to instruct students, whom they may later teach, in forming character and personality.

Benefit Bridge Aids Far Eastern Relief

All PCW will be there! That's the hope of the committee planning the benefit bridge-tea for the Far Eastern Student Relief Fund this afternoon from 2:00 o'clock until 5:00 o'clock in Woodland Hall. Games other than bridge being planned for the benefit, tickets for which are thirty-five cents.

Before the war in China there were one hundred and fourteen schools but now there are only eight standing as they were when the war started and thirty-four have been completely ruined by bombs. Proceeds from today's benefit will go to the Far Eastern Student Relief Fund to provide shelter, clothing and food for Chinese students.

The committee planning the bridge tea has for its chairman Betty Crawford, '40. Members are: Ruth Succop, '41, Mary Jane Daley, '41, Eleanor Offill, '40, Peg Matheny, '42, Gladys Cooper '42, Shirley Clipson, '41, Mary Kerr, '41, Janet Ross, '43, and Colleen Lauer '43.

Alumnae Council Plans Meeting in March

The 1940 meeting of the PCW Alumnae Council will be held on campus, Saturday, March 9. There have been about 150 invitations issued to officers of classes and members of executive boards. These representatives will meet in the chapel with registration at 9:30. At this meeting there will be representatives from classes as far back as 1873.

Following the registration there will be an opening address by Miss Marks who will extend the welcome of the school. An outstanding part of the morning program will be the Student Government Meeting at which the representatives will be entertained with a student sing. After this part of the program, they will go to a business meeting after which they will be guests of the college at a luncheon in Woodland Hall.

The highlight of the day will be the afternoon meeting which will be in charge of Dr. Spencer, who will conduct a panel discussion with the members of the faculty on extra-curricular activities. The day will be concluded with the serving of tea in Woodland Hall.

Committee Chooses Prom Orchestra Dance Features Music Of Bunny Berigan

Bunny Berigan, well-known orchestra leader, whose theme song is "I Can't Get Started," will play for the Junior Prom, Louise Caldwell, Prom Chairman, has announced.

Louise Caldwell's committee is composed of members from each of the four classes. Inez Wheldon is the senior member, Elaine Fitzwilson the junior, Margaret Graham the sophomore, and Cythia Kuhn the freshman member.

The Prom will be held March 1 from nine till one, in the ball room of the Twentieth Century Club, which will be decorated with ferns and white candles. The theme of the dance will be a Candlelight Ball.

During the evening there will be a Grand March which Louise will lead.

In the receiving line will be Louise Caldwell, Miss Marks, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Robert D. Campbell, Miss Shields, who is the Junior Class Advisor, and Peggy Christy, SGA president.

The Patrons and Patronesses will be Mr. and Mrs. Earl B. Collins, Miss Marion Griggs, Miss Helen Calkins, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Douth, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Owens, and Miss Dorothy Andrew.

Breakfast will be served for the dormitory students in Woodland Hall from one-thirty until two o'clock.

On the day following the Prom, March 2 the Tea Dance will be held. Each year Lambda Pi Mu, the Social Service Club, gives this dance and the proceeds from it are given to the loan fund. In 1929 Lambda Pi Mu established the first loan fund which has increased each year and has been used by many of the students.

Ches Walters will play for the dance which will be held in the dormitory, Saturday afternoon from three till six.

Madge Medlock is chairman of the dance and her committee is composed of Jeanne Ann Ayres '41, Beth Howard '41, Gladys Patton '41, Ruth Strickland '41, Ruth Succop '41, and Helen Mar Stevenson '40.

Chances for the ten dollar cash prize and merchandise checks redeemable at Kaufmann's and Horne's are being sold by members of Lambda Pi Mu.

Dr. Spencer Announces Campaign to Raise \$1,500,000 For New Buildings and Increased Endowment



Proposed New Administration Building

Plans for a campaign to raise \$1,500,000 to erect new buildings and to increase the endowment fund of PCW were recently announced by Dr. Herbert L. Spencer.

Mr. Arthur Braun, chairman of the Board of Trustees of PCW, is directing the campaign to raise seven hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for new buildings and seven hundred and twenty-five thousand for the endowment fund because the returns on the present fund have decreased from six per cent to three per cent. A business office has been opened in the Farmers' Bank Building in downtown Pittsburgh for the duration of the campaign.

The building plans show a modified quadrangle larger in size than the area between the present buildings. The new buildings will be of Georgian Colonial architecture, similar in style to the library and science buildings. Each building will have a distinct personality of its own, and at the same time the complete plan will have architectural unity. The buildings will not only be architecturally beautiful, but useful as well, in that they will be conveniently and centrally located on the quadrangle.

The plans call for:

1. A swimming pool and a new gymnasium which will serve not

only for athletics but also as an additional place in which to have dances, supplementing the Social Center.

2. A new auditorium and chapel which will seat 800 persons—600 downstairs and 200 in the balcony. The stage will have electrically controlled "drops." The Social Center which will be in the basement of this building, will provide a recreational center for dormitory and day students. Most of the school dances will be held in it.
3. Three connected buildings will house the administration offices, recitation rooms, and the departments of art, speech and music.
4. New steps will be constructed to replace the wooden ones that we now have. On Woodland Road there will be a driving-off place where persons may leave their cars, because no cars will be parked on the campus.

The architectural design of the buildings will make for a unity and symmetry on the campus, which is usually lacking in the "hit and miss" architecture of most college buildings. In a setting of shrubbery and plants, the college campus, designed with the light and beauty of the natural surroundings in view, will become, as Dr. Spencer says, "a symbol of beauty and culture through simplicity of design; it will be one of the most beautiful college settings in the world."

A Sponsoring Committee has been chosen, consisting of the following persons: Mr. Horace F. Baker, Mr. Frank B. Bell, Mr. Laurence S. Bell, Mr. John Byerly, Mr. Frank Chesterman, Mr. C. F. Chubb, Mr. Joseph Dilworth, Mr. Robert J. Dodds, Mr. Leon Faulk, Mr. William K. Frank, Mr. William Frew, Dr. Hugh Thomson Kerr, Mr. John W. Lawrence, Mr. P. H. McCance, Mr. C. A. McLintock, Mr. A. K. Oliver, Mr. C. L. Pierce, Jr., Mr. G. A. Price, Mr. James C. Rea, Mr. Frederic Schaefer, Mr. Adolph Schmidt, Mr. Frederick K. Trask, Mr. Harry S. Wetherett, and Mr. W. P. Witherow.

Sally Browne Will Speak in Chapel

On Monday, March 4, Sally Browne, '40, will address the student body in chapel on her trip at Woods Hole. To illustrate her talk on her six weeks' study, she will use slides to show the various vertebrate animals which were studied.

Every year PCW awards a Woods Hole Scholarship to the outstanding biology major. This lucky student then studies for six weeks of the summer at Woods Hole, which is a Marine Biological Laboratory at Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Last year Sally won that scholarship and on March 4 will try to give us a "picture showing just how interesting biology can be."

PCW Debate Group Plans Discussions

PCW's debate and discussion groups under the guidance of Miss Margaret Robb have made several engagements for the coming semester. To prepare for these discussions, every Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 in the large seminar room in the library, debaters Ruth Fite, '40, Jean Watson, '40, and Mildred Rudinsky, '41, talk over their problems. All students are invited to participate in the weekly meetings.

On February 15 and 20 Ruth Fite and Jean Watson had a discussion with Slippery Rock and Westminster respectively on, "Should the United States Pursue a Strict Policy on Isolation?" March 11, the PCW team will discuss the same subject with Waynesburg College. On March 25 and 27, the girls will debate with Seton Hill and Mt. Mercy on the "Basic Principles of the War." A discussion on the same subject will be held in the near future with Gettysburg and Ursinus.

On March 5, the freshmen debate team, composed of Claire Horwitz and Betty Rudman will debate with Tech on the subject of "Government Ownership of the Railroads."

Our group has also been invited to participate in a Parliamentary Discussion on March 9 at Geneva and in the Pitt Conference on April 12 and 13.

Reverend Berryhill Speaks at Seminar

At the Intercollegiate seminar of the Y. W. C. A. meeting on March 13, the subject under discussion will be Christianity. The speaker for the day will be the Reverend Marshall D. Berryhill. The seminar will start at 2:00 P. M.

Elinor Tiel is chairman of the program, and her committee consists of Jeanne Anne Ayres, Phyllis Tross, Jane Humphreys, Eleanor Gangloff, Mildred Stewart, Jean Aungst, Margaret Christy, Elizabeth Shipley, Nancy Scott, Ruth Patton, Mary Balmer, Betty Eastwood, and Jean Geiselhart.

Also assisting on the committee are Renee Shreyer, Helen Hecht, Mary Zward, Ann Skalyo, Marian Lambie, Mary Grey, Louise Halde-man, Barbara Heinz, Virginia Hendryx, June Hunker, and Doris Hutchinson.

Visual Education Class Makes Color Film Of Crystal Systems

The students of the visual education class, in connection with the Department of Physical Science, are, at present, in the process of making a natural color film dealing with the subject, "Orderliness In Nature."

The film will contain descriptive explanations of the six crystal systems and will be illustrated by use of natural occurring gems in rough and cut stages as well as crystals that have been grown in the laboratory. In part it will include observation of growing crystals in minute stage by use of the microscope.

The minute forms which constitute the larger crystals will be exemplified by models as to show extreme orderliness not merely to the molecule or atom but to the proton and electron. These latter particles are nature's fundamental building blocks from which she builds all her crystals, her rocks, her hills and valleys, her continents, her planets, her planetary systems, her cosmos.

Colleges Observe Religious Week

The week of February 12. Religious Emphasis Week, was observed by PCW as well as the University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Institute of Technology. General committees in each school were formed by faculty members, students, and officers to sponsor the programs of the week.

On Tuesday, February 13, at 10:30 the first PCW program was conducted by Dr. Robert F. Galbreath, president of Westminster College, who used as his theme "Do Something About It." At 2:00 o'clock Dr. Galbreath was the leader of a seminar in Berry Hall Drawing Room.

At a general assembly on Wednesday, February 14, Rabbi Louis L. Mann of Sinai Congregation of Chicago addressed the student body, taking for his subject the impact of world issues on religion.

Dr. Bernard Clausen, pastor of the First Baptist Church, closed Religious Emphasis Week with an address on Friday morning, February 16, at 10:30 o'clock. Each of the speakers presented a different phase of a central theme "Religion in Personal Living."

Dramatic Club Play Cast is Announced

Philip Barry's comedy, "Holiday," will be this year's joint production of the PCW Dramatic Club and W. & J. Buskin Club, to be presented Thursday, March 14, at Washington and Friday and Saturday evenings, March 15 and 16, on the PCW campus.

PCW's cast is headed by Margaret Bebertz, '41, in the role done by Katherine Hepburn in the motion picture version of the well-known play and Mary Evelyn Ducey, '43, as her sister, Julia Seton. Ella Hilbish, '43, and JoAnne Healey, '41, will play Laura Cram and Susan Potter. The maid, Delia, will be portrayed by Virginia Sumner, '43.

Members of the Dramatic Club are making plans to construct the two sets for the play themselves. With Jean Hill, '41, as stage manager, the play production class and interested club members are painting flats, arranging color schemes and preparing to shift scenery. It is planned to organize this group as a permanent club within Dramatic Club.

"Holiday" is a delightful lively comedy which has a rather serious theme. Julia Seton is a beautiful gracious young girl, who is in love with handsome Johnny Case, whom she met at a popular winter resort; Linda, Julia's sister is a pretty girl, who is very outspoken in a clever, witty way; Ned is their brother, who, because of his boredom with life, turns to drink; Laura and Seton Cram are snobbish relatives; Susan and Nick Potter are two jolly, happy carefree people whom both Johnny and Linda adore; Edward Seton, the father of Linda, Julia, and Ned, has for his only love and consideration, money, which brings about much trouble. Julia's love and Johnny's love, as in most plays take many ups and down but in the end—Well it doesn't end like most plays.

The cast which rehearses separately during the week and jointly each Saturday, is as follows: Edward Seton, Morris Greiner; Ned Seton, Harold Perkins; Julia Seton, Mary Evelyn Ducey; Linda Seton, Margaret Bebertz; Johnny Case, Mark Thompson; Seton Cram, Paul Saylor; Laura Cram, Ella Hilbish; Nick Potter, Gordon Middleman; Susan Potter, JoAnne Healey; and Delia, Virginia Sumner.

Music Students Give Recital

The student recital was given Tuesday, February 20, at 4:00 o'clock.

Organ—Prelude, Fugue and Chaconne Buxtehude
Mary Elizabeth Rope

Voice—Ye Tender Breezes...Handel
Margaret Bebertz

Piano—From "Scenes from Childhood" Schumann

The Hobby Horse

Catch Me If You Can

Important Event

Virginia Ditges

Voice—

By Dimpled Brook.....Bishop

Oh Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave

Me? Handel

Dorothy Carey

Organ—Bist Du Bei Mir.....Bach
Eleanor Schaffer

Flute—Melodie from the Opera "Orpheus" Gluck

Flute, Ruth Patton

Piano, Mary Elizabeth Rope

Organ—

Prelude in G.....Purcell

Prelude in D.....Clerambault

Florence Succop

Voice—

La Charmante Marguerite.....

..... Old French

Cherry RipeHorn-Scott

Jean Watson

Organ—Second Sonata in C Minor
..... Mendelssohn

Grave—Adagio—

Allegro Maestoso Vivace

Ruth Clark

Voice—

My Mother Loves Me Not, Brahms

The Orders of Friars Grey, Shields

Saul Bernstein

Piano—Reverie Debussy
Sally Cooper McParland

Voice—

Botschaft Brahms

Sonntag Brahms

Gladys Cooper

Students See Movie Of Modern Dancing

Motion pictures of modern dancing and basketball were shown to the student body yesterday in chapel. The film was obtained by the Athletic Association of PCW from the Athletic Federation of College Women.

Dancers famous for their interpretation of modern dancing demonstrated in the film the technique involved in this form of dancing.

Alumnae Disclose Plans For Enlarging Gift Fund

Each year the Alumnae Gift Fund Committee solicits for its annual contribution to the James Laughlin Memorial Library. The gift is books, which are specially marked by their donors.

This year the alumnae are seeking to enlarge the fund by earning the money themselves. Various methods are being used, both group and individual.

Two major group events, the proceeds of which will be turned into the fund are the skating party given by the Greensburg Unit, and a play, "The Little Cuckoo," to be held some time in the near future.

Individual contributions have been made by Mrs. John M. Phillips, chairman of the committee, who is denying herself desserts, and Mrs. George W. Swan, who is sewing pomanders to sell. Mrs. W. Bryce McQuiston is baking cookies and selling them to her friends and Mrs. Forrest Lydic is saving pennies.

Two members are selling magazine subscriptions—Mrs. John C. Thorne and Mrs. George Provost, while Mrs. Leo Jackson is selling the **World Book Encyclopedia**. Mrs. A. G. Patterson is designing smocking for children's dresses.

The profits from all of these projects will be placed into the fund for the library.

Year Book Goes to Press

Nancy Ann Cockerille, editor of the biennial publication, **The Pennsylvanian**, announced today that it has gone to press. The engraving has been finished and the contract for the cover has been let.

The 1940 **Pennsylvanians** will be given to the student body in May.

Junior Dinner

The annual dinner given by the alumnae for the Junior class will be held tomorrow evening at 6:30 at Mrs. George M. Swan's home on Inverness Street.

Besides the entire class, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Spencer and Miss Dorothy M. Shields, faculty advisor of the Junior class, will be present. A short entertainment will be provided later in the evening.

Beth Howard Named Regional Director Of Conference

Beth Howard, '41, has been named Regional Director of the Intercollegiate Conference of Government which will be held April 18-21 in Harrisburg. She will be in charge of the preparation of the fifteen colleges in this district for the Conference, and will conduct a meeting of the colleges of this district at PCW on March 17.

The annual meeting of this Conference is held for the purpose of acquainting students with the functions of government, with all the outstanding colleges of Pennsylvania participating in it. This year it will be in the form of a political convention with each school representing a state and presenting planks for a national platform.

The Conference is divided up into committees; Labor Relations, Agriculture, Foreign Relations, Social Security, Legislation, Finance, Industrial Relations, Taxation, National Resources. Each school will have one vote in the committee and each delegate, one vote in the general session. The Conference is conducted as nearly as possible like the actual national conventions. At the opening session one member of each of the political parties will address the Conference.

Chemical Society Holds Annual Banquet

The Pittsburgh chapter of the American Chemical Society held its annual banquet at the University Club Thursday, February 15. Dr. Earl K. Wallace, head of the Department of Physics and Chemistry, is chairman of this section for 1940.

Members of the PCW ensemble supplied the dinner music, along with the Mellon Institute Men's Quartet. Featured soloists were, harpist Betty Gahagan, and Ruth Mary Arthur and Ruth Patton, flutists. Fay Cumbler, Sally Thomas and Mary E. Rope made up a trio of violin, cello and piano.

The feature of the evening was an award, presented by Dr. Wallace, to Dr. Edward R. Weidlein, Director of Mellon Institute of Industrial Research. Dr. Weidlein received the Pittsburgh award for his distinguished services to Applied Chemistry and to the chemical profession especially in this district.

PCW Student Soloists Sing at Planetarium

The Buhl Planetarium has recently conferred a great honor upon PCW. They have requested the music department to supply soloists during the month of March for the Planetarium's daily program, "The Rebirth of Life in Spring."

There are to be three daily shows Mondays through Fridays and four shows on Saturdays and Sundays.

The girls chosen, Jane Hanauer, Eileen Wessel, Gladys Cooper and Helen Ruth Henderson, will alternate days from the third to the thirty-first of March.

Glee Club Participates In Music Festival

PCW's Glee Club will be among the guest schools participating in the Grove City Music Festival on Saturday, March 16. The featured soloist from PCW will be Jane Hanauer, a contralto, who will sing *Standfchen* by Schubert. The Glee Club will feature Brahms' *Gypsy Song No. 3*. There will also be three pieces sung in combine choruses.

The Festival is a new venture this year, and if it proves successful enough, it will be continued next year.

Well-known Lecturer Speaks in Chapel

Return of Gracious Living will be the topic of a talk by Bonaro W. Overstreet on March 18 in Chapel. Mrs. Overstreet is a well-known poet, author, and lecturer, and has spoken to groups all over the country on literature, poetry, and applied psychology.

Among Mrs. Overstreet's published works are, *The Poetic Way of Release*, which discusses poetry as a relaxation, and *Footsteps on the Earth*, a book of verse, which established her as a poet as well as a critic.

T. Z. Koo Talks

T. Z. Koo will speak in chapel on Tuesday, March 19, according to tentative arrangements.

Mr. Koo is working with the Student Christian Movement in China and is in this country seeking to raise money for the Far Eastern Student Service Fund.

Career Mart

By Althea Lowe, '43

"A successful librarian finds a joy in social service and teamwork and experiences much pleasure when she works with books. She loves variety and possesses enthusiasm and imagination; but beneath it all lies a mind that has trained itself to be accurate and orderly." These were the words of Alice Thurston McGirr, curator and supervising librarian of the reference department of Carnegie Library.

The greatest advantage of library work is found in the variety of the kinds of employment which one may secure, Miss McGirr went on to say. For example, there is work in the general lending department of the public library where one finds a cross section of all library work, but where individual problems are not emphasized. The reference librarian meets the individual problems, placing emphasis on that phase of work. If one is interested in a social field, the subject division rooms would be of great appeal. For one who is interested in periodicals and does not mind detailed work, there is the periodical room to oversee. If scholarly interest is dominant, the work of the cataloguer is suggested; for the cataloguer does not meet the reader, but determines, instead, how each new book shall be used. Then there is always a demand for special librarians in banks and industrial firms where problems are focused on the needs of the particular library. Work in a hospital library would call for a girl with scientific interests, while high school librarians are given the opportunity to direct the reading of young students. Work with children is stressed in divisions of large libraries, while the college librarian is associated with advanced students. "The success of every library depends upon finding the right person for the right place," Miss McGirr reminds us.

The disadvantages of library work were stated quite frankly by Miss McGirr. She says that there is monotony in answering the humdrum questions which are asked so often by the younger students. There is also much detailed work in filing and in the systematic arrangement of material. The hours are longer than that of the teaching profession, numbering forty per week and the

Book Shelf

This England

This England by Mary Ellen Chase is a collection of short, descriptive sketches pertaining to life in the British Isles as seen through the eyes of an American. It is written in an easy entertaining manner sometimes verging on ridicule of the resolute English traditions.

The author has very definite likes and dislikes and assumes that they are those of the average American visitor. She is over-critical at times but between the lines one reads that she respects and admires the English in spite of their being "a source of American irritation." Her comparison of American and English psychology is very clever, and quite exact, as can be perceived within the first few pages of the book. Geographical descriptions of the country are excellent, giving one realistic views of the "best and noblest specimens of English trees."

A Book of Americans

In **A Book of Americans** Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet have given an amusing caricature of some of the outstanding names from our history books in delightfully entertaining verse. The poetry gives the characters a vitality impossible to achieve in ordinary prose. It is heartily recommended as a pleasant surprise to any one who has hitherto found history dull or boring, and as an evening's good fun for all.

salaries are not so high. However, she adds, there is the advantage of a month's vacation with pay, and for one who truly enjoys this work, a large part of the recompense is satisfaction. The fact that very few librarians transfer to other fields proves that security and happiness are as important as larger pay checks in our shifting world. Most librarians, who are graduates of a library school, are easily placed; and if districts which are now without library facilities were supplied with such, the demand would grow.

In order to enter a library school, one must have a degree from a recognized college and a personal recommendation. A knowledge of social studies, literature, languages, and science is needed. With the proper training and love of the work, a girl can find one of the finest vocations in work as a librarian.

The Dyed Committee Comes Through

By Jean Burchinal, '42

We are becoming fatigued and old beyond our years with the constant rain of historical movies and books. Even as a child we knew that the spoonful of jelly contained an unpleasant pill and we have not retrogressed since then; we are still able to pierce through the extremely thin coating of glamour and boy-meets-girl and detect the small but unpleasant pill of history underneath. We resent it. It gives us the feeling that "they" are trying to put something over on us and there is nothing that arouses our ire quite so much as that sort of thought, because we realize that underneath it all we have an extreme credulity in matters we know little about.

We are not just basing our tirade upon pure prejudice, either, though we have been suspected of that crime against logic several times (twice convicted under an alias). We have triumphantly dragged out a reason for our bitterness and we are basking in the light of unsuspected knowledge and smugness. With unerring judgement we have discovered the danger of this cycle and we are prepared to lay our conclusions at your very probably indifferent feet.

Think, we say eloquently and with perfect mastery of words, of the children! Think, we continue building up to our climax, of the complexes fostered in these innocent young heads, as yet devoid of Freudian horrors, by seeing these complex-fostering movies and by hearing their history - overlaid - with - sex-crazed parents discuss these immorally historic books! Are you thinking? Are you impressed with our style? So are we, but we're dropping it—it's not the initial cost, it's the upkeep.

We are horror-stricken at the thought of modern hard-boiled children (they frighten us anyway, they know so much more than we do), weaned from the old-fashioned history books which did not profess to have glamour, confronting us with the unanswerable statement that Louis Pasteur was Paul Muni who changed his name and wrote books later as Emile Zola; that Jesse James was Tyrone Power, an all-around good guy (oh, that **anybody** should think that!) killed just because he cracked a couple of banks; that somehow Alexander of Alexander's Ragtime Band was that same Tyrone

Faculty Dons Mask and Wig For Annual Entertainment

My College profs once scared me stiff.

I disobeyed them never;
But since the Dean burlesqued the Queen

Them days is gone forever.

No, it isn't the Revolution—just the aftermath of the Prof's Frolic after the Valentine dinner. The fun began, after the dorm and day students had left their respective dinners and gathered expectantly in the darkened auditorium. The curtain rose on a scene from the **Wizard of Oz**, with the Wizard none other than witty Dr. Wallace (Earl to Mrs. Shupp), who did an inspired bit of ad-libbing when he nonchalantly clicked for Minerva. The theme of the performance was the naughty-cal adventures of those three *petits poissons* Miss Mowry, Dr. Scholl and Mr. Collins—all dressed in the very latest from Paris. Which explains their appearance. C'est la guerre!

Power (he got around and was evidently just pretending to be dead) mixing it up with plump Alice Faye—he later divorced her when he met the dame, Loretta Young, (who had been the wife of Alexander Graham Bell) and built the Suez Canal. Oh, the confusion of it all, the thoughts of what-is-the-world-coming-to-anyway and this-modern-generation-heading-for-the-dogs that enter our minds! Do you not realize the portent? Are you still blind to the omens?

Have we say, relapsing back into what we artists call the "grand style," (it being easier than we thought)—have we not proved our point? Must we longer endure this corruption of the minds of our future statesman? Imagine for one bitter terrified moment the future statesman ruling so that he may become a movie (played by Don Ameche who invented the telephone under the name of Alexander Graham Bell just a little while before). Oh, perish the heartrending thought! (We only wanted you to entertain it for a moment anyway.)

Join now our League for the Preservation of Youthful Morals Through Elimination of Historical Books and Movies—fifty cents entitles you to keep away from ten such movies and books. Give us your fifty cents now and know that you are contributing to a worthy cause!

The second scene, in which the three little fishes visited the Boggis and Buhl Planetarium was dominated by some puns of doubtful origin, as a result of which a certain Shakespeare class is threatening to boycott the professor.

Came next **Rain in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth**, with Miss Marks, resplendent in a barley-candy crown as Queen Bess. And Dr. Spencer, in a most becoming yellow wig played the May Queen. The natural dignity of the scene was somewhat marred by the May Queen hitching up his trousers before he sat down, and then losing his crown, leaving the audience to wonder, but not in silence, what went on behind the "Umbrella Built For Two."

The next scene was **Gone With the Wind**, originally starring Dr. Rhett Butler, but due to Dr. Butler's absence, the part was taken by doctorette Shupp, who looked most fetching in a high silk topper. Dr. Griggs, in green eyelashes and a replica of the May Queen's wig, gave a touching performance as the melancholy belle who hooked the plans for the fortifications. Shh. Shh. Shh. Dr. Kinder, as the city slicker, was magnificent in checked trousers, and Madame Owens, was an r-rolling, pipe-smoking double for Detective Poirot.

During the interlude, Dean Marks, resplendent in and almost obscured by an ostrich feather hat, sang "Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage." Came then a dance by Mr. Collins. Both were enthusiastically encored.

In the fourth scene, the three little fishes visit the **Think Factory**, an exact replica of the students' favorite dream. Machines, invented by scientist Doxsee turned out A themes and blue-books, and correctly punctuated. Dr. Hunter did an admirable bit in which she sang a song about a brain. Miss Kerst did some excellent imitations of Bergen and McCarthy, and Dr. Doxsee cavorted around the stage on his favorite hobby, philosophy.

In the final scene, the three little fishes, sick of higher education decided to go back to the sea, and the play ended with the faculty's exhorting the students to give next year's entertainment . . . The curtain fell, and the students went home to rub liniment on ribs that ached from laughing at the amusing, amazing, and most appreciated faculty.

FUN FARE

By Betty Crawford

There is nothing like a good evening of fun to take one's mind away from the horrible shocks of semester grades. If your grades weren't so good (and whose were?), then you might as well enjoy your flunking. And if you came through with flying colors, why, what better excuse for some celebration?

Hitting the high spots of Pittsburgh first, have you heard Lang Thompson at the Chatterbox? The orchestra's one of the best the William Penn has had for a long (or Lang . . . if you prefer) time. 'Nough said, for the combination speaks for itself!

The Gay Nineties Room in the Hotel Henry has an "unusual" atmosphere . . . at least it is something different for all of us who came in with the modern furniture period. The room takes you back to the period of heavy, massive carved furniture, many mirrors with ornate gilt frames . . . its air is distinctly 1890. A pianist is there to play your request numbers . . . and everything is quite in keeping with the Gay Nineties' atmosphere, and feeling. Lots of fun when you want something different.

Naturally the most important thing which comes to our minds when thinking of music and dancing and wonderful times is our own Prom. The Twentieth Century Club will provide a wonderful background for the **Candlelight Ball**, sponsored by the Junior Class. Bunny Berigan's orchestra is so well known that there remains nothing to say except to remind everyone to be there the night of March 1. And don't forget the Lambda Pi Mu Tea Dance the following afternoon. This dance is to be a gypsy one . . . with lots of surprises promised. Ches Walters' orchestra will play from three until six, March 2 . . . This dance has a worthy cause behind all its fun, for it is to raise money for the scholarship fund. PCW's one really "big" week-end is on March 1 and 2 . . . so why not everyone "let her hair down," fall into the swing of things, and really have a grand time by going to the Candlelight Ball and the Gypsy Tea Dance?

Our Town by Thornton Wilder is scheduled to open at the Playhouse February 27, running through to March 16. This is a delightful play . . . very, very different from the usual type of drama. To begin with there is no scenery, but it isn't missed at all, after the play gets under way. This is one of the experimentations of the theater which has been very successful. The play is amusing, different, and has some nice bits of philosophy running through it. Really, don't miss **Our Town**!

Of Mice and Men needs no introduction as being a picture everyone should see, particularly if you missed it on the stage. Burgess Meredith, Betty Field and Lon Chaney, Jr., are cast in the main roles. Since John Steinbeck has so recently become a popular, and much-talked-about author, a good movie version of his book is practically inevitable.

We'll see you at the Prom and Tea Dance.

SPORTSCOPE

By Janet Ross

Monday, the 12th, the Yellow team won a lack-lustre victory from the Reds by default and, in actual playing the score was 18-11. The generally sloppy playing was perhaps to be expected as this was the first game of the season. Peggy Dunseath and Betty Hazeltine put up a valiant, though losing, fight with some very accurate work in push-up shots near the basket. Julia Wells was high-scorer, garnering 8 points for the saffron-hued team.

YELLOW

	Pos.	Pts.
Dunseath, M.	F	6
Hazeltine, B.	F	5
Evans, J.	G	..
Ludlow, A.	G	..
Sweet, J.	G	..
		—
		11

RED

Browne, S.	F	3
Wells, J.	F	8
Doerr, N.	F	2
Lambie, M.	G	..
Browne, B.	G	..
Patton, R.	G	..
Browne, B.	F	5
		—
		18

Wednesday, the 14th, brought forth a double-header with the Blue versus the Green and the Reds (this is beginning to sound Communistic) combatting the Black. The first game was lost by the default of the Green to the Blue team and the second, while played, was not official since neither team had sufficient performers. The official victory of the Blues was rather hollow, for, when playing against the members of the Green team who did come out and some willing aids from other teams, the Variegated team squashed them under a barrage to the tune of 24-8. Leading scoremaker was Mocky Anderson with 15 "swishes."

BLUE

	Pos.	Pts.
Archer, J.	F	0
Ross, J.	F	6
Maley, N.	F	2
Wolf, C.	G	..
Murray, J.	G	..
Janouch, M.	G	..
		—
		8

VARIEGATED

	Pos.	Pts.
Anderson, M.	F	15
Sweet, J.	F	5
Doerr, N.	F	4
Wolff, M.	G	..
O'Neill, J.	G	..
Browne, B.	G	..
		—
		24

The second half of this double feature was a close fight with the Reds gathering 22 points to the 20 of their worthy opponents. Both teams played with only five girls.

RED

	Pos.	Pts.
Hazeltine, B.	F	7
Sweet, J.	F	13
Evans, J.	F	2
Ludlow, A.	G	..
Browne, B.	G	..
		—
		22

BLACK

	Pos.	Pts.
Black, B.	F	7
Wolff, M.	F	7
Ross, J.	F	6
Noonan, M.	G	..
Keffer, E.	G	..
		—
		20

HEAR AND THEIR

By Healey and Higgins

By rights, this column should concern cherry trees
Seeing as how this is George Washington's birthday,
But legends of axes ain't widely read like romantical
factses,
Or so Confucius (and later, Walter Winchell) say.

Sooooo—Happy Birthday, George, and Heil Confucius,
and here we go.

Resume-ing Valentine Day, many and varied were the
Sweets to the Sweet. Among the legion who received the
caloric candies were Amy McKay, Eileen Wechsler, Helen
Moore, Julie Wheldon, etc., etc., etc.

And among those who had it said with flowers were
Doris Dodd, with gardenias, Ruth Wright was camellias,
Punky Cook with red roses and Betty Hazeltine with
Yale blooms. (Also etc., etc., etc.)

It seems to be a great year for touring, with Mary
Linn Marks having gone to Lehigh, Ginny Gillespie to
Cornell, Mary Jane Harter to Dartmouth Winter Carnival
and Mary Graham and Ellen Copeland to Princeton.
Great thing, co-education!

And who said women were the weaker sex . . . or
did someone? Anyway, both Ginnie Spear and Jane
McClung had tiffs with their erstwhile squires, and soon
after, both got flowers from said squires. Which would
seem to indicate sweeping victories, or at least decisive
gains for the femmes.

Our congratulations to Alice Chattaway, Jean Bur-
chinal, and Mary Louise Henry (in order of their class
importance), all of whom are now eligible to join the
P. P. U. (Pin Possessors' Union).

Our condolences to Wuzzy the Sailor Man, Alice Pro-
vost's little middy, who is soon to part company with his
appendix. (We ain't sure what that tar has, but he cer-
tainly crashes through in this column.)

Another club we are planning on starting is the I. B.
I. A. D. Society. It threatens to become a national or-
ganization, and we hope you will join it soon. The
initials stand for "I Bumped Into a Door" and one black
eye entitles you to a life membership, two black eyes
and we hire you a hall. Among the newer members are
Pat Brennan and Janet Murray. Join now, and get your
beefsteak while it's fresh.

PCW carried the fight to Tech Territory, Junior Prom
Nite. Among those present were Ella Hilbish, Mary
Anne Bell, Jean McGowan, Betty Anne Baker, Caddie
Lou Kinzer, Jean Cate, Brice Black, Peggy Christy and
Margaret Longwell. Further comment can probably be
found in any Tech publication. (Adv.)

(Another adv.) Dear Miss Logue: Please have a date
with Heath Stevens.

Add Items: Beryl Bahr giving Don Park the go-by
. . . Peg Matheny expecting a Greek god from Yale . . .
Joan Myers getting steady mail (or male—optional) from
Butler . . . Ruth Patton having trouble with Pitt and
Tech.

SLANTS AND ANGLES

By Betty Eastwood

Keep Plugging

The young people of America are taking their place in
the sun of late, and in the newspapers too. The Na-
tional Youth Congress, which met last week, was the oc-
casion of two addresses, one by the President and one by
John L. Lewis, in opposition to the President's remarks.
In both speeches there is much that smacks of political
subtlety, if you ask us; and it's hard to say who won
the argument. But the President came through with
a remark that might well be kept in mind by all of us,
who claim to be the youth—the future governors of
America. It is our task to improve this country if it is
to be done by anyone, and Mr. Roosevelt's formula is
this: "Keep your ideals high, keep both feet on the
ground and keep everlastingly at it." Now there is some-
thing that makes sense. It is a formula that most of us
find essential in the business of living, for sitting back
in time of stress, or letting opposition or temporary de-
feat lessen the goal we seek, will never bring us to the
end of any hard job. What applies in our personal life
has a chance of working out in national affairs too; and
the lazy man's answer that he is but one individual in
the great nation won't break down the analogy because
the nation after all is only a group of people trying to
live together. In such a system each person is important,
and three newspaper pages devoted to the texts and dis-
cussions of the speeches before the Youth Congress are
evidence that the young people are extremely important.
We've got our marching orders now. In our daily living,
our search for a place in the sun, our relations with the
powers that run the country, we must keep at it.

It's Bed-time!

They came to Mayor La Guardia of New York the
other night and told him his name had been filed in the
Illinois Republican Presidential primary. His reply to
them throws a new light on the old maxim, "Every boy
may become President." To it Mr. La Guardia might
say, we think, "So what?" It ain't no fun to be the boss,
and when they approached him after a hard day, and
just after he had put his slippers on, the idea was too
fatiguing to be considered. Yes, it used to be thought
glorious to be President, something like being a King,
but not so now. Business is business, and so is the presi-
dency.

Back to Nature

We, as a civilization, have been very proud of the
way we have advanced away from our primitive state.
We have been especially proud of our equipment for
fighting wars. It is strange under such circumstances
to see the weather uppermost in military accounts. But
sub-zero weather has been a bug-bear to the Russians
in Finland, and the spring mud is not going to help
either. On the other hand, the sun will not help the
Finns any by shining almost all night, and showing the
way for bombing planes. It looks as if we had better
not feel too superior to nature, 'cause the old laws still
work, and we are not as smart as we thought we were.

Spring and Mr. Fosbee... by Marden Armstrong, '42

Spring had come to Harding Street. Mr. Fosbee knew it the moment he opened his eyes, for there was a certain softness in the light that came in his window, and a new fragrance in the air. And as he stepped into his morning shower he thought of rain-wet violets, and he smiled. He was a little shocked at himself for smiling—it was unconventional for one to smile in one's shower. And besides, there was the possibility of getting soap in one's mouth. So he abruptly closed his mouth, and stepped dutifully under the cascade of water.

But the strange, happy feeling persisted, even when he went downstairs for his breakfast, and he forgot to be embarrassed by the pert maid who set his steaming brown coffee before him, and deftly cracked his soft-boiled egg with something that was very close to impudence.

His little blue eyes twinkled behind his thick-lensed glasses, and as he put his derby on his dusty brown hair, an extraordinarily clear-cut picture of the Eiffel Tower persisted in possessing his mind. He was a little disturbed by this, but he admitted to himself that it looked unusually lovely against the French spring sky of his imagination.

It was Mr. Fosbee's duty every morning to take Cuddles, his wife's precocious terrier, for a walk. It had been agonizingly embarrassing at first, and he had gotten up before daylight, and slunk out of the house and around the block with the dog before anyone else was up. But habit had grown on him, and now he cheerfully exposed himself and Cuddles to the public eye without much concern. So accordingly, at fifteen minutes to the hour, Mr. Fosbee slipped the leash on Cuddles, and the two of them emerged into the spring sunlight of Harding Street.

The shrubbery was dusted lightly with pale green down, and there were three silver crocuses laughing at one another on the lawn. It was damp and clean and sparkling, and a faint scent of lemon lingered in the air; and with all this, gentle Mr. Fosbee felt a glad singing in his heart.

Everything went well going down Harding Street, but it was on the corner of Harding and Gormeley

Avenue that Mr. Fosbee stopped short. For there in the very middle of the sidewalk was a very small boy standing on his head. This extraordinary phenomenon, appearing so early in the morning, disturbed even the complacent Cuddles, who uttered a sharp, surprised bark. This succeeded in startling the young acrobat so that he lost his balance, and came down in a tumbled heap right at the neatly polished shoes of Mr. Fosbee.

"Darn it!" said the very small boy.

Mr. Fosbee's mouth opened and then closed again. Then he said slowly:

"I say, are you hurt?"

"Naw!"

"Well, here, let me help you up."

"Naw! I can get up all right."

And he scrambled to his feet, and picked up his cap.

"I'm sorry if . . .," Mr. Fosbee began weakly.

"T'ain't nothin'."

"What were you trying to do?"

"Well, you see I'm tryin' to break the record."

"Break the record . . .," repeated Mr. Fosbee vaguely.

The very small boy looked rather disgusted with Mr. Fosbee. Imagine not knowing what anything as important as the "record" was.

"All the kids in the neighborhood are tryin' to see which one can stand on his head for the longest time. I can do it for two an' a quarter minutes."

And his chest swelled out like a piece of popcorn.

"My word!" said Mr. Fosbee in astonishment.

"It's a pretty good trick," said the very small boy.

"Oh, I don't doubt that," Mr. Fosbee agreed.

"Yessir, I can do it longer than anyone 'cept Roger McKnight. He can do it for three minutes."

"Is he the champion?"

"Yes, but he won't be for long,

'cause I'm gettin' to be pretty good. I've been practicin'."

Mr. Fosbee smiled a quiet, happy smile, and wasn't shocked at himself for doing it at all.

"Yes," he said, "Yes, I think you'll be the next champion. That McKnight fellow had better watch out."

The very small boy grinned at him, revealing a gaping hole where a tooth had been.

"Gee, thanks!"

There was a silence for a moment, and then he turned to Mr. Fosbee.

"Say, would you like me to teach you how to do it?"

Mr. Fosbee thought of the Eiffel Tower, and rain-wet violets, and his wife at home in bed, and he very quickly said, "Yes."

And the maid from the great red-brick house on the corner of Harding Street and Gormeley Avenue was very much surprised when she came out for the morning milk, to see a slender, middle-aged man with thick-lensed glass and dusty brown hair, standing on his head on the sidewalk, while a very small boy holding a precocious little terrier danced wildly around him, cheering.

Duty

By Marden Armstrong, '42

When you have gone
I will bring
Wet violets from the marsh
And jonquils from my garden
For your grave there
Under the elm.

And when at night
I kneel
Before my high white bed
I will say
Thin prayers for you:
And I will think about
Mornings in the meadow.
But I will not weep.

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Pastoral

... by Marjorie Wood, '42

The thick wavy branches and the curling underbrush sought to keep her from her climb, but she pushed them impatiently aside and continued on her way. A bird on a nearby branch caused her to pause and listen to his shrill "Pt-see! Pt-see!" Little scoundrel! He knew and she knew that he could afford to be smug, for his babies were well hidden from prying eyes and ungentle hands.

But her goal was the top, and she would never reach it if she did not hurry. A tiny patter of drops emptied into a warm summer rain, and the girl turned up her face to meet it. A small animal darted from her path and was lost in the hollow log before her dreamy eyes could turn downward from the tops of the swaying trees. But then she hurried on.

Pausing for a moment at the end of the long climb, the girl caught her breath in big gasps and then followed the winding path through the forest which became thinner and thinner, until she suddenly noticed that the trees were no longer with her and she was out under the summer skies. Try as she might, the girl had never been able to discover just where the forest left off and the meadow began. Here the thick mountain grass with its long curling blades brought to mind her younger days and the feel of the new baby blades of grass against her bare toes.

But even here the girl would not linger. She hurried on, and now the Rock came into sight. Her steps lengthened to a trot and finally she clambered atop the huge grey Rock which she had always called "her house." The single tree beside it made a good roof, for it permitted an abundance of light and air, and even running water at times. But now the shower had long since ceased and the sun sparkled down at her.

The tiny things of the earth were again busy at work and play and the girl laughed to see a tottering Daddy Long Legs waving about five or six of his eight legs in different directions at the same time.

"What is the matter, Daddy? Did you get cramped in your little hole during the rain or is your rheumatism bothering you again?"

But she was only prolonging the moment, turning it over in her mind, tasting its sweetness on her tongue, remembering its delights, and thinking that it couldn't be as wonderful as she was picturing it. When she

could wait no longer she closed her eyes and rolled over on to her tummy.

Opening her eyes she gasped, and knew that it was still as wonderful—yes, even more wonderful—than she had ever dreamed of it. For she was looking straight down, down, from the top of the dizzy height into the peaceful valley below.

The recent rain had lifted the branches of the trees to meet it and now they danced merrily in the breeze and beckoned coaxingly to her. The girl felt the same cool breeze on her face and it made her feel close to the trees—almost close enough to touch them.

A rosy mist hung over the tiny village in the distance.

The tall spire of the little church brought to mind the time the preacher had permitted "Brother Hawkins's granddaughter" to ring the bell for church, and how her hot little hand had clung to the bell rope desperately until the preacher had declared that, "Folks'll hear that fer miles 'n miles around."

But the town was far in the distance, while just below was the most beautiful sight of all. The girl's eyes followed the rushing stream where it wound itself under the bridge and around the hill, past the house. The little white house, nestled beneath four tall dark pines which stood like silent sentries, one at each corner of the house. There was more to see.

The incorrigible little stream was never still, but babbled and gurgled from morning until night. Not that anyone ever listened, but it didn't seem to mind talking to itself in the least. String and willow rods, wiggly worms on bent pins, made a hot afternoon pass quickly under a shady tree and sometimes there were three or four "chubs" to feed to the cat and her kittens. If the fish wouldn't bite, paddle wheels were great sport and damming up the creek was a never ending delight—never ending because the dam always broke and had to be built up again.

Far below was the patient cow crossing the stream. Either the grass on the other bank was greener and juicier or old Jerse just wanted to cool her feet. In the evening the children would cluster around to watch the mystic process of taking the warm milk from the uncom-

plaining cow. The girl had often held Jerse's tail to prevent her from switching Grandma in the face in her quest for an imaginary fly. Then, with a slap on the rump, the cow would be gone and the kittens would crowd around the old iron skillet that had been almost worn smooth by the many generations of rough tongues. It was their turn for the rich foaming milk, and how they lapped it up!

Then there were the chickens and the garden and the corn crib, but the girl's wandering eye found the postman's boy on his bicycle delivering the afternoon mail. Already he wore glasses like his father. She thought it highly probable that he read the postcards too. His shrill whistle (which emerged unaided from the gap between his two front teeth) floated up to her and she had an idea that if she called "Hello!" he might hear her.

As he rode again up the path she watched, but her eyes stayed at the huge stone where she had found the ugly crushed body of a snake, his head lying several feet away with staring eyes and cruel tongue. She shuddered, just as she had cringed and run screaming to her mother that first day. But she had been very young then.

The girl lay dreaming of the things that spread before her, the sweet smelling haymow at the top of the barn, the dark hen house with the rows of perches and nests and a few white eggs. Sometimes there was a dead chicken with a ripped throat and Grandpa would oil his gun and mumble a few words in his beard.

Suddenly there was a slight noise behind her and at the foot of the Rock. Startled, she turned around and looked straight into the eyes of a doe, gazing inquisitively at her. The doe wheeled and loped off down the trail, followed by her tiny fawn on his long unsteady legs. The girl laughed to see him stumble and recover himself gracefully.

But she hadn't noticed how low the red sun had sunk behind his curtain of green-black trees. Grandma expected punctuality at dinner and she would have to hurry. She scrambled down from "her house" after one last look at the valley below and hastened so fast that she didn't notice when the trees had started and the open meadow and the lovely day lay far behind.

White Butterfly

... by Jean Miller, '42

The nursery lamp was dimmed. If you looked long enough at the teddy bears on the wall paper they moved around the room like stiff toy soldiers. Most nights Marilyn played talking games with all the Mother Goose figures on the wall until she fell asleep but tonight was different. This was the last night she would be in the nursery for a long time. She might change her mind about going away if she played with the teddy bears or else she might go to sleep. No, she must stay awake until Momma and Daddy were sound asleep. She pinched her chubby arms from time to time, and now and then sat straight up in bed. Maybe if she would tell herself the "Martha story" until everyone was quiet that would keep her awake. Martha was one of Gramp's little girls. Marilyn knew just what she looked like though she had never seen her.

"She looked like you, Darling. She had big gray eyes and curly hair like yours, bright as a new-minted penny. It was always mussed up, too." Here Grampa always ran his wrinkled hand over her red curls, smoothing them as he told the story.

"It was a lovely night, crisp and cool, and the full moon high over the trees made the night almost as bright as day. The fairies get bold on such a night and dance clear to the edge of the forest. I used to talk to Martha about the fairies and she wanted to see them badly. She had been very sick and had talked about the fairies for many nights; so I told her I would take her to see them come the first full moon. 'Twas long about the end of the month when I saw in the almanac that there would be a full moon that night. About 9 o'clock I bundled Martha up and walked with her to the edge of the woods and sure enough—there were the fairies dancing and singing. Martha and I stood there hand in hand to watch them. They were gay little souls in white dresses, so white it almost hurt your eyes to look at them. Made them water like. See, honey, even remembering makes my eyes water again." Here Grampa always had to pull out his clean white handkerchief and wipe his eyes and blow his nose real loud.

"Well we stood there and watched them for awhile and listened to them sing. They had tiny voices, sounded like birds a'twittering. Then, kind of sudden like Martha turned and

kissed me and hugged me tight," Marilyn was sorry Grampa wasn't telling her the story now. He always looked so sad, like Bumpy when she and Momma and Daddy went for a ride and left him home, that she just had to hug him, too. Grampa was nice to hug; he didn't squeeze your arms like Aunt Eve did.

"Then the strangest thing happened. Martha turned into a white butterfly and flew above my head. I watched her while she flew down to the fairies. Two of them took her hands and she danced with them. I called to her to come back but the fairies heard me and ran farther into the woods with her. Martha stopped and turned back and I thought for a minute she was going to come to me, but she only waved, and Pou! The fairies and Martha had disappeared behind a big oak tree."

Marilyn finished the story she had been whispering to herself and listened intently. Momma and Daddy had stopped talking and Marilyn heard Daddy making that noise that meant he was asleep. Momma called it snoring but Daddy said he just "breathed heavily." She sat up and shivered slightly, for the night was chilly. Slipping on her robe and slippers, she crept to the window. Yes, she could see the moon. Grampa had said there would be a full moon tonight. But it wasn't nearly bright as day. Maybe it just looked darker from the inside.

She emptied her doll suitcase and carried it to the cupboard. She had already planned the things she would take with her. Her white dress, because Grampa said the fairies wore white ones. Her new petticoat with the lace ruffle. She would wear her red striped dress so the white one wouldn't get dirty. There, that was ready. She laid the dress on the bed and took her blue coat and leggings from the hanger. Now, to find her white mittens. She opened the small top drawer where Momma kept her socks and mittens but only her red mittens were there. Well, she'd have to wear the old red ones; she hadn't time to look for the others. Marilyn wasn't quite sure how late the fairies danced. It must be very late now, past 10 o'clock. She'd have to hurry.

Her Dr. Denton pajamas buttoned in the back and she could reach only

the top button. Her small hands were cold against her neck. She tried again and again and her arms hurt from the effort. Well, she'd just have to wear her pajamas under her dress. She hoped the fairies wouldn't mind. She pulled on her leggings and fastened her coat. She padded softly about the room. Shoes! She would wear the new white ones she wore Sundays. She put them on and laced them but her hands were too cold to make bows on the laces so she had to knot them.

Marilyn snapped the small suitcase shut and tucked the big white teddy bear under one arm. There! She was all ready. She had gotten as far as the door when she remembered she had not brushed her hair. But Martha wore hers mussed so the fairies must not mind that.

The hall was very quiet. Marilyn hesitated at the top of the stairs. The living room just beyond the foot of the stairs was full of darkness. She didn't really want to go by herself. But Grampa only said she was too young when she'd asked him to take her. She'd asked Mommy and Daddy, too, but Daddy said to go to sleep like a good girl and he'd buy her a new fairy story tomorrow. Well, she just had to go tonight. There might not be another full moon until she was big as Momma. Marilyn was quite sure the fairies never took big people to fairyland. They had left Grampa when they took Martha. Not that she intended to stay very long. Just a day or two. She would even ask Martha to come back to Grampa so he wouldn't think the story was so sad. He wouldn't tell it to her very often any more.

The stairs creaked loudly. Funny they never creaked in the daytime. They must breathe heavy when they slept, too, just like Daddy. She could see better now. The moonlight came in through the French doors just like the sun did. Marilyn guessed this was the first time she'd ever seen moonlight. The quiet was scary and she was glad she heard Bumpy's toe-nails clicking on the floor. He wiggled all over when he saw her. She hugged him and kissed him good-bye, but she followed her to the door.

"Shh! Go to bed, Bumpy. Fairies don't take little dogs. I'm quite sure. I'll ask them though and take you

next time if they say yes. Now go lie down."

She turned the knob. She turned it again but it clicked back in place. The door must be stuck. Or maybe it was asleep; it always opened in the daytime. She tried the knob again. Then her small foot kicked the door gently. But it wouldn't open.

"Matt, did you hear that . . . Maybe we left Bumpy out! Better go see!"

Daddy was coming down; she heard his slippers squeaking on the steps, and he yawned out loud. Marilyn crouched down in the corner by the door. Maybe he wouldn't see her here.

"Bumpy, here boy." Then he saw her curled up in a small bundle—one hand on Bumpy's collar, the other holding tightly to her white teddy bear. Beside the door stood the small suitcase on which he had painted the name of her doll in red letters.

"Marilyn, baby, what are you doing down here?"

Daddy picked her up and carried her upstairs.

Momma came into the nursery. Her hair was all mussed, too, and she had on her green robe. She turned up the fire and helped Marilyn take off the white shoes and her coat and leggings and dried her tears.

"But, darling, you couldn't really see the fairies you know. Martha was my little sister." Marilyn thought it was funny she never thought of that before.

"She was very sick. The white butterfly Grampa told you about was really Martha's soul. When she danced with the fairies, the fairies took her to heaven. That's what fairyland really is, you know. When you go with the fairies you don't come back; and Daddy and I really need you here with us."

Marilyn didn't understand. She was disappointed. The fairies would have let her come back. They only kept good children in heaven and if she had said "darnit" like Daddy sometimes did or pulled the arm off her teddy bear they would have sent her home quick as Peter Rabbit. Maybe there would be a full moon some other time. Then she would leave again only she'd go earlier before the door got so sound asleep. The teddy bears were running around the wall so fast she couldn't keep her eyes on them. When the bears went so fast Marilyn couldn't play with them. She just shut her eyes and went to sleep.

Etchings of Beauty and Hatred

By Dorothy Vale, '42

The long steeply sloping mountain side was almost entirely free of trees or brush but was covered instead with drifts of snow that had banked against every rock or hollow in the ground. Each drift was crowned with a thin spume of snow-smoke, so that the mountain side seemed to undulate as the smoke rose and fell almost imperceptibly with the rise and fall of the wind. Crowning the mountain top were the evergreens, stunted and gnarled as they crouched before the wind, with low-flung branches.

Up from the valley a man trudged, his skis making a herring bone design on the snow. Occasionally he stumbled, for the ground was rough and he was watching the snow-smoke, and the evergreens instead of the path. And although Gustav would have denied such thoughts, he appreciated the beauty of the scene. His eyes seemed to say "this is an etching—these shadows of drift and smoke and rock on snow, these stunted trees with limbs sharply silhouetted against the sky. And the sky is not blue, but a blinding light that squints the eyes and brings tears that freeze on the lashes."

Half way up the mountain Gustav went more slowly and carefully, for the way was steep and very long. The muffler folded around the lower part of his face was stiff with the frozen moisture of his breath.

Up and up he trudged, until he reached the summit and the shelter of the trees, where the keen bite of the wind was lost in the roar of a thousand violins. Gustav turned and looked back down the path he had left in the snow to the panorama spread below, and his eyes said "the work of a master craftsman and a master artist."

Then, finally, he turned again and focused his binoculars on a distant river valley. At last he found what he sought, a long wavering line of men and horses moving along the frozen river ice. His eyebrows slanted sternly downward and the crease etched deep between his brows deepened. His face was wrinkled and old as he strained to see the tiny figures that made up that line. They were tiny, spiritless figures with bowed heads and plodding snow-shoed feet, weary figures. Gustav scowled even more as he felt

a stirring of pity for them. "At that rate it will be two days before they reach Lake Ladoga. Are we worthy of no better foe than this?" he said. And then he added, irrelevantly, "They're half-dead already."

He looked away abruptly, and then, binoculars in their case, and rifle shifted to a more comfortable position, he glided into the evergreens. Swiftly and easily he turned through the trees along the very ridge of the mountain, until finally as the sun descended beyond the horizon, he too descended, swiftly, with the wind at his back. Black storm clouds hastened the night as he sped the last miles over the lake ice. The first deluge of snow came just before he reached his post on the outskirts of Roalte.

No more thoughts of etchings or pity as Gustav finished his report to his superior "—and if this blizzard keeps up it will be at least three days before they reach the pass." His superior, too, had the same grim forboding line etched deep in his forehead as he replied, "We will have enough powder by then."

Time

By Marden Armstrong, '42

Time is a white bird

Flying

Over the pale desert—

Flying

To the distant purple hills

Where the sun sleeps

In a deep and soundless lake.

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No Man's Land

... by Dorothy Lou Evans, '42

It wasn't the same white ribbon I used to drive my two-wheeler down as a boy. No, that long expanse of road was no longer the one you could curl your bicycle tires around. It was broken, broken by shell holes, debris, barbed wire entanglements and horror. We had been bumping along for two solid hours, dodging those yawning shell holes as deftly as possible. Our cargo of wounded men was uppermost in our minds as we sped through the night toward the base hospital.

There were four men back there. Or, I should say, three men and a boy badly wounded, two on the point of death. Jim was one of them. Jim Bradley, the kid I had grown up with, the kid with whom I had gone to high school and college, the kid with whom I had climbed apple trees and silyly smoked my first corn silk behind the garage. The kid with whom I had enlisted, he as private, I as ambulance driver and relief doctor.

This country side had been our home through the first ten years of our life. Our parents had been Americans living in the American settlement. Then, his parents having been killed in a train accident, Jim had come to live with us, and we had moved back to America. Now we were home again, in France, not as youngsters playing soldier over the countryside, but as real soldiers, fighting in front-line trenches.

Jim had been one of the first to go over the top, night before last, and one of the first to stop enemy shells as they shrieked through No Man's Land.

I turned to my partner who was driving that old crate, a poor excuse for mercy. He was one of the best drivers in the service. His jaw was set firmly and his eyes were fixed on the road watching for every gutted out place and fallen tree.

"My God, Pete, cut that speed down a little. Those poor fellows will die before you get them there."

Without removing his eyes from the road he muttered, "Who's drivin' this thing? These guys gotta' get to the hospital before dawn. We have an hour's grind yet."

Nervously I shifted my eyes back again to the road and then to the rear of the truck.

Pete slowed for a second. "Sorry kid, but you ain't done this as long as I have. You don't dare drive these roads in the daylight, even sportin' a red-cross flag big enough to cover a ten acre lot. You gotta' drive at night, and fast!"

"Sorry Pete, I know, I—"

"If you want to crawl in back for a while and look after the guys, I'll slow down, but make it snappy."

I smiled my thanks and jumped out of the cab. As I jumped I was certain I heard the drone of planes overhead but the sound died away and I hopped into the rear.

I would have finished my year's internship the next June if I hadn't enlisted, so I was fairly confident when I bent over those men—those men and Jim—and attempted to administer some first-aid and comfort.

Two of the men were, by God's blessing, unconscious; one was delirious from pain and appeared to have little time left to suffer.

Jim lay there wide-eyed, pain written clearly in every boyish line on his face. He was just a year younger than I, but looked only about sixteen. I stooped by his stretcher and tried to move him into a more comfortable position. He smiled weakly and whispered for a cigarette. I fished one from my tunic and lit it for him.

"O. K., kid, we'll be there shortly. When I jumped out of the cab, do you know where we were? Down by La Grande. Remember, Madame Dulong and her filled doughnuts? We used to beg them from her when we were kids."

Jim nodded reminiscently. "Yes, Timmy. We must be near our old house by now."

"Any time now, old fellow."

These last words of mine were swallowed up by sudden spurts of fire; the truck swerved and lights flashed through my head. That was the last I remembered for some time.

When I came to, I was lying across something cold. I moved my arm but a sharp twisting pain stopped me. I lay there for a few minutes till things began to clear, then tried again. This time it was easier, and I managed to roll over into a semi-reclining position.

Through a slit above my head I saw a dim light and realized that dawn was breaking. What had hap-

pened? Where were we? What had I been lying on? Question after question poured through my tired head. Finally after some time, answers began to formulate, and my brain cleared. The men were wounded, Jim was wounded. We were driving to the base hospital. It was night. It was dark out. The road, our road, Jim's and mine, was full of shell holes; we were speeding. Pete said we had to. We had to beat enemy planes. An enemy plane must have caught up with us, must have sighted us. Where was Pete? Questions again, more answers, more questions.

After the pounding in my head had subsided, I moved again into an upright position. As I stretched I realized that I wasn't as badly injured as I had thought. I was more bruised and shocked. I pulled myself together and slid through a hole in the side of the truck barely large enough to accommodate my body.

The scene that greeted my eyes was one that could not be put into words. The truck was on its side in a ditch, the wheels ripped off, and a man's body lay at my feet. Instinctively my doctor's training caused me to bend over and search for a sign of life. The body was all that was left of Pete. His jaw was still squared for action and the glassy stare of his eyes still carried a look of searching determination.

Gently I moved Pete's body to the side of the road and searched further through the wreckage. I soon found bodies of three of the soldiers—dead. Jim, however, was not among them, but somehow I knew he was with them—in death. I crawled back into the truck and found him as I last remembered seeing him, recalling our boyhood together, how we had fought side by side against neighborhood gangs, our first high school dances together, our struggles in college. Then slowly I removed small personal belongings such as his watch and a rabbit's foot he had always carried. I turned and crawled out through the slit, facing what remained of an old farm house. Suddenly, a chill feeling of recognition seized me.

It was my old home of which

(Continued on Next Page)

nothing but a burned shell and gaping windows remained. This was the house in which I had been born, the house in which Jim and I had played as children, the house from which we had moved to America and now returned—Jim as a soldier, dead for his country, I as a doctor, still living to carry on the fight.

Slowly I started for the door, then turned and looked down that shell-broken road. I had to continue. I had to go on to the next station to notify a burial party of four more deaths in No Man's Land.

On the Death Mask of An Unknown Girl Drowned In The Seine

By Jean Burchinal, '42

Your features—
serene, untroubled—
give no hint
of inner turmoil;
no sign of that despair
which led you to the river.
Men have long wondered on
your beauty,
which even
the revengeful waters
hesitated to distort;
grave rest
and quietness
seem to lie now
upon your face—
a prayer in effigy,
monument to eternal peace.

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Plea

By Ella Hilbish, '43

Oh! wind of a thousand tones
Ten thousand songs
Know you not a gentle verse?

As if to pacify that horrifying
murmur
Vaguely, the rain drips.
I feel so alone—

so desolate!

Oh, wind of a thousand tones
Ten thousand songs
Know you not a gentle verse?

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jottings in the margin

Signs-of-spring . . . only a few snow-drifts here and there and fog only on alternate days . . . to say nothing of that virulent ulcer of guest-towel-embroidering which is sapping the strength of about half the senior class . . . Remember 'way back last fall when we used to talk about the international situation? . . . Something-to-look-forward-to . . . the golden banner of forsythia flung over the hill across the drive . . . Department of utter despair . . . spring vacation is only ten days long . . . Isn't it wonderful how gloriously empty the second semester seems without May Day? . . . Somehow, our last ideal and illusion was shattered by the Finnish-Russian peace . . . or are we being generous with other people's lives? . . . Signs-of-the-decadent-times department . . . the noise in chapel which stubbornly continues in spite of all admonitions . . . Iconoclasm . . . let's change the name, Browsing Room, to Drowsing Room . . . or Growsing Room.

Tomorrow for PCW

In our quiet and inconspicuous little editorial way, we would like to do a bit of cheering for the future prospects of PCW. PCW has always been lauded and loved by its students for the friendly spirit which manifests itself here, the rare combination of country quiet and urban culture and the even rarer fellowship existing between faculty and students. People outside of the college have praised what they called "the charm" of its graduates.

Our college, therefore, has not been without admirers; but it has been without blind worshippers. And rightly so. For no matter how much a PCW student might love her school, she could never overlook its many material deficiencies. PCW, except in its laboratories, has been inadequately equipped for a number of years to take care of the increased enrollment and strengthened curriculum.

The administration and classrooms building, for all the sentiment surrounding it, is draughty and sprawling and splintery. The gymnasium and locker rooms are much too small to provide for the school's athletics, and the library, although unusually beautiful, has only about one-third enough books to fill the needs of the new curriculum. Student activities have struggled along almost without headquarters, and the PCW auditorium has been the college disgrace.

In the last three months, however, three things have happened which would make it seem that PCW's star is in the ascendant. First, late in December, came the announcement of the inauguration, next year, of a system of working for honors. This system, even though limited to only a few students, should do much to raise the scholastic standards of our college to a place second to none. It is an important step forward.

January 31, the Pittsburgh papers carried the news of the opening of a \$1,500,000 building and endowment campaign for PCW. This campaign, if it reaches its goal, should give the college one of the most beautiful small campuses in the country and should bring its endowment up to something resembling the sum it ought to be.

A third project, and one which surely is worthy of laudatory mention, is the Alumnae Gift Fund Drive to raise \$5,000 for the library. Conservative estimates place the number of books which a liberal arts college should have at 30,000 above the total collection of the PCW library. This year's Gift Fund, therefore, is not only desirable, it is necessary.

Not any one of these three plans should be minimized in importance by any other. Each one—the honors system as well as the building and endowment fund; the gift fund for the library no less than the campaign for new equipment—has a place in a bigger plan, a more far-reaching drive. And that is the move to give PCW the same place in the national sun that it enjoys locally.

We do not believe that it is blind optimism to say that the combination of these three plans, if fully worked out, will result in a new PCW. Without losing its charm, its friendliness, its fine spirit and freedom of discussion, our college will gain the material equipment to carry into effect its high scholastic standards.

Seniors Will Present Musical Comedy

Scene of Original Play Is Petticoat Paradise

This year's senior play, to be presented May 16 and 17, will be an original musical comedy, tentatively titled, **No Male Today**. The seniors hope to do the entire production themselves, including building sets, making costumes, arranging the original music and dances and directing the cast.

At an early class meeting in the fall, enthusiasm waxed low for the usual senior play. Most complaints seemed to be directed towards the casting of girls as men, and the play-reading committee was having a hard time finding plays suited to PCW's peculiar production difficulties.

Seniors Turn Author

The whole difficulty would be solved, somebody decided, if a play were tailor-made to fit our stage, our audience and our talents. Audrey Horton, Nancyann Cockerille and Rachel Kirk, therefore, began after Christmas vacation to write a play. The latter part of February, they emerged from semi-seclusion with five scenes, nine songs and sketches for sets and costumes on the backs of envelopes.

Femopian Election

The scene of **No Male Today** is laid in Femopia, a land established nowhere by a large group of disgruntled women from the United States. A dictatorship is set up and the party in power is re-elected every four years without any trouble at all. In 1940, however, a group of college girls, believing that the time has come for a return to the democratic principles of their forefathers, decide to put up a candidate to run against the dictator and her cabinet. The campaign results depend upon which side can obtain the support of Cobina, the only girl in Femopia who has any money. The government party offers her a seat on the bench of justice. The college girls offer a man. The final result would not be a surprise to any one with a knowledge of feminine psychology.

Music, under the direction of Ann Hamilton Miller, and Mary Lou Shoemaker, is original. There are nine songs, including, **Time Was, A Man For Me, Lullaby for a Sleepy**

Committee Plans Sports Dance

Polly Sommerfield, '40, chairman of the committee for the annual sports hop, has announced definite plans for the dance. The committee, consisting of Ginny Lappe, '41, Doris Dodds, '43, Grace Mary Horton, '42, Betty Sweeney, '40, and Jane McCall, '43, has decided upon Saturday evening, April 13, as the date for the dance.

The affair will be held in the chapel, and the music for the evening will be furnished by many of the great name orchestras in the country—via nickelodeon.

The decorations will vary, as the committee has decided to have a different theme in each corner of the room. In one corner will be the drug-store where coca-cola can be purchased and "hot dogs" will be found in the "puppy shop" opposite.

Sports clothes will be worn at the dance, which is strictly informal.

Liberal Arts Colleges Hold Conference

The annual conference of the Liberal Arts colleges of Western Pennsylvania will be held April 6, at Grove City College, Grove City, Pennsylvania. Dr. Tolley, president of Allegheny College, is president of the Association and has invited all presidents of the small Liberal Arts colleges of Western Pennsylvania as well as the heads of the Education Departments. There will be various discussions of which PCW's representatives, Dr. Spencer and Dr. Kinder, will take active part.

Pessum, I'm Just A Girl Like You, and **Clementine for Candidate.** Dances will be in charge of Jean Cate and Ruth Schrerer.

Each member of the class is expected to take an active part in the production. Committee chairmen are: Costumes, Betty Crawford; Properties, Frances Shoup; Stage, Aethelburga Schmidt; Publicity, Betty Eastwood; Tickets and Programs, Ruth Fite; Refreshments, Mary Ellen Ostergard.

Casting is scheduled to be completed today. The production will be in charge of the authors, Nancyann Cockerille as student director and Audrey Horton and Rachel Kirk as production managers.

Vocational Week Brings Speeches By Career Women

The week of April 8 is Vocational Week for PCW students. All the programs will be held in chapel at 10:30 with the exception of one Wednesday afternoon program.

On Monday, April 8, Miss Barbara Fetterman, the personnel director at Kaufmann's, will give a general vocational talk on "What Employers Want In A Girl." Miss Fetterman will also speak of her personnel work at Kaufmann's.

Mrs. Mary Denman is the speaker for the Wednesday Chapel group. Mrs. Denman is connected with public charities and will address the group on "Civil and Social Service Work." At the Wednesday afternoon meeting, Constance Huhphery will speak on "Women in Journalism."

On Friday, the concluding Vocational Assembly will be held. At this meeting, Dorothy Ryman will speak on "Advertising." Mrs. Ryman, formerly with Hornes, is now with Gimbel Brothers in Pittsburgh and is also the publicity director at the Playhouse.

The vocational committee is composed of Betty Ann Baker, '42, Betty Sweeney, '40, Anne Lindsay, '41, Marjory Noonan, '43, and the chairman, Marianne McCanister, '40.

The vocational guidance programs are held each year to help students to plan for their future careers.

Proceeds from Benefits go to Various Funds

During the last few weeks there have been several benefits, among them the annual dance sponsored by Lambda Pi Mu, and a benefit bridge given to aid the Far Eastern Student Relief Fund.

Catherine Iams, '40, co-chairman with Betty Crawford of the bridge party which was held in Woodland Hall, announced that \$60 had been made.

Mary Lou Shoemaker, '40, made \$147 from the sale of programmes and chances at the Tea Dance. The money will be given to the student loan fund.

Although the Prom was not a benefit, the sum of \$100, from the proceeds, was given to the building and endowment fund.

PCW Students Attend Convention

The Intercollegiate Conference on Government, which will hold its annual meeting April 18-21 at Harrisburg is to be in the form of a National Political Convention. The meeting will be unusually interesting, since this year is the year of the national conventions. All of the outstanding colleges of Pennsylvania take part in this conference, because their students of government thus have a chance to give practical application to their theories of government. It gives students a chance to see how their government actually functions, and take part in the procedure, instead of merely studying it from a textbook. Beth Howard, '41, is regional director of the conference for this district, including PCW, St. Vincent, Seton Hill, Slippery Rock, California, Duquesne, Pitt, and Mt. Mercy.

PCW this year will send its largest delegation to the Conference. Several of the delegates to the Conference are underclassmen, which means that they will be able to attend several more Conferences and with their previous experience play an important part in the meetings. The delegates from PCW and the committees on which they will serve are:

Natural Resources—Nina Maley '43, Mockey Anderson '42.

Agriculture—Mildred Stewart '42, Louise McIntyre '41.

Governmental Organization and Intergovernmental Relations—Mary Babb '42.

Labor Relations—Ruth Fite '40, Eileen Wechsler '42.

Foreign Relations—Mary Lou Shoemaker '40, Jo Anne Healey '41.

Social Legislation—Margaret Hibbs '42, Elizabeth Shipley '42.

Rules Committee—Beth Howard '41, chairman of the PCW delegation. There was a meeting on March 17, at 2:30 at PCW of the Colleges who will attend the conference. Miss Genevieve Blatt, Executive Director of the I. C. G. spoke and each college gave a report of its activities and preparation for the Conference. Beth Howard, Regional Director, was in charge of the meeting.

Pennsylvania College for Women has chosen to represent South Carolina in the national convention. They will consider the most important problems of this state and try to push through planks which would be most advantageous to South Car-

Alumnae Council Holds Annual Meeting At College

The sixteenth annual meet of the PCW Alumnae Council was held Saturday, March 9, on campus. Out of 67 graduated classes, 40 were represented. Because of the bad weather it was difficult for out-of-town representatives to attend.

In the morning a business meeting was held. There were 65 representatives present. Mrs. James McClelland, '77, was the oldest representative and Ruth Davies, '39, was the youngest.

Following the registration Miss Marks spoke to the Council on extra curricular activities and the meeting was adjourned for the Student Government meeting. Roll Call followed the S. G. A. meeting, and then Mrs. John M. Phillips reported on the Library Gift Fund. She showed a cartoon of Cy Hungerford's on "The College on the Hill," and a graph showing the percentages by classes of those who had contributed or pledged gifts. Dr. Spencer spoke of the Building Fund campaign and the Council voted to support him. Following a discussion on benefits, the representatives adjourned for lunch in Woodland Hall.

The afternoon meeting began at two o'clock in the Chapel. There were one hundred members present. A panel discussion on the curriculum was led by Dr. Spencer, with Miss Marks, Mrs. Shupp, Dr. Wallace, Miss Erret, Miss Welker, Miss McCarty, Miss Gunderman, and Dr. Doult participating. The changes in the curriculum in the last ten or twenty years was the topic of discussion. The meeting was adjourned for tea in Berry Hall.

olina. In order to add color and get in the real spirit of a Political Convention the PCW delegation plans to provide itself with a placard and banners for its State.

At the opening session on April 19 in the Forum Republican and Democratic Parties are sending representatives to address the assembly. The opening session is going to be broadcast and there will be a number of later broadcasts at which student delegates will discuss the progress of the Convention. The Radio Broadcasts have always been an interesting feature of the Conference.

PCW Girls Dance At Quadrille

Thirty girls from PCW will dance in the W & J Quadrille on April 26 at Washington. Dr. Hutchison, the president of W & J, has asked PCW to participate in this annual event. In this way there will always be a group of girls who have had a year of experience in dancing the Quadrille and who will be able to help others learn in future years.

The Quadrille, consisting of several dances, including old-fashioned square dances, and minuets danced by the boys of W & J and partners whom they choose, has been given for the past five years. Sixteen of the dancers wear colonial costumes to maintain the spirit of the occasion, while the others wear evening clothes.

Henry Ford, who sponsors the W & J Quadrille, has been very much interested in the performances, attending some and even taking part in them.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, who coach the Quadrille, are from Dearborn, Michigan, the city which Mr. Ford made famous. They will attend the last rehearsals and the performance. The students who took part last year are teaching the new comers till Mr. and Mrs. Lovett come.

The PCW girls who have volunteered to dance in the Quadrille this year are: Jean Burchinal, Catherine Carey, Ellen Copeland, Jean Faris, Margaret Graham, Barbara Heinz, Virginia Hendryx, Beth Howard, June Hunker, Barbara Johnston, Margaret Longwell, Mary Linn Marks, Peggy Matheny, Jane McClung, Virginia McCune, Alice McKain, Amy McKay, Janet Murray, Marjorie Noonan, Alice Provost, Alice Reed, Mary Elizabeth Rope, Elizabeth Rudman, Anna Betty Saylor, Nancy Scott, Virginia Sumner, Claranne Von Fossen, Louise Wallace, Julia Wells, Susan Wooldridge.

Students Give Program

The students of the music department of PCW will present a programme for the Alliance Francaise at the Twentieth Century Club, April 27.

The numbers on the programme will be: **En Bateau** by Claude Debussy, **Ballet** by Debussy, **Sonata a Trois** by J. B. Lueffet, **The Hunting Song**, **Lullaby**, and **the Swing**, and two by Debussy, **Reverie** and **Dance**.

Music Students Are Active

At the student recital yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the chapel, the following program was presented:

Organ
Dawn Cyril Jenkins
Anne Lindsay

Piano
Minuet for Four Hands...Tours
Jean Ayars and Helene Welker

Voice
To the Children...Rachmaninoff
Beryl Bahr

Piano
Rondo in A for Piano and Orchestra Mozart
Mary K. Eisenberg
Orchestral part on 2nd. Piano—
Helene Welker

Organ
Grand Chorus Dubois
Catherine Thompson

Piano
Sonata Opus 13 — First Movement Beethoven
Marion Cohen

Voice
Spring Grieg
The Garland Franz
Jean Watson

Organ
Chorale:
"In Death's Strong Grasp the
Saviour Lav" Bach
Elizabeth Rowse

Voice
Komm Bald Brahms
Serenade Brahms
Frances Mahaffey

Piano
Arabesque in E Debussy
Mary Elizabeth Rope

Organ
Clair de Lune Karg-Elert
Ruth Clark

Voice
Connais Tu (from "Mignon")
..... Thomas
Marian Kieffer

Organ
Fugue in G minor Bach
Florence Succop

The Glee Club gave the same program in chapel, March 13, that it gave at Grove City, March 16. They sang a group of German songs as their specialty.

Betty Jane Atkinson, who has studied with Markus Klein in Pittsburgh, and Carl Flesch in London, until the war broke out, played several violin selections for the chapel program.

Honors Committee Will be Named

The governing board of the new honors system which will be inaugurated next year at PCW is to be chosen soon. It will be named by Dr. Spencer and Miss Marks and will be made up of these two and four faculty members, representing the four curriculum groups.

The faculty has worked out this plan so that students of higher standing will have an incentive to go into more intensive study and so that they may possibly have an opportunity to do work in fields not covered in the usual plan of undergraduate class work.

The student who may take advantage of this work will be chosen by the committee on Honors Work. They may either be recommended by the faculty or may request an opportunity to do the work. It is not expected that a large member will want to try the plan nor will more than 10 per cent of a class be allowed to try.

Those working under the system will take nine hours of regular class work a semester and their other six hours credit will come from reading on subjects related to their majors. They may choose the faculty member who will direct their work and may ask the advice of other faculty members.

Glee Club Takes Part In Grove City Festival

PCW's Glee Club departed for Grove City College, Grove City, Pennsylvania, Saturday, March 16, at 11:00 A. M. At Grove City they joined with the glee clubs from five other Liberal Arts Colleges for the Music Festival.

Mr Moulter, director of the Grove City Glee Club, arranged for the guests to have dinner at the various churches, after an afternoon of sight-seeing and rehearsing.

In the evening the glee clubs joined in three group numbers and then each college sang two numbers of their own choosing. PCW sang "The Gypsy Love Song," number three, by Brahms and "Standchen" by Schubert. Jane Hanauer was the soloist in the latter.

Following the Music Festival the glee clubs were guests at a dance festival. The day climaxed when the bus departed for Pittsburgh and PCW at 11:30.

Miss Mowry Receives Master's Degree

Miss Mowry received her Master's Degree from the University of Pittsburgh February 16. She received her degree in English and used as her thesis subject **Christopher Pearse Cranch; Transcendental Poet.**

Miss Mowry "discovered" this man—who was not only a poet but also an artist, a short story writer, a musician, and even a ventriloquist. During his lifetime, he lived in Paris, in Rome, and in many cities of the United States, including Boston, New York, Washington, and Louisville. While in Louisville, he was assistant editor of the **Western Messenger**, a predecessor to the **Dial**, a magazine of the nineteenth century. He was a friend of Robert Browning, Tennyson, Thackeray, Lowell, Emerson, and the artist, William Wetman Storey. Pearse was also a frequent visitor at Brook Farm where he entertained by singing, playing and ventriloquism. He was a favorite of all who knew him. His best-known book is a collection of fiery stories, **The Last of the Huzzer Muggers.** His best-known poetry is **Ariel** and **Caliban** and **The Bird and the Bell.**

PCW Voice Pupils Star In Planetarium Show

Jane Hanauer, '40, Gladys Cooper, '42, and Eileen Wessel, '42, are singing at the Buhl Planetarium on the North Side during the month of March.

The title of the program is **Spring, the Awakening**, and it consists of the reading of poems by Rosetti and selections from the Bible, as well as songs by the PCW students.

The girls, who alternate singing in the Easter show, have chosen as their selections, **In the Time of Roses**, by Louise Reichart, **Spring**, and **First Primrose**, by Grieg, **Springtime**, by Becker, and **Spring** by Gounod.

All are the voice pupils of Mrs. Robert D. Ayars and are active members of the Glee Club. Jane Hanauer is a member of Dramatic Club and Gladys Cooper and Eileen Wessel are members of I. R. C.

The Buhl Planetarium was made possible by the Buhl Foundation which gave PCW the Louise C. Buhl Hall of Science, named in memory of Louise C. Buhl and completed in 1932. The director of the Buhl Foundation is Mr. Charles F. Lewis who is a member of PCW's board of trustees.

PCW Inherits Large Insect Collection

Pennsylvania College for Women has inherited this winter a large collection of moths and butterflies, most of which are mounted, identified, and displayed in glass-topped cases. At the present time, these insects are being kept in the psychology lecture room in the basement of Buhl Science Hall.

This collection has a very real value in the completeness of its representation of the variation which exists in local forms of moths and butterflies. The number of specimens which it includes run well into thousands, and the majority of them have been collected within the vicinity of Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

Jeannette Man Collector

The man responsible for making the collection was not a professional biologist. Inhabitants of Jeannette knew him as Frank Knechtel, and it was there that he spent most of his life. He was a decorator of glassware for Pittsburgh Lamp Brass and Glass Company, but his talents were by no means limited to glass work. He did landscape paintings, was much interested in taxidermy, and as a hobby, merely, made the enormous collection of insects which is now in the possession of PCW.

Born on November 11, 1866 in Steinchonan, Germany, Mr. Knechtel began to collect insects when he was only ten years old, and when he emigrated to America he brought these specimens with him. In the remaining 49 years of his life, 40 of which were spent in Jeannette, he continued to collect. He made numerous exchanges with collectors in other parts of the world so that various specimens of butterflies and moths from tropical countries and fascinating forms from other lands are all a part of the insect group which now belongs to us.

Variation Within Species

One of the greatest services which this exhibit of insect forms will render the biology department in the future is its ability to illustrate concretely the occurrence of variation within a species. Mr. Knechtel, as previously mentioned, did the greater portion of his collecting within the immediate vicinity of Jeannette. Because of this, there is naturally a large amount of duplication of

Dorm Questionnaire Changes Rules

Results of the returns from the questionnaire circulated at Woodland Hall a month ago were announced at the house meeting Monday night, March 11, at the hall.

The questionnaire was given to each girl to fill out and it consisted of nine questions dealing with current problems of the dormitory. They were:

1. Do you smoke habitually? Occasionally or never?
2. Do you object to having your friends smoke in your room?
3. Do you think your parents would object to seeing girls smoke in the drawing room?
4. If smoking were permitted in the drawing room, would you be interested in playing bridge there rather than in your room?
5. If smoking were permitted in the drawing room after dinner, would you spend more time there?
6. Would you be in favor of Woodland hall buying a radio for its drawing room?
7. Do you favor having informal date nights on Saturdays evenings in the drawing room? Would you support them?
8. What are your criticisms of dorm life?
9. Do you have any specific suggestions for a more congenial spirit in the dorm?

Betty Crawford, president of the house, reported that the majority of the girls were in favor of smoking in the drawing room after dinner and they will now be permitted to smoke from 7 to 7:30 o'clock.

Saturday evenings will be informal date night. Boys and girls may have dates in the drawing room until 12 o'clock. Although most of the girls voted for this only about 30 were willing to support it.

The last announcement was made by Miss Marks who told of the criticisms of the dormitory life and asked the girls to try to be more cooperative.

The house members also voted to buy a new radio with a record attachment for the drawing room.

species. Thus, mounted as they are side by side, small individual differences of coloring, marking, etc., show up in fine gradation. They point out clearly how the process of evolution of animal forms might be accomplished through a series of infinitesimal changes.

Soco Gap Artists Give Concert

As a benefit for the Boyd Memorial Musicological Library a program of American folk arts, dancing, singing, and playing, will be presented by the Soco Gap Artists at Carnegie Music Hall, Friday, April 5, at 8:30 P. M.

The concert is to be under the auspices of The In-and-About-Pittsburgh Music Educators Club of which Dr. Spencer is an honorary member. It is an organization of 400 members devoted to the interest of music in the schools and communities.

The Soco Gap Folk Artists take their name from the mountain valley in which they live as farmers, lumber mill workers, teachers, clerks and mechanics. The group of about 25 includes singers, players and dancers. Of these the largest unit is the Soco Gap Dance Team of 16 members. Behind the signal recognition implicit in their White House invitation, for the King and Queen of England, during their American visit in June, 1939, are many other appearances at important festivals as far west as St. Louis. They have been frequent first-prize winners in their own regional, competitive Asheville Folk Festival.

Verse Speaking Choir Gives Program

PCW's Verse Speaking Choir participated in the evening community service at the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Sunday, March 10. Nearly 200 persons attended the service at which 13 girls in the choir repeated the scripture and some sacred poetry. Miss Kerst was unable to attend and conduct her group, since she had been called to Toledo because of illness.

The verse choir recited:

The Church by Charles Rann Kennedy.

Go Down Death by James Weldon Johnson.

Lament of David—II Samuel.

The Women at the Well.

Ecclesiastes

Prayer for Sunday Evening by Walter Rauschenbusch.

Sabbath by Mary Vaughn Dunklee.

Psalms 150, 24, 46, 95.

Isaiah 60.

FUN FARE

By Betty Crawford

This week not only brings the first day of spring, but also the beginning of our vacation, with its leave-of-absence from 8:30s, weekly reports and hour writtens. Everyone is busy planning for those ten days; some are going to Washington to see the cherry blossoms, others are traveling to Florida to get some bona-fide sunshine, while still others of us are just going home, to be kept very busy with showers, parties, and spring shopping. The following suggestions in the entertainment line are made to fill in the few extra hours for which you haven't any definite plan.

The Hot Mikado, featuring Bill Robinson, will play a return engagement at the Nixon Easter week. If you haven't already seen this smash hit, here's your chance! Incidentally, John Garfield will star in **Heavenly Express** the week of April 1, and Katherine Hepburn is bringing **The Philadelphia Story** to the Nixon the following week, April 8. These are all outstanding performances and should not be missed.

In a more sedate, serious vein is the May Beegle concert on March 26 which features Vladimir Horowitz, pianist. By the way, Mr. Horowitz's wife is the former Wanda Toscanini, daughter of the great conductor.

For an afternoon of real beauty visit the Spring Flower Show, beginning tomorrow at Phipps Conservatory, and the collection of art masterpieces which will be at Carnegie Museum for a month. This is a rare opportunity to see 44 of the great paintings of the world.

Where ever you happen to be during our spring vacation you are certain to run into the long-awaited-for, super-colossal **Gone With the Wind**. If you haven't already seen this stupendous film, here is a good way to put in four hours' worth of beautiful and moving drama. Likewise, **Grapes of Wrath**, the cinema version of John Steinbeck's frank saga which has so upset ladies' aid societies and timid people everywhere. This is truly of great social significance, and you should see the picture. **Northwest Passage** is the third outstanding movie to have been filmed from a best seller. Spencer Tracy and Robert Young star in this picture, which is also reported as being good entertainment.

Dancing can always be had at the William Penn, Bill Green's and the New Penn, to mention only a few. And for a really different, and delicious dinner try the Villa d'Este, Center Avenue. If you run to the nearest radio when Guy Lombardo is scheduled to broadcast you'll be glad to hear that he and his orchestra is scheduled to appear at the Stanley soon.

The Art Cinema is featuring two smash hits which, if you missed when they were playing in Pittsburgh, you'll probably want to see. **Wuthering Heights**, given the New York Film Critics' Circle award for the best film of the year, and starring Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon, is billed with **Made for Each Other** which features James Stewart and Carole Lombard. Quite a combination, that!

SPORTSCOPE

By Janet Ross

This basketball season, closed last night by the Honorary Game, topped all others for thrills, excitement, teamwork, and (we don't like to mention this) roughness in general play. This was especially noticeable in the games in which the freshmen participated and was undoubtedly due to inexperience in playing together.

The season was opened March 5 with the best game of the entire season. The contestants, the Seniors vs. the Juniors, gave a splendid exhibition of smooth ball handling, team play, and accuracy. In this the Seniors were triumphant, 44 to 37, with outstanding teamwork shown by the Senior forwards and remarkable accuracy in long shots by the Juniors while the guards for both teams certainly did their part in getting the ball to their forwards. This game was the classic of the entire year.

The last half of this double-header was a combat between the Sophomores and the Freshmen with the Frosh coming out on top, 37 to 20. It seems ironic that this game followed the best game of the season for, with regard to technique, it was the worst. Rough playing topped off by long hard passes made this feature exciting while the abundance of Freshman material gave great promise for teams to come.

March 11th, the Seniors took over the Frosh, 36 to 29, as the yearlings could not get a working combination in the forward line. Again the Senior guards, led by Jane Viehman, kept things well in check.

Trailing this game, the Sophomores again came back into power as they submerged the Juniors, 52 to 44. Spectacular shots by the Juniors won applause as did the little push-up shots of the Sophomore combine. The Junior guards should be commended for they put up a valiant battle against the Sophomore advantage in height.

Last Thursday, the 14th, the Sophomores tied the Seniors in the last quarter to end the game with the score, 32 to 32. Characterizing this contest was superb work on the part of the Senior guards but ineffectuality of their forward line while the Sophomore guards capitalized on every opportunity.

The last class game of this year was the Junior-Freshman in which the Frosh finally hit their stride and sailed through 50 to 31. While the long shots of the Juniors were beautiful to see, so was the forward attack of Black, Doerr, and Ross in their work under the basket.

High Scorers

Brice Black, Frosh.....	54 points
Elaine Fitzwilson, Junior.....	47 points
Peg Dunseath, Senior.....	45 points
Gladys Patton, Junior.....	45 points
Mockey Anderson, Soph.....	45 points
Betty Hazeltine, Soph.....	41 points
Caddie Lou Kinzer, Senior.....	34 points
Mary Wolff, Senior.....	29 points
Janet Ross, Frosh.....	27 points
Julie Wells, Junior.....	20 points

HEAR AND THEIR

By Healey and Higgins

Some folks like the opera; And some like beer and skittles,
Some folks like rings in their ears; And some like home-cooked vittles,
But us, we'd live sans all these things, And still show great elation
If every week would always be the start of Spring Vacation!

In the anecdotal vein (do you mind? and have you heard the one about the six PCW lassies who went to lunch at a local hamburger emporium, and when they went to pay the check, the counterman told them it had been taken care of by a local funeral director. When the girls came to, they decided that chivalry is not dead. Incidentally, we might say that the lunch was on the hearse.

Well, now for some specific items. It seems that the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold, and his cohorts turned out to be the members of the W. & J. quadrille group. The resulting encounter put many hearts on the up-beat, including those of Janet Murray, Beth Howard, June Hunker, Nancy Scott and (dear! dear!) Ginnie McCune!

And then Pitt came through with a progressive fraternity dance with PCW represented at many houses. There were Betty Anne Baker and Janet Murray at the PiKA; Betty Hazeltine and Amy McKay at SAE; Jane Campbell at the Theta Xi; Jean Faris, Ginnie Speer at the Delta Tau; Alice Steinmark at the Phi Delt; Ruth Gilson and Eileen Wechsler at the S. A. M. house. Hail to Pitt!

The University Club has replaced the P. A. A. as the favorite Saturday nitespot. Among the familiar faces therein recently have been those of Jean Burchinal, Madge Medlock, Betsy Colbaugh, Betty Sweeney, and Dottie Oliver; the latter busily touching all available door-knobs to get the electricity out of her skirt.

Cyn Kuhn and Betty Ann Morrow are now members of the P. P. O.—one bejeweled with a W. & J. symbol and one with Pitt. Congrats.

Signs of Spring—Anne Driver sitting out in front of Berry Hall—devoting a full hour to a cute Pitt hombre.

Ella Hilbish doing her highly original version of the Spring Dance.

Lois Haldeman going up to Allegheny's Junior Prom.

Strawberries for dessert. (Now how the heck did they get in here?) Oh well, we'll go on to our weekly review of the mail, and we have Jean Miller still ignoring her continuous postal material from Westminster, and Mary Evelyn Ducey still not appreciative of the various special deliveries she receives. In the dorm, Mary Louise Henry still holds the long time record for excessive mail, and her mailmate is considering mayhem.

That would seem to wind up ye column. We wish you the nicest of Spring Vacations, and so we say goodbye until April, when we'll be reviewing you.

SLANTS AND ANGLES

By Betty Eastwood

Wanted—A Cause

So the war is over; all the shouting and all the pleasant benefit bridges, and the collecting of pennies in a little tin box. A lot of people are very sorry that Finland has given up the ghost. It was such a noble sounding cause for the dowager with the poodle, and the dilettante to sponsor. They have lost their plaything now. The money they collected with go to re-habilitation, but the fun is gone with the end of the firing. Sound and fury lent brilliancy to the cause, and the dilettantes, not being social workers by nature, are bored with Finland now. They are looking for a new toy, and they will find it soon, on the western front, or somewhere else where men are dying as they died around Lake Ladoga, before the fun was over.

My Cat Has Fleas

They are taking a new census in our fair country this year. It used to be a simple and romantic matter, but romance has gone out of the census-taker's soul today, and human interest has taken its place. The days of, "How-many-people-live-here-thank-you-goodbye," are gone. This year we will not blink even if the census-taker inquires, "What color are your pajamas, or do you prefer prints?" The government has found it necessary to know everything about the people, to the embarrassment of a lot of Victorian souls. But I am all set for them. My cat has fleas, three of them. I shall tell them that.

No Shadow This

The stars faded from the Planetarium's sky. The narrator's voice was hushed. Out of the blackness, where the stars had been, three slender shadows rose; and a voice declaimed the crucifixion story. The shadows sharpened, three black crosses on a black hill. Then the central cross grew bigger as the others faded away. It rose up to the heavens where the stars had shone, hung a great and awful cloud over the world of the Planetarium. The voice cried out, "There was darkness over all the earth from the third hour to the ninth hour."

The cross was too black, and the words too fearful. Our very breath was loud in the stillness before the narrator, sensing the nerves of his audience, touched the lever that turned the black cross radiant in the darkness and played the colored lights of the Easter "Awakening" around it.

This was done in the Planetarium. Man made the machines and manipulated them to create a cross and to abolish it in a glory of flowers. But outside the safety of the Planetarium we face the living cross we have created. Good Friday comes with new significance as we see our heart's deep folly bare before our eyes. Black and heavy hangs the cross, in the clear night skies where stars should glow. This is no trick of lights. This is our shame, and this we cannot wipe away with a touch. Our proud new strength does not go deep enough. Our self-sufficiency has failed us.

In Disgrace With Fortune

... by Mary Kerr, '41

The kitchen would have delighted the most meticulous housekeeper. She would have been quick to approve the cheerful white and blue walls along which rows of shining copper saucepans were hung with precision, the immense aluminum kettles whose fat curves gleamed, the flat, easily cleaned metal surfaces of the stove. Her critical eye would have detected no smudges on the freshly scrubbed blue linoleum of the floor nor could she have found fault with the polish of the heavy panes and broad brass frames of the curiously rounded windows. Under the sinks and workboards, there were bins of flour, sugar, salt, potatoes, and staple vegetables; there were shelves along the walls filled with preserved goods, spices, sauces and condiments; and several iceboxes held milk, butter, fruit, perishable vegetables and meats. There were even large extra cupboards in which cheeses, game, and wines were kept at suitable temperatures. Though the average housekeeper might have been confused by the unusual compactness of the kitchen (for the towel racks extended over the stove hood to bat at the head of an unwary passer-by, and a heap of unpeeled potatoes lay perforce so near the stove that they were in danger of being roasted before they were in the pot), still she would have felt amply compensated by being permitted to work in a kitchen that boasted automatic dishwashers and a radio.

Unfortunately, the one in command of this splendor was unimpressed by it, even actually unhappy. He was William Gladstone Dales, formerly of Murfreesville, Iowa, at present ship's cook aboard the S. S. **Columbia**. This super-luxurious liner was the pride of Nisbett Cruise Lines, Inc.; it was advertised as bringing "the breath of adventure and romance into every thrill-packed hour," yet William Dales moped ingloriously.

He sat perched on a stool at his tiny desk near the door, frowning heavily over the menu for Friday's gala dinner. Seemingly he was occupied in considering whether or no Chicken livers en brochette a la Victorien Sardou was a trifle heavy for the prospective feast, but his mind was far away from such mundane matters. In reality, he looked

upon himself and cursed his fate, for William Gladstone Dales was blood brother to all, from Keats to Kenneth Grahame, whose bodies are tied to dreary realities, but whose spirits soar beyond. For it was his fate to be a cook, and his ambition to be a true sailor, braving the elements while at sea, and living with abandon while ashore.

He cursed mournfully and kicked the leg of his stool. After all, his present position was achieved without his consent, and in spite of all his effort. He had run away from his Iowa farm at the age of sixteen, attempting to sign as cabin-boy for the Nisbett Line under the impression gained from intensive reading of Masfield, Marryat, and Dana, that he was entering upon a promising career before the mast. Instead, he had been supplied with a red-and-gold uniform, and assigned the simple but uncongenial task of running the elevators and delivering bon-voyage gifts in first-class. From elevator to cook's assistant was but a step, and now for three years the embryo Nelson had been chief cook for the first-class dining room.

He wrote in a steady hand "Potage Jardiniere aux croutons," and gazed out the porthole across the swelling water to the thin grey line of land that was Panama. The ship would dock in an hour near the entrance to the Canal. Shore leave was the worst of all, he thought. Just two days ago, at St. George's in Bermuda, he had suffered from the ignominy of his position. There was a certain little cafe, known to tourists and others of the uninitiate as the Harbour Tearoom, but famous among sailors for the Planters' Punches and the barmaids that dispensed them. Both were to be found in the little room just behind the limp grey mosquito curtain, where unknown visitors were not encouraged to penetrate.

Sitting comfortably in this back room, he looked trimly naval in his unexceptionable white suit and visored cap, and he had been enjoying himself. He had been explaining the action of the **Columbia's** gyro-stabilizer to a personable young woman who responded to each fresh revelation with, "Gee, I don't see how you remember all that stuff." All was going smoothly, and he was just warming to his subject over his

fourth Planters' Punch, when that lousy scutt Judson, the third mate, had spoken up from a nearby table to remark that he didn't see why a common cook thought he knew anything about an engine, and that he, Dales, had better take care not to get machine oil mixed in his salad dressing. Whereupon the young lady had withdrawn swiftly from William's table, and had gone over to Judson's, preferring to be entertained by a "real sailor" than by "just an old cook." And the evening, begun so pleasantly, was ruined for William.

The shore line was enlarging rapidly, and the whitewashed blobs along the waterfront were looking less and less like doll houses, and more and more like piers and warehouses. Inside the kitchen, the cupboard doors clanged as bar stewards came down to restock the liquor supplies depleted by thirsty passengers. Although it was as yet only four o'clock, the cook's assistants hummed about William as they peeled and simmered and seasoned foods in preparation for the first service of the evening meal. William, sighing, swung down from his perch and motioned to an understudy to take the finished menu to the chief steward for his approval. Gazing distastefully upon the orderly confusion around him, he went over to the porthole.

He could see Panama Joe's old place, a plain little wooden dive squatting down on the quay, its sheet tin roof shimmering in the afternoon sun. Fat chance for adventure there, with Joe yelling, "Oh, it's you back again, Cookie," as soon as he stepped through the fly-be-decked door. Or, what was far worse, never saying a word, as one who would consider it beneath his dignity to notice the existence of a mere cook. But suppose, for instance, that he made a new start at the Tabarin, or the Port-au-Prince. Maybe, for just one evening, they would think that the wavy stripes on his sleeve meant Wireless Operator, or even Second Engineer. In ten years at sea, he had picked up a large fund of second-hand information, and a startling supply of stories of mutiny, fire, typhoon, and other disasters at sea. He would have one rip-roaring evening, get gloriously drunk, flirt with every girl

whose eyes he could catch.

The door from the passage-way was pushed open abruptly. He turned swiftly to business. The third mate was conducting a group of passengers on the daily tour of the ship. His voice carried easily above the industrious bustle of activity.

"Here, ladies and gentlemen, you see the first-class dining room. In this room are the stores and equipment capable of furnishing a delicious and varied menu for three hundred passengers. Notice especially the thermostatically controlled chambers for storing game and wines at their proper temperatures."

The touring passengers assembled their faces to express suitable interest. One stout gentleman with a face apoplectic from combined heat and exertion expressed a desire to exchange places with the champagne, and the group tittered dutifully. They filed slowly through the kitchen, asked the usual questions, and filed slowly out again into the passage. One young lady stood on tiptoe to whisper something to the mate. He bent down politely, then, straightening up again, laughed heartily.

"Oh, no, miss," he exclaimed. "He's not a sailor at all, really. He's just the chief cook."

His laugh struck straight to William Dale's resentful soul. No, he thought as he turned to gaze at Panama Joe's little shack. I'm not a sailor at all, really.

Spring Song

Jean Burchinal, '42

Spring vacation is leaving us entirely untouched this year, what with all the tasks that our dearly beloved faculty has seen fit to impose upon our feeble minds. Just as we had thought of the coming enthusiasm over the first crocus (if you have that type of spring enthusiasm—we don't as a rule) we were rather forcibly reminded of work which, it seems, we were supposed to have been thinking about since the beginning of the semester. We are now in that state in which, not knowing what to start first, we are doing nothing at all, except some practically professional worrying about the whole business. If you want any worrying done cheaply, come to us; we're temporarily in the business.

Besides, spring is being announced this year with sub-zero weather (at least it feels to us as though it were sub-zero; we have very poor circulation) and sub-zero weather, while it has no effect whatsoever upon spring fever—which of course we have had since last September—is definitely detrimental to concentration. And our concentration is not so good that we can afford to have it tampered with. All in all, we are very bitter about the whole thing and that frustrated look which you have no doubt seen on our puss is just a warning of what we'll be wearing next week. We are starting a branch of the Gwouch Cwub in which we are President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and honorary members, and if you want to join you can see us about it. The dues consist of one gwouch day a month, which you may work off all in one time or in pieces.

Naturally, our snarls have resulted in a correspondingly large number of sales in the fine muzzles department which our friend—we think we still have one left—has been supplying us with pretty steadily. They come in all the pastel shades and also in navy blue, which is such a good color this spring. Join the parade with a muzzle and don't feel left out. We have brightened up last Easter's outfit considerably with a lovely pink muzzle which we picked up for next to nothing—or possibly it picked us up. We're not quite sure of ourself at this point.

No doubt you think that work is

a pretty feeble excuse for an advanced state of anti-socialism such as we are sporting, and you may be right, but we can produce plenty of other reasons upon request, and actually you don't even have to request, we produce them anyway.

Confidentially, we are sick with apprehension of those annual good sports who look wide awake some morning at eight-thirty (personally, you can't even convince us that it's light at that time, and it's no good trying to prove it because we can't open our eyes until at least twelve) and breeze in saying that they've just heard the first robin, a really true sign of spring, and the little green buds are starting to peep from their winter beds. Sniff, sniff. Doesn't the spring air smell **wonderful**? Now possibly the spring air does smell a little different, though we personally doubt it, but you just can't convince us that either the very first robin or the little peeping buds are worth mentioning. They perform their rather revolting functions every spring and we'd just rather not hear about them this spring at least. Sometimes, in our more accessible moments, we suppose that perhaps these chronic enthusiasts are maybe to be envied since each of nature's time-worn tricks makes such an impression on them, but as soon as we return to normal we realize how much more fortunate we are who can just wear an air of boredom and look nature straight in the eye as we say scornfully, "Pooh, we've seen that before." You can just bet that nature wilts under our scorn. "Haven't you anything new?" we say and Nature hangs her head and slinks away in shame. It's the feeling of superiority that does it.

Well, anyway, we just wanted you to know how we feel about the whole business and if you feel so inclined you may join either the aforementioned Gwouch Club or our recently-organized Anti-Everything society. Both are worthy institutions and well-worth looking into. But right now we have to go because we saw in the paper where some one saw a robin the other day in Highland Park and we want to dash off and see if we can see another. The robin is really the first sign of spring, you know, and soon the little green things will be coming up. Isn't it all just **wonderful**?

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Mere Helene

... by Helen Moon Cheng, '40

Just as when I first saw her, Mother Superior carried herself with the same hauteur and erectness.

"Very well, follow me," was all she said after the brief greeting. The thumb and forefinger of her left hand were nervously caressing the ring on the fourth finger of the other hand. It is only these two fingers that made me believe she was a human being, just like everybody else, made of blood and flesh. Her long, deformed shadow seemed to have molested her, to be out of place. She quickly moved into the shade.

The hard cement ground turned into water under her feet, she was actually floating; panting with difficulty after her, I felt clumsy and out of breath. The hallway was long and gloomy, the very air smelled death and said hush. After a long flight of stairs and two left turns, she stopped abruptly in front of a small door.

"This is where you study with mere Helene. Can you find your way by yourself tomorrow?" While knocking with one hand, she turned the knob with the other.

"Bon jour, Helene, your new pupil." Some unknown hands pulled the two corners of her mouth a little upward; with a nod and light push on my shoulder, she vanished and the door was closed.

"Bon jour, ma chere." Mere Helene was standing beside a long wooden thing, which looked like the counter in a bar, but served as a cupboard in this room. The white robe, which made Mother Superior look like a surgeon beside an operating table, looked soft and less severe on mere Helene. A square table, covered with an old thin rug, two chairs, a reproduction of "Ecce Homo," and a calendar with many little fishes were the sole furniture and decorations of this room beside that strange looking cupboard.

The window was open, letting in rays of sunshine. The vine on the outside of the wall peeped carelessly in. Spring was in the air. Whether it was because of the light or the occupant of the room or something else, there was life in this room, very unlike the long hallway from which it led.

"Will you take your coat off? It is warm today. Spring is here. I was

just listening to the little birds, they were trying so hard to make music. Can you understand me?" Mere Helene laughed, "I always talk so fast."

We started our lesson with grammar and essay. I never liked grammar, but with mere Helene and her patient and smiling eyes, it seemed to be easy and interesting. We were both laughing, I was in a new world, far, far away from the other one. I could never forget those two eyes of hers; they were kind and misty, perpetually smiling and full of story.

It was the fourth month since I first entered that little room. The heavy winter coats were either in the cleaning shops or put into storage. At night, little insects began to seemed to have changed. They intrude every corner and everybody. For a few days more Helene's eyes seemed to be larger and brighter—a brightness not from joy, but fear and desire. The mist which made them look smiling was gone. My lesson went on as usual, but the sense of duty increased, thus pleasure lessened.

It was a Tuesday, miserable day, hot, stuffy and dark. The rain just poured when I reached the staircase. Mere Helene was standing facing the window, which was wide open, and big rain drops strode in proudly. They landed on the window-sill, on the floor; on mere Helene's dress and face, some of them even reached the cupboard. A gust of wind turned a few leaves of the book on the desk when I opened the door. Mere Helene closed the window and turned. Her face was red as if she had a fever. The "bon jour" was uttered, but almost in a whisper.

She had a picture in her hands—she was holding it as if the person in the picture were breathing. She remained in the same place. Strange but true enough, I had not brought her back to reality yet. I laid my books down lightly; the majestic sound of the rain drops was playing a symphony; every slight motion or sound seemed impetuous. Mere Helen murmured "Sit down, ma chere," and moved toward the cupboard where in a book the picture was deposited. I could hear her breath and the rustling of her dress. She sat down, but the rustle remained and could never be ceased again. How tremulous and tremendous it

was under the seemingly quiet surface.

Before I left, she asked me if I had an umbrella and kissed me very affectionately.

"I shall see you tomorrow," was all I said. "Tomorrow," she echoed and here eyes were again far away. They were looking at me, but they were not looking at me.

I saw her the next day. It was a sunny day, but damp. Lessons were really lessons from that time on.

It was a nice day in October; I found mere Helene again standing facing the window. The lesson was painful. I tried to break the atmosphere of dismay, but in a few minute's time, my tongue was tied. At last she went to the window, saying she had a headache. I decided I better take my leave. When opening the door, I was stopped.

"Mother Superior might see you, please don't go." She had been crying. I went to her and she took me into her arms. Her wet face was against mine, it was feverish and hot. Suddenly "Ecce Homo" caught my eyes, it irritated me. The wind was brisk, but it could not dry her eyes.

I did not go for my lessons for three days. On the fourth day Mother Superior informed me that I was going to have my lessons with mere Rudolph. I had seen mere Rudolph many times: on the stairs and in the hallway, a peculiar sort of person and I never liked her. I had dictation and was not prepared, she spoke with a provincial accent and was hard to understand. "She is not fit," was all the news I could get about mere Helene.

Before I came down the stairs, I saw two candle lights reflected on the window chapel. I peeped in and saw a white kneeling figure with head bowed low. It was mere Helene.

TIME DOES FLY!

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chances to see your work
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The Arrow

The College Spoon Tradition Betty Eastwood, '40

They tell me college girls are shiftless now, in this twentieth century. "What do you do, you college girls?" they say. "What do you care about, but men and clothes and drinking cokes by the hour in drug store booths. Wasting time." They have seen our tousled hair, and tired eyes, and the ash tray piled high with butts with lipstick on them. So they have scorned us, ankle-sock-clad students, and called us worthless.

There are things they have overlooked, intentionally perhaps, which, if they had noticed them, might have changed their idea of us. The books on the floor beside us—did they notice them? Did they see the titles of the texts we carry? Shakespeare and Victorian Prose, and St. Thomas Aquinas, big heavy volumes, lie on the flat, black leather notebook. In another pile is Zola; and a copy of "The Making of the Modern Mind," has fallen from the top and lies open, strewn papers on which are written verses in heavy black ink. There is a copy of Kant's "Critiques", beside, "Mein Kampf," and several small thin volumes in foreign languages. There is a Bible, too. They all lie on the floor forgotten for the moment, and we are drinking Coca Cola.

The careless observer has condemned the drinks and the cigarettes, he has not stopped to listen to what we say. He has seen that we have been here an hour and thinks we are lazy. "Talking of men," he says, and perhaps he is right. Perhaps we are silly now as our laughter rings out, and four pairs of young shoulders shake. But what wrong is there in laughter? He sees that our fingernails are scarlet and our lips too red. "Callous, or unthinking," he decides, and he shakes his head. He does not know that while we are sitting here we are happy. He does not know we are not alone. Perhaps if he knew that he would want to join us. Who can tell?

It is at the end of the day that we meet. We come from our classes and from the library, and walk together

down the hill to the street. The noise of the city is harsh in our ears after the quiet of the campus, and the street cars whip dust against our cheeks. On the cold afternoons of winter when the black trees were heavy with snow, our walk was silent because the world was still. Now, as the spring is near, we speak with hushed voices, strolling in the hushed half-light before the evening. We often do not talk as we go. There is that utter weariness of the end of the day that requires quiet and the cool balm of the out-of-doors to order our thoughts before we speak very much. By the time we have reached the drug store the need for silence has passed.

We troop in to a booth and drop the heavy weight of books from our arms, and we order Coca-Colas and light four cigarettes from one match. At first we do not speak very seriously. The conversation comes in fragments. "I have a paper to write tonight," says one. "We have finally got to the heart of Sartor Resartus," says another. Then the tall, lithe girl with the dark eyes is drawing a diagram on a napkin. "See this is the way the dance will go." Three heads bend close as she explains. Three heads nod approval. The drinks have arrived now and the talking has begun in earnest. Of what do we speak? There are many things. We talk of our courses, of philosophy, the Hedonist conception of pleasure, of Zola's style of writing, of the Triune God. The subjects come and go as we sit together.

The important thing is not that we say things that will startle the world, not that our conclusions may be noteworthy. It is that we are friends and we sit together in quiet companionship. At the end of the day our separate paths have come together. We will part again and go to our respective homes alone. Some of us will find there an interest in our work and a stimulation to discussion. Some will find misunderstanding, or lack of interest. But even where there is some understanding there will not be the free play of thought that comes here in the drug store, where opinions are aired and listened to with sympathy and no anger. For the moment we are not alone, but at peace in friendship. We can get our jumbled thoughts and impressions smoothed

out and go home alone with a clearer idea of what we have learned and what we have come to think.

There is a tradition behind our drug store meetings which the observer who scoffs at us has missed, as much as he has overlooked our books on the floor. But for our dress, and the cigarettes, and the Coca-Colas, we might be far away in time, in another land, at another period of history. This custom of meeting for discussion over drinks has come down through the years, and wherever there have been students they have been found at such occupation. If we care to trace to the earliest source of the practice we would have to go to Socrates and his band of followers chatting on the street corners in ancient Greece. We might follow the trail to Peter Abelard in the eleventh century, with the group of young men who followed him into the country, leaving the school from which he had been banished. We would trace it to modern Europe where coffee-houses supply a place for study and discussion among students, or to certain American college towns where the fate of the world is settled by young men over the beer mugs.

Because this tradition lives in us, because we recognize the mental stimulation and relaxation that comes from our hour over the Coca-Colas, we are not ashamed of being called shiftless. True enough, we smoke too much, and our eyes are tired and our hair disheveled. True, we clutter the floor with our books, and sprawl at the tables. But we can not suffer ourselves to be too much condemned. We may not become great thinkers because we "Go for a coke" each afternoon, but without the talk, the clarifying of issues, the friendliness, we would not have learned to think and to argue logically. We would be more absorbing agents, than digesters, of thought. We waste our time for an hour and arise refreshed. If the person who condemns us would but look beneath the cigarettes and the lipstick, beneath the scarlet nails and the ankle socks, he might learn to see what is there; the student mind of all the ages, eager and receptive. Then he would forgive us everything and be thankful, as we are, that the twentieth century has produced college girls and Coca-Cola.

HAIL TO PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania College 'or Women was founded in 1869 as Pennsylvania Female College. Since that memorable year, more things than just the name have changed. The following is a brief resume by years of the transitions which changed the Young Female, into a Woman Student.

In 1871 James Black was president of the College. Board, including furnished room, fuel and light, etc., and tuition was \$200 a session, and tuition for day students was \$40 a session. Then, as now, however, all bills were payable in advance. Ministers' daughters received a 25 per cent deduction on their bill. The trustees were having a meeting to decide upon "a suitable dress for drill in gymnastic exercises, and the government of the institution was intrusted to "the President, Professors and Instructors." The residence was "a Gothic structure," built to provide the greatest comfort possible for the "inmates."

In 1872 Rev. John Gillespie, A.M., was Professor of Mental Science, and the Rev. John G. Brown lectured on "Deaf Mute Instruction." Lizzie Black was the first name on the Junior roll, and the President was Rev. Thomas C. Strong, D.D.

In 1874-5 the young ladies began to receive callers if accompanied by the proper credentials, and physical culture was given a definite place in the curriculum. Strangers in town were requested to get information at the Union Depot from Messrs. Pitcairn and Strole, authorized by the college to deliver baggage and direct all personages to the Institution.

In 1878-9 Miss Helen Pelletreau was President, and the roster included one young lady from Missouri, one from Texas and two from West Virginia. The ministers' daughters' reduction was cut to 10 per cent.

In 1880-1 Messrs. Pitcairn and Sprole were still functioning, and the architecture was still Gothic.

In 1882 parents were requested to prepare their "daughters' wardrobe fully before leaving home."

In 1886-7 parents were "earnestly requested to limit their daughters' spending money," and Col. William Stone lectured on "Idle Hours of Army Life."

In 1890-1 Dilworth Hall was com-

Kitchen

Helen Hecht, '41

A medley of early evening noises swelled the tiny kitchen. Outside there were the raucous voices of the workers passing homeward and the shuffle of their feet; there was the jangle of the trolleys, starting and stopping every few seconds; there was an occasional automobile horn, a brake, a slammed door. Inside, there was the measured drop, drop of water from the spigot, to the brownish stained spot in the sink, and thence slowly trickling, to the rusty drain. There was the intermittent buzz of the several evening flies, who came and went freely through the jagged hole in the screen door, and who hovered with cheerful comaraderie over the crumbs and dried cheese rinds upon the worn drain board. The clock which stood on the windowsill, half buried in the folds of the soiled curtain, breathed faint but regular ticks. The late afternoon heat lay like a leaden hand over all the at-

mosphere; it was the breathless moment before the evening wind arose.

Through the flimsy screen door there floated the smell of cooked cabbage and bacon. Through the hall door, on the opposite side of the room came an odor of stale cigar smoke and sweat and ancient dust. Somewhere down the hall a thin voice could be heard chanting monotonously and sorrowfully. At the screen door a young woman stood, her hands pressed against either side of the door, and her right foot moving the dingy red carpet back and forth lazily.

She was watching the passing traffic, especially the workmen, with a look of irritable contempt. Soon he would come, she thought, dirty, unshaven, surly. He would expect his dinner and it would not be ready and he would snarl at her laziness. She rubbed with her foot at a greasy spot on the carpet. Any one of these men might be he; they looked so much alike, all with smoky faces and dark blotches of perspiration on the backs of their blue shirts. Her hand clenched involuntarily. To have to live with him thirty, maybe forty more years! Her full lips curled with disgust. This stinking hovel—Jeff had called it a pig-sty. She thought of Jeff, with his quick laughter, his gay banter. He would take her out of this squalor. He had said he loved her. If she could only get away somehow—to Jeff, away from the heat and the dirt and Matt. She could take her things to his room; they could go away somewhere. He had asked her to come.

Matt would have to get along the best he could. There would be nothing he could do about it once she had gone. It would be a jolt to him, he depended upon her for so much, but he would have to get over it. She thought of his clumsy overtures, the eager look that sometimes came

pleted and ready for occupancy, and the Alumnae donated cathedral glass windows to the auditorium. The Senior reading course required that the Seniors "read critically" the *Ode on Immortality*, Macaulay's *Essay on Milton* and George Eliot's *Clerical Scenes*. Parents were told that if they "furnish a large amount of spending money, the college will not be held responsible." Messrs. Sprole and Pitcairn were replaced by the Standard Cab Company, and the Rev. W. R. MacKay, D.D., lectured on "The Good Old Times."

In 1894-5 Miss Jennie DeVor was President and the telephone was in to stay.

In 1900 came the Y. W. C. A. and a college wagonette.

1900-40 No comment.

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to his dull eyes. She recoiled from the memory of his rough calloused hands.

Jeff—Jeff had asked her to come; her heart beat quickly. There would be money to buy things; there would be no work to do. Jeff had smooth hands; his lips were soft.

One of the blue shirted workmen separated from the rest and turned in toward the screen door. A surge of hatred went through her at the sight of him. She moved away from the door and turning toward the cupboard began examining the contents of a coffee can. The man sighed as he entered the kitchen.

"Well, Lolly, here I am. Another day over." He put his tin lunch box upon the drain board. She glanced at him without answering and then back again at the coffee that she was measuring into the large dented coffee pot. He went toward the hall door, unbuttoning his dirty blue shirt as he walked.

"I guess we don't eat around here anymore," he laughed a little. "I should think you could have something ready once in a while when I get home." His voice came muffled from the next room.

"Oh, it will be ready in a minute." She could not conceal the distaste in her voice. "Anyone would think I had nothing to do but wait on you." She emptied cans of beans and tomatoes into great blackened pans and placed them on the stove. Thirty or forty more years—of this! The soft coolness of the evening outside the door called to her. The radio down the hall sobbed "Chloe"—"love is calling me—I gotta go where you are."

Tonight—when he read his newspaper under the hot yellow lamp in the bedroom. He needn't know where she was going. A few moments to collect one or two things and then she would be free. A short wait for the trolley down the street, a short ride and she would be with Jeff. And Matt would never know. She felt a surge of pride that she had never mentioned Jeff to Matt.

He came back into the kitchen and sat down on a stool at the table. He had changed his blue shirt for a stained white sweatshirt. He had washed the soot from his face and it looked pale in the gray light. She felt a moment of tenderness for him as she placed his thick plate of food in front of him. It was a dirty trick to run out on him. She would be specially nice to him this last

evening. She leaned over impulsively and kissed him on his forehead. He caught her hand as she turned away.

"Lolly—you haven't done that in a long time. What—"

"Why, don't be silly!" She laughed prettily. "You are my husband aren't you?" A shade of fear chilled her for a second. Her husband, whom she was going to leave. Jeff, who could never be her husband. The man at the table regarded her half-curiously and then began eating like a hungry animal. He was an animal, she thought, and the fear left her.

After they had eaten, they went into the small stifling bedroom, he to read his newspaper, and she to change her dress. As she hung up her gingham house dress he looked up quizzically. Another wave of tenderness for him swept her. He was so weary, so tense looking under that glaring light.

"Oh, by the way," she said casually, "I just thought I'd run down the street to the movie. There's something there I want to see. You won't mind will you."

"Why, no—why, no, not at all," he said slowly. "I'd go too, but I guess I'm too tired."

She crossed over to him and smoothed the hair back from his forehead. "That's right, you stay home and rest up for tomorrow." She combed her hair before the darkened mirror. She put a large silk handkerchief and a small bottle of toilet water into her purse and then, hesitating a moment, she took off her thin wedding ring and with a carefully concealed gesture placed it in the front of the dresser drawer. He would find it there. It wasn't fair not to let him know at least that much.

At the doorway she paused and glanced back. He was looking at her wistfully. Did he know? Could he possibly know? No, that was foolish. There wasn't any way he could. "Goodnight—Matt." She said it more gently than she had ever spoken to him before. As she passed through

the dirty kitchen she thought, "Oh, why didn't I at least do the dinner dishes?" A sense of the loneliness he would have to face came to her as she stood for a moment at the screen door and heard the weary ticking of the clock in silence.

She walked swiftly down the street, the cool wind lifting her hair from her neck. The thought of Jeff drove every other thought from her mind. In so short a time she would be with him. At last she had done the thing she had thought about so long. And Jeff—what would he say? How would he act? What if—a sudden cold terror made her heart pound swiftly. What if he didn't want her, really, at all? What if he had only been playing around? What if—but that couldn't happen. She wouldn't think of that. He had meant what he said; he must have. She stood beneath the street light on the corner and waited for the trolley. Her finger felt strangely bare without the thin ring. But she was free! Free of Matt and the dirty hovel. She trembled with excitement.

The trolley was coming, jangling and rocking from side to side. It would stop once more and then it would stop for her. "Jeff—Jeff," she breathed softly. The hand that searched in her purse for a coin shook slightly.

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Time Changes

Nancy Over, '40

"Hello, Joe, what d'yuh know?" asked Norma as she slid between the stools at the counter of the best hamburger joint in town. "Let's see, I want two hamburgers, a shot of Old Overholt and a beer."

Joe yelled out to the kitchen, "two burgs." Norma could see the cook as he slapped two chunks of red meat into the skillet and stood pensively playing with them as they fried. She took deep drags of a cigarette while she waited impatiently for her dinner. Joe placed the shot and the beer before her, saying: "Norma, if you're gonna' drink, why do you have to drink this stuff? It's enough to rip the lining right out of your stomach."

Norma nervously flicked ashes from her cigarette with her little finger and poured the shot into the beer in defiance of the bartender. "Why're you playin' nursemaid to me now, wise guy? Why didn't you start eight years ago?"

"You and the girl who came in here eight years ago are as different as day and night, Norm! You're hard, brazen, know your way around. She was as helpless as a new-born babe and as plain as an old shoe, dragging that patent leather suitcase with her."

"He's off again," thought Norma as she listened absentmindedly to Joe while he preached one of his many sermons. She hated him for frightening her. She had changed, she admitted it herself. In the mirror before her she stared at the deep circles under her lifeless eyes, the prominent wrinkles on her forehead and the lines at the corners of her mouth. She knew that her makeup was too flashy, her dress too bright, but there was nothing that she could do about it. "Why doesn't Joe lay off nagging? He knows that it won't get him any place," she thought. "I've made a mistake—but, hell, what am I going to do about it?" Gradually, her old cynicism reappeared as she sipped her beer and lighted another cigarette.

Norma bit into the hamburger; lipstick red catsup oozed out along the edge of the bun. She chewed happily and tried to decipher the neon signs as their reflections lighted up the mirror every other second. The smoke in the diner looked like a fog rising as it floated lightly toward the ceiling. After Norma finished her beer and hamburger she took a

final drag of her cigarette and put it out in her plate. She exhaled lazily as she brushed the crumbs from her lap. As she placed money on the counter for her dinner she heard a familiar, vibrant voice saying: "Hi, Joe, how's the boy? Making any money? How about a coffee and a couple of doughnuts?"

As Norma turned to leave the counter her arm brushed a well-worn leather brief case that the man had placed beside him when he sat down. "My, God, it's Tim," she thought as the dim gold letters seemed to jump out at her, twice their normal size. She spelled out "Timothy Horner. Fostoria Glass Co., Junction, Ohio." Once, twice, three times, fascinated by the sound of the words. Norma drew her eyes away from the brief case and saw in the mirror that Tim was looking at her. Their eyes met for an instant and in that instant Norma hoped that he would recognize her and at the same time prayed that he would not.

She rushed from the diner as a thousand memories of Junction came up before her eyes. She could see Tim as he looked eight years ago, tall, sunburned, good looking. They had been in love—but her family didn't approve because Tim was only the Johnson's hired man. They were forbidden to see each other, but they went on meeting, hoping, planning, secretly, always secretly. Moonlight canoe rides, swimming in the creek, meeting in town on Saturdays for a soda at the corner drug store. Then, her father had found out and told her that since she could not be trusted she wouldn't be allowed to leave the house unless someone went with her. At first Norma had been passively morose and moody. Then, unable to stand it any longer, she had run away. She spent half of her savings for her bus fare to the city, the other half dwindled rapidly until she was eating only one meal a day. Sometimes, she was lucky even to get that.

Her high heels clicked rhythmically on the street. A cool, sharp breeze blew her hair over her face. Shaking her head she looked at the airplane beacon on a building down the street and wondered how many thousand times it had flashed out its lucid signals. A tall man hunched over a newspaper trying to read it by the dim light of a store window.

"Once," mused Norma, "he wasn't good enough for me and now . . ."

Love Song

Marianne McCallister, '40

The two, girl and boy, had climbed the hill hand in hand. Now they stood in the meadow, which topped the hill, and looked across the lake at the little tufts of islands whose rocky surfaces held one single ragged pine tree jutting crookedly out of the rock, and a clump of juniper bushes. Above them the sky was almost terribly blue—and it was high, high above them. When they looked up they felt as if they were floating off into space. The tall grass on the meadow around them leaned with the wind, as if the earth were brushing her hair. At the edge of the field was a rocky cliff which seemed too steep to descend, but the boy and the girl found a path which led them to a spot where the rocks had formed a wide seat which was lined with dry grass and lichen. It was a seat which had been discovered over and over by those with solitary thoughts, artists, and boys and girls such as these two. It seemed, with the clear water below them, the sky above them, and the rocks around them, to be a place remote from all other people.

For a long time, after they had settled themselves into the niche, neither spoke. Finally, the boy, keeping his voice soft as if he were afraid his natural tone would awaken the sleeping rock, said, "Look, how clear the water is down there."

The girl looked down with a half smile and said "Yes, you could almost count the rocks, if you wanted to."

"Only I don't want to," the boy almost whispered.

The girl leaned back smiling, not against the rock, but, as his arms directed her, against his shoulder. She snuggled against him happily, and smiled up to the sky. "It's so very blue" she murmured, and then, because he did not answer her, she turned her head to look at him. He was looking down at her with eyes that were deep with longing and hope. Before she could turn her head away, he was kissing her with all the hope and longing, that had been in his eyes.

He drew back and looked at her, and his look rising from her eyes to her hair was almost a tangible caress. "You're so lovely," he whispered.

"You encourage me when you can say that in broad day light," she

laughed softly, and he drew her closer to him, laughing with her. So they stayed for a long moment. She looked up to see what he was thinking, and again he kissed her, this time almost cruelly—then gently, just brushing her lips with his.

The girl drew away and slipped out of his arms and, leaning against the rock, folded her arms as if she were hugging herself. "It's so lovely," she sighed.

"What?" he asked, taking her hand.

"Oh, I don't know, every thing. This lovely spot, even that poor, old, half-starving pine. That was put there for me—no for us."

"Silly, why for us?"

"For us to look at. Might be for a bird to nest in, but I think it was mostly for us to look at."

They both laughed, and he drew her back into his arms, and kissed her with a soft long kiss. She dropped her head to his chest and he rested his cheek against her hair. And so they stayed, until a moment later, a voice hallowed from the middle of the lake, "We see you."

They looked out at the small sail boat, then back at each other. The boy took one last, fleeting kiss, then they both jumped to their feet, and laughing, waved to their interrupting friends.

"They'll tease us," the boy said smiling, "but we won't mind, will we?"

"No," said the girl, smiling too, "we won't mind."

Then they scrambled back up the rocks, and raced each other back to the rest of the world.

***This is what results from
reading sad stories in the
Arrow (sad meaning tears)***

Around my eyes
There's much Humidity
My heart is left with
Great Algidity

For our tales are full
Of Acridity
And nothing but Sordidity

So let us with all Rapidity
Rid ourselves
Of this Rigidity

Perhaps it is Flaccidity
To long for more Placidity
But, honestly, to me Morbidity
Is nothing but Stupidity

SEE AMERICA

—By—

GREYHOUND

—On—



A FEW LOW ROUND TRIP FARES

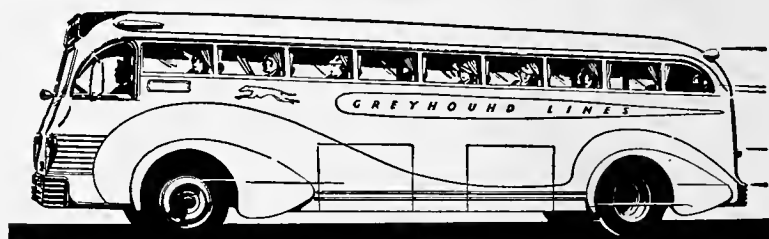
New York	\$12.15	St. Louis	\$20.20
Chicago	15.25	Cleveland	4.50
Philadelphia	9.90	Detroit	9.90

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The ARROW

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Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., April 17, 1940

No. 7



Things To Come

THE ARROW

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Idea of a University

Almost everyone who has had so much as one ten-minute written in college has an opinion on the perfect university. No matter how nebulous the idea may be, it is there.

Perhaps the complaint on the current curriculum goes no further than the perpetual freshman gripe, "Every teacher thinks his course is the only one we take," or the moanings of every member of the junior class who is trying to fit all the required-for-a-major subjects into the senior schedule. The plan for an education might only be the result of a sophomore panic over the first oral hour-report or the accumulated cynicism of four years' hard work with no tangible reward at the end of them.

At any rate, every college student who has gone to classes from October to April has, explicitly or implicitly, made some criticism or suggestion relative to the existing system of higher education. Some of us go so far as to dream up the ideal college curriculum. Here is one of them, the product of nearly four years' observation of students, teachers, and the effect of their inter-action.

The education business is made much too hard. It can be simple—as simple as this: all that any woman really needs to know in this age, besides, if necessary, a way to earn her own living, all she should be thoroughly versed in are the three fundamental skills—reading, writing, and speaking.

Most of us feel we have learned to read, to write and to talk long before we entered seventh grade. Most of us graduate from college without being able to do any of them very competently.

In my dream college, the entire curriculum would be directed toward the training of young people who could use many words and shape them into any form and in any medium express the ideas which they have received from the words in the books they have read, the lectures they have heard. They would be able to speak without stumbling upon any subject on which they have ideas. In my college, professors and other students would never be forced to witness the painful sight of an inarticulate person staggering through a term-report or a seminar discussion or even an announcement in chapel.

The students of tomorrow, if I have my way, will be able to express their ideas in writing, forcefully and clearly. Few persons can be taught to create works of literature. Anyone can learn to put things down on paper in reasonably adult paragraphs, relatively simple sentences and perfectly correct grammar and spelling. If she can not learn it in freshman composition, she will have to learn it in other required courses.

Finally, my college student will be able to read. I do not refer by that to the mechanics of reading, although educational psychologists have been having a field-day in the last few years proving by tests how stupid we collegians are as readers. Laying mechanics aside—do we really read well? Do we penetrate quickly to the heart of an article? Do we know the associations called up by the words? Do we see the color of them, hear the beauty of their sound? No? Well, my college student, with a rich background knowledge, will. She will be a truly good reader, as well as a competent writer and a poised speaker.

Jottings in the Margin

The only way to tell that spring has really come around here is to count new fraternity pins and Keep Off The Grass signs . . . In spite of the veneer of sophistication and love of humanity that we all believe we have acquired, there is something in the accounts of the great battle of last week that calls forth an exultation in flying banners and the clash of steel on steel . . . here, we might almost cry, was a conflict in which to lose one's life gloriously . . . No one who isn't a senior can know the empty feeling one has when elections for next year begin . . . Do we imagine it, or are campus fashions becoming more and more colorful? . . . With spring so late this year, it is hard to remember the long and beautiful fall of 1939.

Modern Dance Group Joins Glee Club In Annual Recital

Again this year the Glee Club is busy making final plans for its annual concert here at school. The date has been set for Wednesday evening, May 1. In connection with the Glee Club concert, the modern dance groups, under the direction of Miss Helen Errett, will present a program of original dances.

Following the concert there will be a dance in the chapel. Jean Curry, president of Glee Club, is serving as committee chairman for the dance. Students who have paid their activities fee will receive a free ticket. Tickets include admission to the dance as well as the concert.

The Glee Club will sing the following numbers:

Come Again Sweet Love
..... John Dowand
Green Sleeves Old English
Three Early English Catches:

1. Runcell
2. Needham
3. Dr. Nares

Two Brahms's Gypsy Songs
..... Number 3 and 6
Standchen Schubert
Solo by Jane Hanauer

Sound Sleep Vaughn Williams

This program will be divided into two groups, and between each group the modern dance classes will present their recital.

Dances are:

First Group

"The Killers" by Carl Sandburg...
..... Renee Schreyer
Dancer—Renee Schreyer
"Lament" by Edna St. Vincent
Millay Alice Chattaway

Dancers—Alice Chattaway

Ruth Bauer

Peggy Matheny

"Union Now" or Union Never? ..

..... Freshmen

Dancers—Freshmen Group

Drought Betty Eastwood

Dancers—Betty Eastwood

Ruth Bauer

Renee Schreyer

Second Group

The Curriculum Rachel Kirk

a. Logic

b. Astronomy

c. Composition

d. Rhythm

Dancers—Rachel Kirk

Betty Eastwood

Alice Chattaway

Dr. H. L. Holbrook Heads New Project

Plans for the Adjustment Institute are going ahead rapidly. It has been decided that it will go into operation next fall, and the details are being worked out at the present time.

Dr. Harold L. Holbrook has been appointed Director of the Institute. He is now at the college, beginning to straighten out the details involved in the organization of such an undertaking. Previously, Dr. Holbrook was State Director of Guidance for the National Youth Administration in Harrisburg.

As Professor of Education in Dr. Kinder's department, Dr. Holbrook will conduct a class in Mental Hygiene next year. This course will probably be limited to seniors.

The actual outline for the work to be done next year will include class material for seventh grade pupils being prepared by Dr. Holbrook under the title **The Art of Understanding People**.

The purpose of the Institute is to teach students while still in High School how to meet people and situations, in order that they may be better able to face and solve the problems they will meet after they leave school. Parental education, teacher training, and student guidance are all vital parts of its program.

Upperclassmen Feted

The Patio of the Schenley Hotel will be the setting for the sophomore's tea for the seniors this afternoon from three to five. Betty Hazeltine is chairman of the committee and has charge of the tea.

The freshman will entertain the juniors at a tea on Friday, April 19, in Woodland Hall. Marian Kieffer is chairman of the committee which is composed of Rosella Wayne, Peg Johnson, and Peggy Dietz. Tea will be served from three to five with entertainment at four o'clock.

Syncopated Swing Ruth Bauer
Peggy Matheny

Dancers—Ruth Bauer

Peggy Matheny

Theme and Variations on a French

Nursery Song

..... Aethelburga Schmidt

Josef Wagner

Sophomore Group

Dancers—Aethelburga Schmidt

Sophomore Group

New Arrow Editors Chosen by Board

Jo Anne Healey and Jeanne-Anne Ayres, both '41, will head next year's **Arrow** staff. The co-editors were appointed by the Board of Publications at a meeting, Wednesday, April 10.

Jo Anne Healey has worked on the **Arrow** for two years, serving as feature editor this year. She also is one of the writers of **Hear and Their** and a frequent contributor to the literary section of the magazine. A member of the French and Dramatic clubs and Omega, she also takes an active part in dramatics.

Jeanne-Anne Ayres has been a staff writer on the **Arrow** since she entered PCW and was the winner of the Omega Short Story Contest last year. She belongs to Lambda Pi Mu, Omega and the Dramatic Club. Both girls are on the Dean's List.

The Board of Publications is composed of Miss Marks, Miss Mowry, Mrs. Shupp, and the president and vice-presidents of the Student Government Board, the editors of the **Arrow**, and the editor and business manager of the **Pennsylvanian**.

PCW Will Entertain High School Students

The spring reception for high school students will be held on campus, April 27.

The day will begin with scholarship examinations at nine o'clock. These examinations are given to those girls who want scholarships and will enter PCW in the fall of 1940. The scholarships range from \$50 to \$150 for day students and from \$50 to \$300 for resident students. There will be one hundred girls taking the examinations.

Students taking the examinations are invited to stay at the school for lunch and remain for the reception for high school seniors in the afternoon. There will be tours of the campus so that the girls may see the buildings, the class rooms and the dormitory. PCW girls will be hostesses for the afternoon and will show the guests the college.

After the program tea will be served in Woodland Hall. Miss Campbell and Miss Marks will receive, the students will serve.

Miss Marks and Dr. Spencer will welcome the girls in the program which is to be held in the chapel following lunch.

Citizens Chosen For Femopia

The cast for "No Male Today," the original senior play to be given May 16, was announced recently.

The three principal roles, those of the Dictator, Cobina, and Clementine, will be played by Mary Ellen Ostergard, Jane Hanauer, and Rachel Kirk.

The Dictator's Cabinet will be composed of the Ministers of Education, Relief, Foreign Affairs, Propaganda, Substitutes, Clubs, and Army, played by Jean Geiselhart, Marianne McCallister, Patricia Krause, Beryl Bahr, Jane Viehman, Jean Watson, and Helen Lohr.

Violet Cook, Audrey Horton, Ruth Fite, and Peggy Christy will take the parts of the Treasurer, the Stranger, Phillipina, and Portia.

Katherine Rutter, Janet Ross, Jean Burry, and Pat Brennan will be McGurk, the Mail Carrier, Betty, and Peggy. The College Girls will be played by Ruth Mary Arthur, Jean Cate, Anne Ludlow, Sally Browne, and Ruth Bauer. Helen Cheng will be the salesman.

A group from the Modern Dancing class will give a pantomime. It will be given by Louise Lean, Frances Arahaffey, Betty Eastwood, Peg Durseath, and Renee Schreyer.

"No Male Today" was written by Kache Kirk, Audrey Horton, and Nancyann Cockerille. The music for the ten songs in the play were written by Ann Miller and Jean Watson.

The proceeds from the play will be given to the Library Fund.

Omega Rules Changed

Omega, the English majors' club of PCW, at its meeting Wednesday, April 3, changed its entrance requirements. Formerly only English majors could become members, but starting next year any English major or minor or anyone interested may become a member. The only requirement will be the submission of a piece of original writing as poetry, short story, or an article.

Freshmen will be able to become members in the second semester.

Annually Omega sponsors a short story contest. This year's contest is now open and will continue until May 1. Any member of the student body may enter. A group of judges will decide upon the winner. The first prize is to be ten dollars and the second prize has not been decided.

Instrumental Ensemble Will Present Recital For Student Body

The PCW instrumental ensemble will present a chapel program on Wednesday, May 15. The ensemble consists of eleven players who will perform as a group and who will play numbers written for quartet and trio.

These smaller groups have performed at several affairs during the year. The aim of this type of work is to provide opportunity for the ensemble to play some of the beautiful chamber music written by classic and modern composers for unusual combinations of instruments.

The members of the group who will play are as follows:

Fay Cumbler	
Laura Mulkearn	Violin
Mary Linn Marks	
Ruth Patton	
Ruth Mary Arthur	Flutes
Miles Janouch	Viola
Sally Thomas	Cello
Ann Baker	Bass Viol
Amy McKay	Clarinet
Betty Gahagen	Oboe
Mary E. Rope	Piano

Singers Give Recital

The Hampton Institute singers from the Hampton Institute in Virginia will give a program of folk songs and negro spirituals in chapel, May 1.

The group has been in existence for many years and each year it makes a good-will tour of the United States. For the last four years the group has sung at PCW.

Hampton Institute is a vocational, academic, as well as an agricultural school for negroes.

Student Work Featured In Chapel Program

A program of original compositions will be presented on Wednesday, May 8 in chapel. This gives the student body an opportunity to hear the music which has been written as part of the regular class work in music theory.

Included in this program will be solos for piano and organ as well as composition for two pianos. Vocal numbers are both secular and sacred, ranging from simple children's songs to the lieder and art song for solo voice. Some of the lyrics are original, others are taken from the great poets or from the Bible.

PCW Represented At Conference

On Saturday, April 20, there will be a sectional meeting at the Cathedral of Learning—University of Pittsburgh, with C. E. Manwil, Pennsylvania Director of the Department of Curricular Study and Research of the Pittsburgh Public Schools. The discussions will be held at the same time at Foster Memorial Hall.

Dr. Kinder and Dr. Spencer will attend the third annual audio-visual education conference, Friday and Saturday, April 19 and 20. The conference will be held at Foster Memorial Hall, Pittsburgh. The theme of the conference is "The Evaluation and Use of Audio-Visual Materials in the Classroom." Dr. Kinder is chairman of the committee and helping him are John A. Hallinger of the Pittsburgh Public Schools, Herbert T. Olander of the University of Pittsburgh, Charles E. Dickey, Superintendent of Allegheny County Public Schools, and J. E. Foss.

The conference will begin at 2:00 P. M., Friday, April 19, with C. E. Dickey presiding. During the next hour and half there will be several talks given on "The Administration of an Audio-Visual Education Program."

After a short recess, the meeting will reconvene with Dr. Kinder presiding. There will be two outstanding guest speakers. Walter Ginsberg from the Teachers College, Columbia University will speak on "Scientific Aides to Teaching English" and Robert Albright, administrative assistant to the Trustees, Teaching Film Cushtodians, Inc., New York.

At 6:00 P. M. there will be an informal dinner at Webster Hall. At 8:00 P. M. the conference will open its evening meeting at Foster Memorial Hall. Films showing scenes in Pittsburgh will be followed by a panel discussion on "The Documentary Film in Teaching Social Studies" led by E. A. Dimmick, associate superintendent of the Pittsburgh Public Schools.

Miss Lovenson Speaks

Miss Laura Lovenson, a potterer from New York, spoke on "Design From the Potters' Viewpoint," in chapel last Monday, April 15. Miss Lovenson's talk was illustrated with slides and exhibits.

First Spring Elections Completed

Campus Interest Turns To Three Elections

Campus interest was directed last week to three important elections—Jean McGowan, '41 was elected House President of Woodland Hall, Peggy Matheny, '42, junior member of the Student Government Board, and Charlotte Wolf, '41, was unanimously elected president of A. A.

For three years Jean McGowan attended the Emma Willard Preparatory school in Troy, New York. She was literary editor of the year book and on the varsity hockey and soccer teams. During her freshman year at PCW she was freshman editor of the **Minor Bird** and freshman representative on the Student Government Board. During her sophomore year Jean was head of the freshman commission. She was a member of the Glee Club for two and a half years. She was chairman of the Freshman-Sophomore Spring formal last year. This year she is the business manager of the **Pennsylvanian** and was a member of Beta Chi which was formerly the math club. Jean is majoring in mathematics.

Peggy Matheny has participated in a number of activities while in PCW. She was president of the freshman class in 1938-39. This year she was chairman of the day student's Christmas dance. She is also a member of Dramatic Club.

Charlotte Wolf has also taken part in many extra-curricular activities. In her freshman year she was a member of the library committee. As a sophomore she was on the den committee. She is now treasurer of the junior class and junior member of the A.A. Board. Charlotte has participated in volleyball hockey, and tennis. She is also a member of I.R.C.

YW To Hold Banquet For New Officers

Plans are being made for Y. W.'s annual banquet to be held Monday evening, May 6. Y. W. officers and cabinet, faculty advisors, and members may attend the dinner.

At a meeting after the banquet, the resigning officers will give brief reports of their work for this year. Then the new officers and cabinet members will be installed with a formal installation ceremony.

Unanimous SGA Vote Makes Gladys Patton President Next Year



Gladys R. Patton

Gladys Patton was elected president of Student Government for 1940-41 by an unanimous vote of the student body, Thursday, April 4.

Before entering PCW, she attended Greensburg High School. While there she was editor of the yearbook and secretary of the Student Council, in addition to participating in many sports.

Glady, a junior, is well-known on campus, and has taken part in many extra-curricular activities. In her freshman year she was a member of the freshman commission and a member of the House Board of Woodland Hall.

In her sophomore year, she held the position of representative on the Student Government Board, and this year was junior advisor to the freshman class.

These, however, are not all of Gladys's activities, for she is a member of I. R. C. and Lambda Pi Mu, and participates actively in college sports. She was the captain of the junior class basketball team. She was copy editor of the Arrow last year.

YW Elects President

The newly elected president of YW, Mary Linn Marks, has had a unique schooling, for before coming to PCW she attended Kiski, boys prep school at Saltsburg, Pa.

Being the only girl in the school, Mary Linn did not feel free to accept any of the school offices. However, since she has come to PCW, she has participated in many activities.

In her freshman year, she was a member of the freshman commission, and in her sophomore year was treasurer of Student Government Association. This year she is secretary of S. G. A.

In addition to serving on numerous committees, Mary Linn is a member of I. R. C., and has been on the dean's list for two years.

Other Officers Chosen

Elections of YWCA officers for the coming year were held at a meeting Tuesday morning, April 9.

The results are: vice-president, Helen Shellkopf; secretary, Jean Archer; treasurer, Margaret Anderson.

Helen Shellkopf, sophomore, is a member of the Arrow feature writing staff, was on the YWCA banquet committee last year, and is a member of Lambda Pi Mu. She attended Wilkesburg High School where she was a member of the National Honor Society, president of the Drama Club, club editor of the yearbook, and was on the Girl Reserve cabinet.

Jean Archer is president of the freshman class, belongs to Phi Pi, and is a member of the Glee Club. She was graduated from Avonworth High School where she was president of the Girl Reserves, a senior member of the Student Council, president of the junior class, and a member of the Sports Club and the Glee Club.

Margaret Anderson, sophomore, is treasurer of the Student Government Association, was a member of the Freshman Commission, and belongs to the French Club and Lambda Pi Mu. She attended Greensburg High School where she was vice-president of the Sophomore class, a member of the a capella choir, French and Latin Clubs, Sorores Club, and Tri-Y.

Mary Ellen Ostergard, president of YWCA, presided at the meeting.

PCW Girls, W-J Boys To Dance Quadrille

The quadrille, given annually at Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pennsylvania, will be presented at the George Washington Hotel on Friday night, April 26.

Thirty-six girls from PCW and boys from W and J will participate. Mr. and Mrs. Louett of Dearborn, Michigan are training the group.

Two sets of dancers will be attired in colonial costumes. The remainder will wear evening clothes. It is hoped that in future years everyone will wear colonial costumes.

A special effort is being made to have Henry Ford attend the quadrille.

The number of tickets is limited, but visitors may attend in formal dress. They are invited to the supper which will follow the presentation of the quadrille. This makes the spectators a part of the group.

YWCA Sends Delegates To Atlantic City Meet

The national convention of the Y. W. C. A., which is held every two years, met this year at Atlantic City. The Convention lasted from April 10 to 16.

The purpose of the meeting was to discuss the policies and principles of the Y. W. C. A. During this convention, this year they also celebrated the 85th anniversary of the founding of the Y. W. C. A.

Those who represented PCW at the conference included Mrs. H. L. Spencer, Ruth Clark, Jane Viehman, and Brice Black.

Scholarship Benefit To Increase Fund

The Dilworth Hall Association will hold a benefit in the Chapel, Tuesday evening, May 7. The Dilworth Hall Association is composed of graduates and former students of Dilworth Hall Preparatory School—a preparatory school for PCW that was discontinued in 1916.

This is one of many benefits the association has held to raise the \$10,000 scholarship fund, in honor of Janet L. Brownlee, principal of the preparatory school for many years and after its closing, assistant to Miss Marks.

PCW Athletes To Play In Sports Tournament At Penn State College

A group of girls from PCW will attend a state athletic meet which will be held at Penn State the week-end of April 27-28.

Various tournaments will be held in swimming, archery, tennis, and badminton.

The girls representing PCW are Ruth Mary Arthur, Anne Ludlow, and Peg Dunseath, all '40, for badminton, Sue Wooldridge, '41, for archery, Gladys Patton, '41, and Nancy Over, '40, for tennis, and Julia Wells, '41, and Jean Arthur, '42, for swimming.

A program has been arranged which includes, in addition to the tournaments, a banquet, and an all-college circus.

Science Professors Attend Conference In Cincinnati

The natural science department of PCW has been busy lately. Dr. Wallace and Dr. Scholl spent April 8 to 10 in Cincinnati, Ohio, at the semi-annual American Chemical Society's Conference. Dr. Wallace was chairman of the Pittsburgh section of the society this year.

The physics and chemistry teacher's club of Pittsburgh has chosen PCW for the location of its May meeting. After the meeting, the members and their wives will have dinner in Woodland Hall Dormitory.

Woodland Hall to Hold Annual Spring Dance . . This Saturday Night

The annual Woodland Hall spring dance will be held April 20, it has been announced by Betty Crawford, president of the House.

The dance will be from 9:00 to 12:00 P. M. when refreshments will be served.

The committee in charge of the dance is Pat Brennan, chairman; Betty Ann Morrow, Julia Wells, Ruth Strickland, Virginia McCune, Margaret Graham, Lucille Cummins, and Coleen Lauer.

The committee has not yet chosen the orchestra. This year each dorm girl may ask one guest. The tickets will be one dollar for each couple.

Book Shelf

Spring is here, and the good housekeeper cleans house and takes inventory of the stock on hand. The good librarian does likewise, and from our library comes a report of new spring books. They have been flowing in from all fields and walks of literature. Among those present is **How to Read a Book** by Mortimer J. Adler, which deals with the art of getting a liberal education and is really a book about how to read a book. Also there is a book which describes the technique of applying logic instead of emotion to thought. It is **How To Think Straight** by Robert Thouless.

Among the important plays is **The Male Animal** by James Thurber and Elliott Nugent, which is now playing full houses in New York city. The critics describe it as placing one in a dizzying, amazingly funny world. Other plays include **The Man Who Came to Dinner** by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, **Key Largo** by Maxwell Anderson and **The Time of Your Life** by William Saroyan.

The novel which rates Bookseller's Discovery of the year is now in our possession. It is **Ararat** by Elgin Grosulose, which is a timely book. People are going to argue about it, puzzle over it, attack and defend it. So read it, now, and prepare to take your stand.

Other current novels are **Kitty Foyle** by Christopher Morley, describing the natural history of a woman, **The Nazarene** by Sholem Asch, **Asleep in the Afternoon** by E. C. Large and **Portrait of Jennie** by Robert Nathan.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-nine recorded our present civilization in a Time Capsule. **Since Yesterday** by Frederick Lewis Allen seems to follow suit as it is our reference book of the 1930's. It deals with every minute detail from women's hats and Charlie McCarthy to "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf" and the swerve from classical economy.

Club Holds Meeting

The Colloquium Club, a literary society to which many PCW faculty members belong, will hold a meeting Monday, April 22, in the science lecture hall. Each year the club gives four \$100 scholarships to PCW students.

HEAR AND THEIR

By Healey and Higgins

Summertime . . . the top goes down, and the air is full of bugs. Tennis, swimming, golf and horse, and freckles on our mugs . . . A day, a week, a month perhaps, before the spring is o'er . . . But meanwhile we still keep red flannels handy in the bureau drawer! L'amour, l'amour, I wish I wuz a bug!

Meanwhile, W. & J. still invades the campus, or vice-versa, with Mary Evelyn Ducey, Ella Hilbish, Margaret Bebertz (hmmm! We would say the play's the thing!) Lucy Cummins, Jane Fitzpatrick, Eileen Wechsler, Jean Sweet, and Marion Lambie among those present at the cotillion last week-end. Soon comes the prom, gals . . . make some news.

Spring vacation came and went and that was that. In memoriam, Janie Hanauer displays a piece of West Point jewelry on THE digit, and Audrey Horton and Betty Eastwood are diamonding on same. We would say congratulations, but E. Post wrote us personally and said you never. but NEVER congratulate the female of an intended alliance. You merely wish them happiness, or luck, as the case may be. So, as the case may be gals, congrats!

Dottie Brooks, Louise Haldeman and Margaret Anderson ('43) strolled out of modern dancing class the other day in those charming, but brief costumes, and the Pitt boys parked near-by are still cheering.

Ruth Wright roamed in and asked us to say something nice about Joey. We do, and also add a word of approval for Joey's Tech Beta friend, Jim, who is dating right and left all over the place, but never the same femme. Many a heart has been broken, etc.

Distance dwindles as Alice Chattaway talks to Massachusetts, and Ruth Fite converses with New York. Personally, we're still waiting for television.

Nancy Over is going in for jitterbugging, and Betty Bacon, Sis Weller seem to go for Steel Roberts. Jean McGowan goes for walks with Butch, Amy McKay goes looking for birds at 3 in the morning. Jane Brooks goes dancing in Charleston, the **Arrow** goes to bed in ten minutes and that goes for us too. But first, some musings on men.

Who is the mystery male in Barbara Heinz's life? Has Ginnie McCune's mail increased? Why has Dottie Carey given up men for music? Will Pat Kent get her barrister? Did Betty Anne Baker get her photo? How many Delts does Eileen Chapman love? Will we get invited to the prom? What prom? Read these and other exciting episodes in next month's **Arrow** . . . 3rd column from the left, under the racing returns.

And before we leave, may we pass on to you a story with a moral, about the Marines. It seems that Mary Louise Henry broke a man's heart about a year ago, and so he joined the marines. Comes now a wire from the Gov't telling him to be ready to embark for parts foreign on 30 days' notice, and the only way he can get demarined is by getting married!

SLANTS AND ANGLES

By Betty Eastwood

Enigma

We always had a fondness in our heart for newspapers. Probably we were too idealistic all the time. But, we figured some of the stories they printed could be believed, and went blissfully on our way swallowing the articles in one gulp. After all the poor editor was trying hard.

Now that it is war-time we are bewildered. The headlines are very beautiful and black, and the stories neatly labeled: Stockholm, London, and Berlin. Two British ships sunk, says the Berlin report. Two Nazi ships sunk, says the London story. Two ships sunk, says the account from Stockholm. Obviously we can't believe them all. Either they are all correct, in which case six boats went down; or they are all wrong and no ships sank at all. If we take a middle course we have an increasingly strong conviction that no one knows any more than we do, and if they did they wouldn't tell.

It was a noble faith we had, but it, like many other nobilities of spirit, is gone with the war. We spent our precious allowance, got forty pages of paper, and all we learned was that someone sank something . . . probably ships.

One Restful Note

Then there is the "Bed Problem." Yes, that's what we said! The manufacturers of beds have been making them all the same size since the days when you climbed into them with little stairs. It was fine until vitamins came along. People ate the vitamins and grew strong. They also grew long-legged, and some of them had to build extensions on their beds, complete with hot water bottles, to keep their feet warm. "This," said the manufacturers, "will never do." So the beds will take vitamins too, and henceforth emerge from the factory bigger than the people, we hope.

Another Spring?

Spring has come. The newspapers bear witness to the fact. There are war headlines galore, and in a corner of the front page, a note to the effect that the Washington Cherry Blossoms are opened. Spring came slowly this year, hesitant, fearful; as if nature herself knew what was being whispered, as if she had heard the soft-spoken prophesies that it would spell renewed vigor in the European war. But the seasons must change, and with April the war has burst forth. With April also the cherry blossoms bloom. In the capitals of Europe the flowers pay a funeral tribute to the dead and those who soon will die. In America they bloom for peace, and warm, fragrant nights, and music across the parks. We will look at them with new appreciation this year, because there lurks a question in their beauty. We will laugh in the spring evening's hush, and be silent in its peace, yet our eyes are sad. Flowers, for joy or mourning. Which will it be when spring comes again next year? Which will it be in America, tears or sorrow?

FUN FARE

By Althea Lowe

Are you havin' any fun? There's certainly no excuse if you're not with all of the new billings and entertainment almost begging you to enter. And now that spring is definitely here (we hope, we hope, we hope) and that dreaded disease spring fever has been almost universally contracted, you had best get rid of the red flannels and join the fun-makers.

The current New York success, "Margin for Error," will open Monday, April 22, at the Nixon. The author is Claire Booth who also wrote "The Women" and "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," which you should have seen in December. "Margin for Error" is a cleverly plotted melodrama with enough of mystery and satire to appeal to everyone. It will be followed by George M. Cohan's "Return of the Vagabond" on May 6. Keep the dates in mind.

If you're looking for excitement and laughter and some real drama on the screen, be sure to see Mickey Rooney in "Young Tom Edison" at Loew's Penn. Mickey, as usual, portrays himself to perfection and not as yet, has the novelty worn thin.

Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights are now at the Stanley in person. You all know how pleasant those strains of music can be after a strenuous hour written, so take advantage of it while he's here. But if you think you "hit" the exam, and hence you're in a dancing mood, George King, the new maestro at Bill Green's will be glad to see you, or you might stop at the New Penn where Johnny Wiles and his orchestra have begun a month's engagement.

And on a more classic note, Nelson Eddy and Lily Pons are both coming to Syria Mosque in the very near future! They're both on the May Beegle series so if you haven't already bought a ticket, don't wait for the last minute. They're popular stars, you know.

And one of the highest points of entertainment for the month is the annual spring house dance. Each dormitory student will be permitted to bring one guest so no doubt a large number of day students will be there. Remember, Saturday night, April 20, already taken, so don't make other plans.

If you are longing for deep spring—for crocuses and apple blossoms and tulips all in bloom, it isn't necessary to "wait till the real thing comes along." For the 19'0 Flower Show at Phipps Conservatory welcomes you to a "preview of spring."

We went between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. (when the admission is free) and we began our journey beside a lily pond in the main hall that houses the first display in the exhibition.

The loveliest exhibit, to us, was the Charleston Garden. It is a typical garden of the deep south with azaleas and rhododendrons set in among trees hung with Spanish Moss. As we entered, music changed from a march to a minuet, and we closed our eyes, and smelled



By Janet Ross

Things We Should Have Done Before

Hip-hip-hocray! That's one good rousing cheer for the basketball managers. As examples of efficiency spirit, and dependability they are tops, so orchids to Mary Lou Henry, Janet Ross, Sr., Margie Longwell, and Mildred Stewart.

Weather Report

Fair and warmer. Unsurpassed for tennis, golf, riding, mushball, and suntan. The courts will be ready any day now; golf lessons start this week; the horses are at the post; sign up for color teams in mushball now.

Election Bulletin

Carrie Wolf was unanimously elected President of A. A. for next year. An outstanding athlete in her class, this year Charrie was on both the Honorary Hockey and Basketball teams. Congratulations.

Tourney News

The spring badminton and pingpong tournaments are now in full swing. As you know, the winner of each of these tournaments is awarded a cup. Come out and watch some of these matches then you, too, will know who our stars are. You do know they're not all in astronomy class.

Opportunity Knockings

Bowling is fast becoming a favorite sport with the PCWites. In case you haven't already heard, you can try your skill at knocking the pins and the pin-boy over any Wednesday after 2:30 at the Murray-Beacon alleys. And you get two lines for a quarter. Logic for today. A line lasts much longer if you are playing with a group, so let's get the gang and go bowling. It's wonderful for the figure.

Food Bulletin

Every year the Athletic Association sponsors a dinner for the class team that was victorious in hockey and the basketball championship. This year the Sophomore and Senior teams will be thusly honored. Look for a notice about the date.

Patting On the Back

I told you so. Yanh-ala the little fox. The Senior team did come out on top in the basketball season, and the Freshman team was a dark horse, emerging second. Now will you believe me?

magnolias in the moonlight. When we opened our eyes again, the music had changed and we were in the orchid room, looking reverently at one of the nation's finest collections of rare blooms. There were white ones that seemed to be made of tissue paper; lavender, rose, peach and brown ones, growing on a moss covered hill.

If you have not yet seen the Spring Flower Show, we urge you to go at once, and we agree with the Conservatory program when it says that "Pittsburgh leads the world in its free public flower shows."

SHADOW OF THE LARCH . . . by J. Anna Ayres, '41

The air was cold. It was so cold that when his feet hit the sidewalk it almost seemed possible that they could break off brittly without his even knowing it. It was so cold that the wind swept through the tweed of his coat as if it were only loose netting. But, even as he shivered, he did not feel the cold. The sidewalk was hard, jarring at every step, but he did not feel the hardness. The afternoon was late and the light that had been muffled all day was metal gray now, a gray as cold and hard as steel. But all that he saw was dusk approaching and all that he knew was his home only six blocks away. Six short blocks lay between him and the world he belonged in, the world where what he had just done would seem magnificent, where his mother would look at him with happy pride, where the shadow of his father remained, as ever-present and as dominating as the great Larch tree by the house. It would not be cold there with the fire and the tea his mother always had ready for him.

He felt at last that everything was settled and right with the world. He was freed from the sleepless uncertainty that had been torturing him for the past twenty-four hours. He had decided on the course he must take and he had taken it; there was no turning back or changing things. That was why he felt happy and relieved now, that was why he didn't notice the cold or the hardness of the sidewalk or the snow that was about to fall from the grey sky. What the consequences of his decision might be, he had a fair idea, but they did not really bother him because the responsibility was no longer in his hands. The one important thing was that he had lived up to the principles his mother had given him, the principles his father had held dearer than life or happiness.

Armas stepped down from the curb and crossed the deserted street. It was getting darker, in that empty hour between daylight and street-light, when women are home preparing supper and men are not yet through work. He felt as if he were the only person on the street, in the city, in the world. He was complete unto himself tonight—or would be complete when he had joined his mother and the home with the tall Larch tree beside it. So the loneliness did not bother him.

Suddenly he stopped to listen. From down the street there was coming a new sound like many feet marching together. Even as he stood there listening in hypnotic wonder, the sound drew nearer, dissolving into a rhythm that seemed to rock the very ground he was standing on, growing louder, beating upon his eardrums. He knew now, without looking, what it was. And he felt a strange desire to hurry on, to escape from the marching men that were bearing down upon him. But he knew that there was no reason to run, and so he waited for the pure, grim satisfaction of making himself wait when he hated it so.

Out of the dark mass one by one the men emerged, took form, and became individuals. Yet they were not quite individuals because they all looked toward the same point, they all carried their heads with the same grim determination, they all pushed their feet in the same way. In spite of himself he felt a little thrill of pride in these countrymen of his. And immediately he was ashamed of that thrill.

The soldiers were almost abreast of him now and he fell back into the shadow of a building, feeling that his civilian clothes were conspicuous. Although there was no drum, the beat of their feet was as steady and as unending and as relentless as the beat of a heart. He watched their feet. There were big shoes, little shoes, shoes with rundown heels, shoes that minced painfully, shoes that scuffed—but all army shoes. For no reason at all, Armas looked down at his own feet, but they were like none of the others. It seemed almost unreal to him now that only a few hours ago he had nearly been one of them. He had held the command to enlist in his hands, he had walked into the recruiting office, triumphantly ignoring the waiting line of men, and he had laid the letter he'd written on their desk. Then he had gone out again without speaking a word or giving them a chance to speak, leaving the office in a glow of triumph like the triumph he had felt in his one and only fight the first year of school. The difference was that this time he could be proud of what he had done.

But to make sure of his victory he had expressed his refusal in such final and impudent terms that he could never hope for clemency even

if he should be coward enough to change his mind. That, of course, is what he had been most afraid of all along—that he might change his mind in one of those incredible moments when the desire to fight welled up in him almost beyond his control. He had never told his mother anything about this shameful reeling. Never so long as he lived would he forget the expression on her delicate face when he had run up on the porch that warm afternoon and told her about knocking down the bully in school. He had thought it was perfectly right to defend himself and protect the little boys, but she had been frightened and horrified by it.

It had been then that she'd told him about his father, the father he had never known. As she talked, he had stood leaning against the porch rail, looking out at the old Larch tree, tall and heavy with its summer foliage. Each word she'd spoken was printed indelibly on his mind in connection with part of the tree—the scaly bark, the drooping branches, the tight, oblong cones that had always pricked him, the hard bareness of its twigs concealed under soft needles. It was such a great tree, he had always been a little afraid of it; and now more than ever, as he'd stood listening to his mother, the awe and reverence he began to feel for his father was transferred to the Larch. And ever afterwards he had felt, strangely, that the tree actually represented that father and was the living symbol of all his philosophy.

Armas had grown up idealizing him and believing without question in the principles his mother had taught him. It wasn't so much that he understood them completely; it was that they had been his father's. If he ever dared to doubt them he realized it was only because he had not yet learned to control his wrong impulses and was too young to understand completely the wisdom of his father. But now, this afternoon, he had for the first time acted upon those principles and as a result he felt them far easier to believe in than they had ever been before.

The soldiers still were marching past him, endlessly, steadily, almost unnerving in their regularity. He still was watching their shoes and noticing how half of them stepped into the middle of an icy mud hole at the corner. Armas wondered in a far off way what he would have done

if he had been one of them.

Suddenly he realized that two men were standing beside him. For a moment he could only stare at their army shoes, fascinated, and in a sort of vague surprise.

"Armas! Hello!"

Quickly he came to his senses and looked up at the grinning faces.

"Erik! And Kaarlo!" He grasped their hands eagerly. This was the first time he'd seen them since graduation.

"Armas, you old fellow, you were day-dreaming!" That was Erik, whom everybody liked, but who always spoke before he thought. The older one, Kaarlo, was tall and quiet.

"It's pretty good to see you fellows again," Armas said, looking from one to the other. "But I don't understand the uniforms."

"Why, can't you see, we've joined up!"

"Joined the army? I—surely you're joking!"

"We're pretty serious, I guess, about this, Armas."

"But, Kaarlo, you especially! Why, you used to be a pacifist!"

"They even need pacifists' help in this kind of war."

"But," there was a touch of scorn in Armas' voice. "Surely you could be consistent enough to . . ."

"We are consistent! We just had to decide whether we'd defend our country and home—or let it be destroyed."

Armas was thinking proudly of how he also had had to decide, and how he had conquered. But then, of course, these men knew nothing about his father or the ideas his father had stood for.

"It isn't," Kaarlo was continuing mildly, "It isn't as though we'd done the attacking. They just came in and decided to take over our land and we've got to defend it."

Armas was silent. It had been, after all, that very argument which had bothered him so much for the last twenty-four hours.

"When are you joining, Armas?" Erik asked maliciously.

"I? Join! Surely you don't suppose I would give up my convictions, do you!" It was almost incredible that they should even dare think he would fight.

"All loyal men should," Erik replied hotly.

"It depends on what you call loyalty! In my mind I should rather be loyal to my father and my father's principles than to my country."

"Your father!" Erik scoffed. "Maybe your father's ideas are wrong,

maybe they're a coward's ideas!"

Armas stiffened as if he had been struck. It was the first time he had ever spoken to anyone about his father and to have a fellow like Erik dare insult him was more than he could endure. As easily as stepping forward, Armas could have knocked Erik down for it. But it was the very principles themselves that forced him to stand still and take the insults as he had always done.

"You don't realize what you're talking about," he said, trying to make himself speak calmly.

"I don't need to," Erik began. But Kaarlo spoke up quickly.

"Tell us what your father's ideas were, Armas."

Armas looked from one to the other, feeling perfectly confident that when he finished they would both be a little awed and very much impressed by the greatness of his father.

However in the little silence before he spoke, he again heard the marching of the feet and realized they were still passing, still relentless, and still like a clock beating away the minutes, the hours, the days of time. Quickly he tried to speak to drown out the sound of the steps. But when it came to forming the words, he found himself helpless. He had known it all for so long that it seemed quite clear to him. But there just were no words to describe it to them and he found himself only uttering banal, ordinary things.

"My father," he said, watching their faces, "was more than a pacifist because pacifists like you, Kaarlo, are willing to fight sometimes, when you feel that you are defending your home. But he believed that force of any kind, in any form, at any time was wrong."

"Surely he felt it was right to at least defend his home . . ."

"No! If it meant using force, he would never stand up to defend his home or his life or even—or even his wife." Armas stopped abruptly, startled at the harshness of what he had just said. He felt somehow that it didn't sound well when spoken aloud. He didn't like the expression on their faces and he hated himself for having spoken at all. What he knew was too personal and too precious to expose to the outside world. He was glad he hadn't mentioned more of the things his mother had told him—of how the soldiers had come into their home in the last war and wrecked it completely, insulting her and his father because they only stood by and did nothing. Armas had often lain in bed at night won-

dering if he would ever be able to do anything like that. But until now it had always seemed the right thing to do. Why then should Erik, and Kaarlo be looking at each other significantly and saying a great deal in silence? He began to feel that he was ridiculous and that he had been tricked. The marching had almost become unendurable to him.

At last Kaarlo spoke.

"Do you really believe in these—these ideas of your father's—"

"Why should I not?" Armas said quickly.

"But surely," Erik burst out. "Surely you wouldn't let your own mother be killed if you could do anything to protect her?"

What could he say? The marching feet were still relentlessly beating past them and he felt surrounded. His philosophy was being twisted until it was cheapened and until he could hardly understand himself why he believed in it. He had felt so triumphant and sure of it an hour before, but now he was frightened by the seed of doubt they had planted in him.

"Even then I would never fight or never join the army."

Erik suddenly spoke up, in a voice stiff with scorn.

"You will when you get your order to enlist! These days it's a lot worse not joining than joining. They're pretty rough on you."

But Kaarlo understood better.

"Think it over, Armas," he said quietly.

"Don't worry," Erik sneered. "He'll join all right! But come on, Kaarlo! We can't stand here all day; we've got to get into line there—our company's going by!"

Kaarlo quickly shook Armas' hand and in another moment they had melted into the marching feet. They were no longer individuals to Armas; their eyes were looking where the other eyes were looking, their faces bore the same exalted determination as the other faces. They knew where they were going, they knew what they would be doing, and they were satisfied that it was right. For a moment Armas forgot himself and wished with his whole being that he was one of them, wished that he too were going out to defend his home.

But at last the end of the line passed by him and he was left behind. He stood looking after the men as they disappeared into the growing darkness until at last they were completely out of sight and he was left alone on the sidewalk. For a moment the silence appalled him,

pressed against his eardrums, pressed in all around him. He could not have imagined that the street could be so silent and deserted. It was getting colder and now and then a flake of snow drifted down before him. He pulled his coat around him and shivered. He felt the cold now, completely. It cut through to his very bones and froze the roots of his hair.

Slowly, automatically, he started walking. The soles of his feet were sore when he stepped on them and he felt as if it were an interminable distance to his home. Blocks and blocks away was the world of his mother waiting for him. It almost seemed to him now that he would never get there again, never see it all again. But yet, out of the turmoil of his mind rose one thought—he must bridge the vast chasm that had opened up between his home and him as he stood here in the street, in the world of reality. His father's ideas did not seem to belong here; that was why it was so strangely, urgently important that he reach the reassuring security of home. He knew that there and there only could he find reality in them again. And he desperately needed that reality.

It was almost completely dark when he reached the house. He looked up at the black outline he had known so long. There was the shape of the roof and, rising above it, standing out from it, a thing separate and yet a thing blending in with it, stood the great Larch tree. In the darkness it looked strangely larger than he had ever seen it before. Its branches were hard and bare, stripped of their concealing softness. Tall and bleak, it towered above everything around it and seemed to be looking down at Armas in judgement. Trying to shake off a strange feeling of foreboding that was pressing in upon him, he started to walk up the path. Here were all the things he knew so well, that he had grown up with—the gravel crunching under his feet, the high boxwood brushing his arms, the root sticking up on the edge of the path to trip him, the light on the front porch, the deep gash on the second step where Martti Mielch had upset his bicycle with him on it. Everything was as it had always been—but yet there was something different tonight. Tonight he could remember how his leg had been cut in the fall and the handlebars had been twisted and Martti had laughed at him and he had been very angry because Martti had done it on purpose. But of course Martti

had known he wouldn't fight about it and Martti had gone right on laughing. Armas could remember all of this tonight—things he had almost forgotten—and he could still feel bitter about them.

Now he was under the Larch tree and its long, clinging branches seemed to be swooping down toward him. He could look up into the dark interlacing of twigs, high out of sight, row upon row, reminding him oddly of the marching feet in their repeating, repeating rhythm, ominous, endless, coming out of nothing, going on into nothing. Suddenly he was frightened. He felt afraid of this strange tree he had always thought he'd known, this symbol of his father. He tried to move back, to escape from it; but no matter where he went, the branches still reached down after him, the black shadow still surrounded him and pursued him. Even the bushes, the path, the house itself, seemed to be alien to him, under the same strange shadow of the Larch. It was as if he had brought doubt to his home and the Larch had discovered it and had become hostile toward him.

Shivering, and trying to shake off the spell, he forced himself to step up onto the porch. There was the little door he had loved with the brass knocker his mother always kept polished, and familiar door-handle he had turned all his life. He stared at the knob as if he had never seen it before. Why was he afraid to touch it? Why was he afraid to close that tiny distance between him and the door? He could see in the window the white curtains and the soft light within. His mother would have a fire going; she would have tea ready; she would be waiting anxiously for him, sitting by the fire listening for his footsteps. He knew he was all she had in the world to live for and he knew how she lived completely, entirely in him. She would perhaps be worried by now if he were not there. Why then, when all of this was what he had so eagerly longed for and come home for, did he now hesitate? It was as if a touch on the brass knob would bring destruction on all that he had cherished. All of it hung in the balance, delicately poised on the brink of complete oblivion. He shivered. Then, quickly gathering courage, he took one step forward and laid his fingers on the knob.

Suddenly as if it had come to life at his touch, the door swung open and he saw the broad, well-dressed back of a man standing there. Start-

led, Armas stepped backwards. His mother rarely had visitors and, although he could not see her because she was so small, he recognized her voice saying good-bye to the man. Armas moved a little to one side. And then, suddenly she saw him. The whole expression of her face changed. The color left it entirely and she stared as if she had never seen him before and as if she would never see him again. She made a feeble gesture toward closing the door upon him, or of pulling the man inside, but it was too late. He had apparently noticed the expression on her face and he turned around.

"Hello! Is this the boy?" He had a large, good-natured face and a hearty voice. Armas had never seen him before.

"Yes, came his mother's voice, barely audible. "This is his boy."

"Well," the man said, holding out his hand with a smile. "I'm in luck, a minute more and I'd have missed you. My name's Svinhufvud, an old friend of your father's—rather imagine your mother's mentioned me."

Armas took the hand with reluctance. His mother had never mentioned him. He looked at her questioningly, but there was still the death-like pallor on her face and her eyes were as if she had disconnected them from her mind and they had ceased to register emotion.

"You—you say you knew my father?" he asked, turning back to the man.

"All his life. We were practically like brothers. We thought alike, we had the same ideas about everything."

Armas looked at him with sudden hope. Maybe here he would find the answer to all of his questions and doubts. This man would know if anybody did. His reluctance turned to anticipation. Everything would be all right now.

But everything was not quite all right. His mother was still standing in the doorway, blocking them out with her slight figure, staring at them both as if she were afraid to ask them to enter. This was not at all like her and it made Armas uneasy.

"It—it's cold, Mother, don't you think maybe you'd better not stand in the wind?" He stepped forward and she was forced to fall back from him, pressing against the door. He stared at her, not understanding what made her seem so strange. Svinhufvud went on in to the living room, but Armas hung back and

turned to face her when he had closed the door.

"Mother . . ." He touched her hand but it was as cold as the brass knob outside had been, and it hung limply in his grip. She opened her mouth to speak, but when she saw Svinhufvud beyond in the parlor she quickly pulled her hand away and left Armas standing by himself in the hall. He had the strange sensation that she didn't want him with them, that he was to remain in the hall. It was as though he were the stranger in his own home and his own home was strange to him—on this night of all nights when he most needed the peaceful, familiar security.

Slowly, rather bewildered, he walked toward the parlor. At the doorway he stopped. Everything appeared to be as it had always been. The long lace curtains were white and hanging in perfect folds; the ivory woodwork was spotlessly smooth in the firelight, the glass vase with the glass flowers was on the table with the yellow nasturtians toward the fire; beside the piano was the music box which had not been touched for six years; the great mirror was over the mantelpiece and still reflected the back of the gold clock and the dresden shepherdess; the delicate Haviland tea cups were on the tiny table by the sofa as they always had been every evening every year for as long as he could remember. Everything was the same; and yet the room was different, unfriendly, not the room he had come home to find. In the first place, there was a man, this man who called himself Svinhufvud, standing in front of the little fireplace, warming the palms of his hands behind him. And in the second place, his mother was far back out of the firelight, almost invisible in the shadow of the bookcase. It was as if the mother he had known had left the room and that was what made it seem so strange to him. He had never before seen it without her sitting by the fire, welcoming him.

Slowly he entered the room. Although he could not see his mother's eyes, he was keenly aware of her watching him and was uncomfortable under the intensity of her gaze.

"Come over here, son, let's have a good look at you," boomed the voice of Svinhufvud, strangely out of place beside the quiet ticking clock and the gentle crackle of the fire. In fact everything about the man was out of place in the room. He looked too large beside the tea table and the dresden shepherdess. But, strangely

enough, Armas felt that it was not the man who was out of place; it was the room that was too small. This was almost the first time he had ever seen a good-sized man here; he only now, for the first time, realized what a dainty, fragile, feminine room he had grown up in. He forgot its beauty and could only see its delicate insignificance and its lack of solidity. The china was too thin, the chairs were too spindly, the curtains were too fine a mesh, the fire was too quiet. And for the first time he noticed that the dresden shepherdess was smirking and artificial.

"So you're Heinrik's son!" Svinhufvud's voice startled him. "I'd never pictured his boy growing up in a room like this, with these things." He indicated the china shepherdess and the gold clock with a careless wave of his hand. "But you're like him enough, I can see that."

"Was—was he small as I am?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say so exactly. He was short, but stockier and more powerful-looking than you are. You have the delicate build of your mother. But your face is like his, the same stiff jaw-line, and a light in the eyes too."

"Tell me about him—the way he acted, the way he felt about things," Armas said eagerly. "Was he ever called a coward?"

There was a quick movement and a little sound from where his mother sat, but neither of them noticed it.

"A coward you say! Heinrik called a coward?" Svinhufvud stared at him. "Why should he be called a coward?"

Armas was puzzled and disturbed. Svinhufvud wasn't helping him any.

"What I meant was, what kind of argument would he have given if someone had called him a coward?"

"Argument!" Svinhufvud grinned. "If anyone had been damn fool enough to call Heinrik a coward, he would have . . ."

Suddenly a stifled cry from the other side of the room interrupted him. Armas' mother had risen and was coming toward them. She stopped behind the sofa and leaned her hands unsteadily against the back. For a full moment she stood there silent, almost unaware that they were watching her or waiting for her to speak. Her face was still very pale and her hands were white against the dark blue of the upholstery. Her eyes were wide open and terrified. Finally she turned them to look at her son. He felt that they were boring deep, deep into him. The sheer force of them compelled

him to take a step toward her. He was frightened. He tried to say something. He had never seen his mother like this before.

"Don't you feel well, Mother?" His voice was almost a whisper.

The words seemed to bring her to her senses. She straightened up and took a deep breath.

"You—you—wouldn't you like some tea? Some tea," she turned to Svinhufvud, "Before you go out in the cold?"

"But I told you before I don't drink tea, you know." He seemed a little surprised.

Her eyes had returned to Armas.

"Yes, of course, of course you did, but my son must have some. He always has it when he comes home."

When she handed him the cup she looked up into his face, searchingly, hungrily, pitifully. He wanted to say something, ask her what disturbed her so terribly, to even touch her, but it was impossible. She was like a stranger to him and very remote. So he only took the cup and turned away.

Svinruffvud was sitting in the chair beside the fire.

"I suppose you've been following the progress of the war pretty closely living here so near the front. There's a good chance we'll be able to keep them out of this city at least—if we can get enough men."

Armas stiffened. The man turned to him.

"You'll be called out to the colors pretty soon now. I'm surprised you haven't been yet." He looked at Armas with a curious expression. "They need men like you. Why don't you beat them to it and join of your own accord?"

"Join!" Armas stared at him in amazement. "You," he cried angrily. "You who knew my father can ask me that, dare ask me to give up . . ."

". . . to give up his home here," his mother interrupted quickly and with a certain desperation. "He means he cannot think of joining because it may mean . . . mean . . . leaving me and his home in danger."

Armas tried to speak but no words would come. Clumsily he set down the tea cup and turned to face his mother.

"In the long run he'd do better for his home by joining," Svinhufvud said, shaking his head.

"But," she continued, breathlessly, hardly paying attention to her words, anxious only to keep Armas from speaking. "Don't you see he feels so strongly about it he would rather stay here and be ready to meet the

soldiers to defend the things he loves with his own hands than . . . " Suddenly she stopped and turned white, realizing she had spoken in too much haste. The last of her strength to resist suddenly deserted her and she sank down weakly into the sofa.

Armas could only stand and stare at his mother. The words she had spoken were drumming in his ears, but still he could not believe them. That she . . . she of all people, who had taught him the principles, who had made them real to him . . . should have at last deserted him, dared to desert his father. Everyone and everything seemed hopelessly against him. For a moment he felt lost . . .

Suddenly he drew himself up. He would stand alone! He was his father's son and he would have liked to make that father proud of him. In scorn he turned to Svinhufvud.

"I will never join the army . . . nor will I ever defend my home with force. There are far more important things than force. And I will never use it . . . to save my home or my country . . . or my life." He was exhilarated with the magnificence of his feeling. He felt very close to his father now.

"I can't believe it," Svinhufvud was murmuring. "I can't believe that Henrik's son is a coward. A coward so mean that he deceives himself into thinking he is a brave man."

"No, no . . ." came a choking gasp from his mother.

Armas was tense with anger. Even this man dared to call him a coward. Did he look like a coward? Did he act like a coward? Another man would fight, could stand up and prove that he had courage and that he was strong and that he was not afraid. But Armas could do nothing except stand and look foolishly, ineffectually angry. He clenched his fists. It would be so easy to hit a man. Surely he wasn't so completely bound that he couldn't even once let go and prove that he had courage?

"You say I am a coward?" His voice was intensely quiet.

Svinhufvud laughed at him.

"Don't tell me that now you're denying it! After all you've said?"

"But what I said," Armas began, choking over his own words, " . . . that doesn't prove I'm a coward!"

"The devil it doesn't! You're a stinking coward and you might just as well admit it!" He seemed to be purposely goading him on.

Armas took a quick step forward, his muscles tensed. Svinhufvud stood up easily and laughed down at him.

"So . . . you've already forgotten your high words about not using force, have you? I expected as much."

"No!" Armas cried out and all of his pent up fury was released. "No, I've not forgotten! I've never forgotten . . . all my life I've remembered. If I'd only been able to forget once, just once, but no, never!" His voice shook and he dropped his arms. "Always I've been called a coward . . . always . . . always . . . and I've never in my life done anything about it. So I won't now . . . you needn't be afraid, Svinhufvud, call me a coward!"

"By God! What kind of a son has Henrik got? If your father were here he'd throw you out of his house for a damned traitor!"

"My . . . my father! . . . What are you daring to say?" It was as if something heavy had struck him, crushing out all his fury. He felt that the room was sinking away from him, leaving him balanced on a pinnacle above nothingness.

"Your father was the best fighter in the regiment! He had a magnificent temper and there wasn't a man could beat him. Surely your mother's told you how he died in a hand to hand fight with four soldiers. He . . ."

"No . . . no . . ." she cried out in anguish, jumping up and holding out her hands as if to stop the onrushing flood of what she saw before her. "No, no, he doesn't know . . ." Her voice sank away into nothing as she saw the expression on her son's face. It strangled something deep within her and she dropped back onto the sofa as if she had been an empty dress flung there. Svinhufvud also saw Armas' face and he began to be alarmed at what he had done. They could hear the fire crackling and the clock ticking and the sounds of their own breathing. There were noises, faint noises out on the street, so muffled they were only a distant murmur like the hum of a great machine. The firelight cast weird shadows on all their faces and made the glass flowers sparkle like diamonds. The dresden shepherdess was still smirking at the dresden shepherd and in the moving light it almost seemed as if she turned and laughed at the three motionless figures below her.

At last Armas spoke, and his voice was very tired and so strange his mother could not have recognized it.

"Is it true, Mother?"

Her silence answered him. Slowly he turned around to her and she

gasped at how old his face had become, knowing he would never be anything but a stranger to her from this moment on.

"Why?" was all he said.

"Yes, what in God's name have you been telling him?" Svinhufvud asked a little hoarsely.

"I don't know." Her voice was expressionless, toneless, only a machine to form words. "When I saw him growing up like his father and loving to fight, I wanted to save him. I couldn't have lived through again what I lived through when Henrik ran off and left me, the day the war started." Her voice slowed down as if the machine needed winding. "I wanted to save Armas from it. I only wanted to save . . ." The machine cracked and was silent.

Armas was staring into the fire again. It was strange that he didn't feel disturbed. His mind was a blank. He was surrounded by a beautiful, warm nothingness. The room didn't exist, his mother didn't exist, the man didn't exist, for the first time in his life his father didn't exist. There was nothing in the whole world but this fire and it was the whole world. He got closer and closer to it. He could not get warm enough.

Suddenly a log fell at his feet and he jumped back, coming to his senses. He dully realized Svinhufvud was talking loudly about something but it seemed very far off and unimportant to him. He felt overpoweringly suffocated and hot. He turned and strode across the room. But still he felt too hot, still he felt as if he would smother. He ran his hand through his hair and tugged at his collar as if it were strangling him. Finally he strode on out into the hall and to the front door. He flung it open. Cold, icy cold air struck his face, swept through his clothes, cleared his brain. It was beginning to snow and he watched the flakes drifting down before him.

Then he realized. He was free. He was free to do anything he wanted. Here, outside the door, lay the world. He could go out and pick a fight with all the men he met. He could go up to them and ask them if he were a coward and then he could be filled with exaltation when they dared not say anything but no. He could go out now and fight for his home and his country and his country's ideals. He would start a new kind of life and be a new man and do new things. He had never yet begun to live. Joyfully he glanced down the path, the

path that would lead him out into the world.

Then he saw the Larch . . . still silently, grimly looming over him. Almost without realizing it, he shivered and drew back. Even here, on the porch, in the doorway he could feel that its dark shadow reached him, weighing him down and imprisoning him. Even in this moment of freedom, it was still there.

But there was something else out in the dark before him. He saw two men coming up the path, two uniformed men carrying guns. They were soldiers and he would tell them now that he was going to join them.

"Erik! And Kaarlo!" He cried in surprise. They would be the first to hear about it.

But they did not answer his greeting. With grim faces they continued marching toward him, up onto the porch, up to the doorway.

"Armas Jarnefelt, you are under arrest, to be court-marshaled for disobeying the command to enlist."

He had forgotten.

He heard a step behind him and a hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned and saw it was Svinhufvud. The man's face was very grave.

"You refused to join?"

"Yes, this afternoon."

"What a pity I came too late!"

Armas saw an old woman standing holding his coat and with a terrible shock he realized it was his mother. Wearily she stepped forward and held it up for him. Without a word he got into it and took the hat from her hands. As he put it on, and in spite of himself, he met her eyes. For a moment they stood looking at each other.

"Armas," she faltered.

He leaned over and kissed her cheek, but it was a stranger's cheek. He tried to smile, to make her face less old and her eyes less staring, but he was too upset by the realization that he had known only the part she had played and not the real mother. He would have liked to stay and learn to know her; as it was, the other mother was so dead that he could not remember her at all and this mother he had never seen before. Reluctantly he turned away, clamping his hat down further on his head. He fell in silently with the two soldiers and together they walked down the path, passing once more under the shadow of the Larch. He did not once look back and it was only after they had reached the sidewalk that he remembered he had forgotten to say goodbye to Svinhufvud.

Kaarlo turned to him.

"Sorry it has to be us to do this, Armas . . . especially since we know why it is that you refused and we respect you for those principles of yours."

"Principles?" he asked. "I haven't any principles."

"But . . . you wouldn't fight!"

"I've changed my mind. I want to fight now more than anything else in the world." He said it casually, as if it didn't matter particularly to him. He felt that he was very far removed from himself, looking down on himself.

"Oh . . . now that you've discovered that not fighting is a lot worse," Erik cried with his old scorn. "We might have known. Well, it's too late now, you know."

"Yes," he said quietly. "I know."

"Principles! I always thought you were pretty much of a coward!"

A coward? He had been called a coward again and now he was free to do something about it. Calmly and deliberately Armas turned and drew back his arm. Then, with a swing that was so well timed it would have surprised himself . . . if he had been capable of surprise . . . he landed his first squarely on Erik's jaw. With a cry of amazement the soldier fell. Before Kaarlo could even understand what had happened, and, since he was doing the thing, Armas had landed another fist on his chin and he too dropped to the sidewalk. Armas stood looking down on them without the slightest feeling of pleasure or exaltation. As they sat there pulling themselves together, he knew he could run off, quite easily escape from them and all that was waiting for him. But he chose to stay. There would really be nothing for him to run away to. He realized now that he was not free after all. He still couldn't fight with an easy conscience . . . he felt like asking their pardon. And he still had not proved to anybody that he wasn't a coward. He had only taken advantage of their unsuspecting leniency. They were right about him and only a coward would have hit them as he had. It would take more than this to teach him to fight and it would take more than this to convince the rest of the world that he wanted to fight.

They slowly and angrily got to their feet. Erik was fighting mad, and Kaarlo had to lay a restraining hand on his arm. But there was no friendship even in his face now and Armas knew that they would not make it

any easier for him at the court-martial.

In an ominous silence they snapped handcuffs on him and pushed their pistols into his back.

"No telling what even a coward will do," Erik muttered.

"No telling," Kaarlo replied.

Armas said nothing.

The last thing, as they were turning the corner, he looked back, beyond the straggling footsteps in the snow, beyond the dark patch where they had fought, beyond the other houses and hedges and trees, to his home. Far off like a great shadow against the sky he could see the black outline of the Larch . . . the spidery branches of the Larch, the Larch he had always feared, the Larch that had been the symbol of his father's philosophy. All of that was so far off it could have belonged in another world, a world that was gone now. Only the tree remained. Even when they turned the corner and new trees, new houses were silhouetted against the sky, still, above them all, rose the shadow of the Larch. As far as they went it could still be seen and he knew with a kind of desperate hopelessness that he would never quite be able to escape from it.

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The Man of the Hour

It seems that W&J is in the ascendant this month, what with a prom, cotillion, and the Quadrille (which should only be mentioned in a reverent whisper, we understand, and with three salaams to the southwest) and we have decided to walk abreast of the times—instead of running after them breathlessly as is our wont—and devote this colyum to the oldest men's college west of the Alleghenies (W&J, or did you know?).

We imagine that men at W&J are much the same as men everywhere else, unless perhaps they are a little bit more so. And men everywhere else have certain faults, which we suppose are prevalent at Jay as well—if not more so, and who's to judge? At any rate, some friends of ours have two tame spies which they have offered to us for the occasion and we are going to make use of them to try to give you a rather garbled impression of Jay men at their best and worst. We shall give you the worst first and then you can sweeten up again on the best.

Perhaps the nastiest thing about the little Jaybirds is that they either call all at once or not at all, so that the poor bewildered female is either besieged with invitations or else sits at home—and then they so frequently call at the last minute, obviously sure that no one else would have called said girl; and that is certainly not very flattering to the fairer sex.

Of course, they support the malt industry—so much so in fact that I think there are several testimonials hanging around town someplace (Or did they finally graduate?). This in turn aids the milk industry (malted milk-shakes, of course stupid) and you can see that whether you consider this a virtue or a vice it does help business.

The dances are usually so packed, we hear, that the more strenuous steps are quite impossible, and even those who merely sway in time to the music (about our speed) must put out their hands before making a turn—rather a problem, but as half the people leave about an hour and a half after they get there, and as about one fifth of them get sidetracked and never show up at all, it isn't as serious as it might otherwise seem. About eleven-thirty there is usually a small circle about two feet in diameter which you can

call your own if you can successfully defend it against all invaders.

The Quadrille (hush, hush—blasphemy) is very lovely to watch—because they naturally put the people who know how to do it in the most conspicuous places—and the manners are lovely on the surface; though we are told that frequently certain urbane gentlemen bow charmingly and announce with a courteous smile and in a sotto voice "Come on, Babe, let's show 'em how."

As for the love life of a Jay man it is usually quite varied—and the necessary changes they manage quite smoothly, as a rule. Our spies report that the Jaybirds are not quite as tight with their pins as some other places that have been brought to our attention, and perhaps they do not mean so much either, though we are sure that there are exceptions to this as well as every other rule. We have heard tell of gents with two or more pins which they have tenderly planted in different parts of the country—and we have also heard tell of certain lads who have ended up with two or three prom dates, and have desperately and bewilderedly tried at the last minute to weed out the superfluous ones. We would be the last to condemn or judge anybody for this however, for our own house certainly isn't built entirely of brick.

All in all, Jay men are no faultier than men anywhere else (and all of them can be pretty bad) and they have the ability to show any gal a wonderful time if they feel so inclined. It may be a rather haywire evening, but those are the most fun and provide the happiest memories and if no one is too serious—well, then no one gets hurt. It comes to the same thing in the end.

We quite approve of Jay men from all we've heard about them—we must get around to meeting one some time. Thanking our friends for the use of their quite domesticated spies we remain—that's our function, you see.

Rain-Song

Margaret Jeanne Bebertz, '41

Rain can mean so many things:

Relief . . .

To a drought stricken people
Thankful to God for their deliverance
From the agony of thirst—

Coolness . . .

To people in a city
A city where the heat wave is at its peak
Children run out in nothing
To let the drops wash
The stickiness from their backs—

Terror . . .

To low-landers
The rush to haul away
Battered furniture
Battered from many moves like this
Scrambling away
Looking back to see black swirls
Tearing at their house foundations.

The farmer raises his head
To let it roll from his hard
Weather-beaten skin
He counts the money he can save
now
Now that God is doing the
Irrigating.

The disappearance of a
False sky of smog
For a few hours
The washed swell of clear air
In the places of belching furnaces
and
Smokestacks—

Rain can mean these things and
Rain can cause one to feel
Lonely
The fall of it on the roof
The beat of it against the pane
These things—
These things the rain can mean.

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Atropos

Susan Wooldridge, '41

The sun, which had no business being so bright in January, startled Mrs. Carver out of a sound sleep. She lay still, her eyes screwed up to keep out the bright light, and wondered angrily why the maid had not pulled down the blind. Outside the streets were already awake. Footsteps hurried on the pavement. Something was familiar about them. Oh, that was the way Paula always walked. The wind, teasing the last leaf on a branch of the oak tree outside, rapped it annoyingly against the window. She did not want to get up and meet those people. They would all say such embarrassing things. But she must get up, she must. Groping for the bell to call Kitty, the maid, she jabbed it several times. Had the postman come she wondered. There probably would be a lot of letters.

"Any mail for me, Kitty?" she demanded as the maid appeared in the doorway, and then without waiting for an answer she directed her to pull down the blind and get her glasses.

"No, ma'am," Kitty answered automatically and then added, "The postman hasn't been here yet but a special delivery came for Miss Paula."

Mrs. Carver snatched the letter and ripped it open. The maid went out muttering to herself, "Many's the time I've seen her steam open Miss Paula's mail and then seal it again." She snorted, "And now she tears right into it."

Mrs. Carver looked again at the post-mark. It had come air-mail from Arizona. She thought, "It must be from that silly young man she said she was going to marry."

Opening the letter she read the scrawling handwriting.

Darling:

Your letter came yesterday morning and boy was I glad to hear from you. It's swell to hear from home but a thrill to get a letter from you.

The big "cut-up" is coming off tomorrow early and Dr. Holland says the only thing I'll be yelling about is to be allowed to get up in a few weeks and come home. And, worry wort, I'll be back in Pittsburgh 'fore you know it to drag you down to the Court House to get the license, mother or no mother. By the way how is the Grande Dame; not reconciled to me yet? Well, she'll have

to get used to me in time whether she likes it or not.

How's that silly job of yours coming along? Still keep you dashing madly around the streets? But listen here, my cherub, quit taking chances and be careful. Such narrow escapes don't happen every day, especially on icy streets. An impetuous gal like you needs a cautious guy like me to show her how to cross streets.

I'm holding this until the operation's over so I can put my o. k. on it and tell you how it feels to be sliced open and sewn together again. So long till later. All my love.

Your

JIM.

P. S. I had a funny dream last night. I dreamt you came and held my hand during the operation. Gosh, how I'd love it!

J. M.

Written below in a small, neat script Paula's mother read:

"Mr. James Munroe died during the operation Monday morning at 8:45. This letter was found addressed and stamped, therefore we are forwarding it to you."

As Mrs. Carver read the last message she frowned. Sinking back upon the pillow she let the letter drop to her side.

"Jim—Paula."

She felt suddenly old and very tired. Tears came to her eyes as, with an effort she looked at the letter once more.

"Monday—the day Paula was killed."

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1940

By Marden Armstrong, '42

It is a grim paradox
That men
Who when they die are buried
Underground
Should now creep there
Eagerly
To hide themselves from death.

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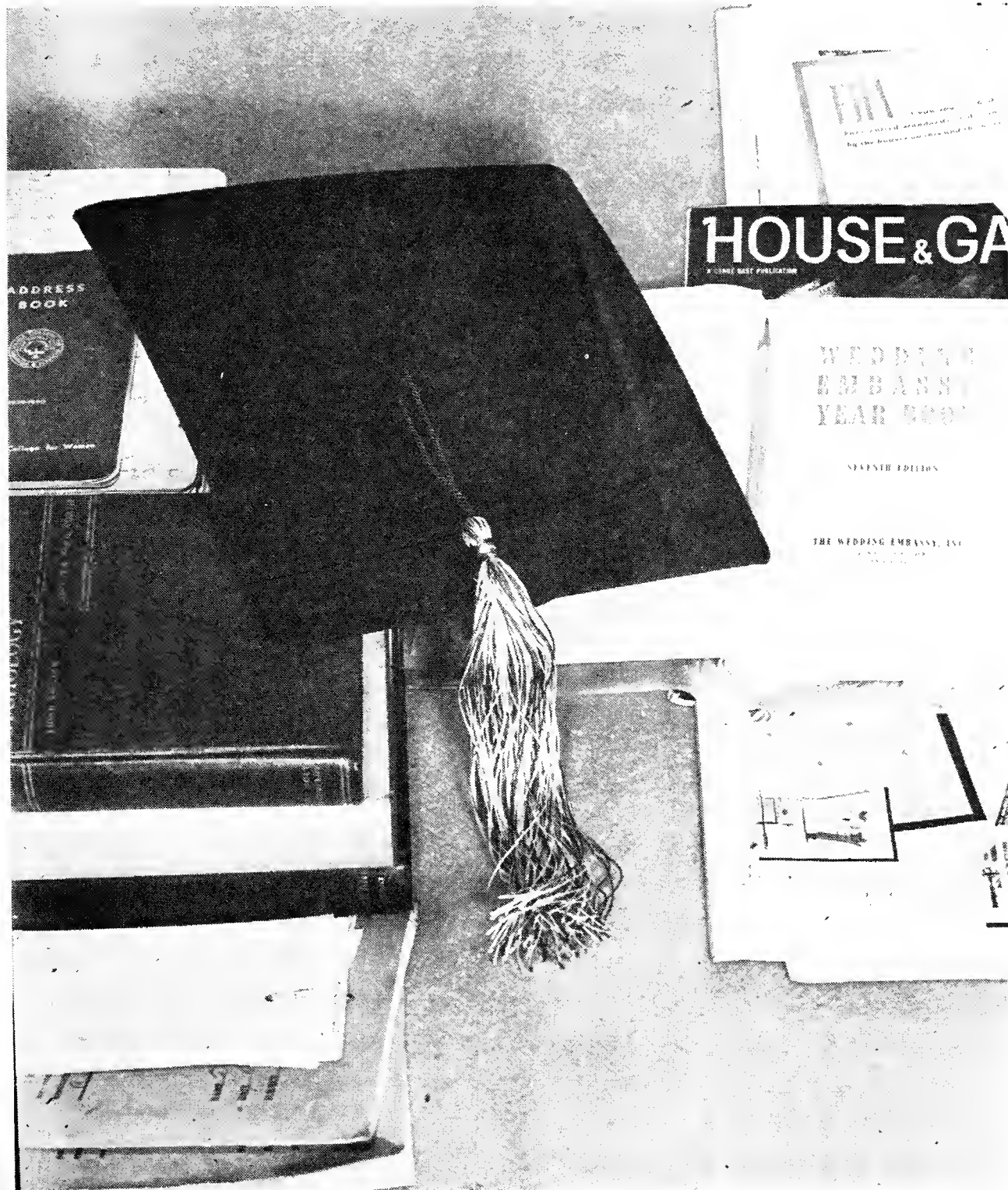
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Jottings in the Margin

No matter how many times you see it, the suddenness of spring is a surprise . . . Lullaby . . . the whirring of lawn mowers outside the library windows on a sunny afternoon . . . The Chinese have a proverb, "Life is so poignantly beautiful . . . With the coming of May in a chaotic world, the proverb assumes painful truth . . . Senior slump . . . a hollow-eyed stare, shuffling gait, tendency to gaze out of windows and doodle along the margin . . . Signs-of-the-end-of-the-semester . . . inability of the freshmen to answer the telephone, a new authority in the eyes of the juniors . . . What a pity that the class of 1940 had to wait nearly four years before they found what fun it was to work together . . . Speaking as a senior, we would much rather be a big frog in this little PCW puddle than be a very small frog in the great, wide world.

Valedictory

Next fall, when the campus lies warm in the October sun and the morning mist sifts silver across the amphitheater, some of us will not be coming back to answer the bells for classes and to write notes on the den blackboard. We do not know where we will be, most of us, and we find it hard to believe that we shall ever carve anywhere else a niche as serenely happy as the one we have cut out in college.

For four years, we have centered our activities, our thoughts, in the college. Here we have developed our little talents, formulated our shaky plans, clarified our nebulous ideas and ideals. Even summer vacation was a time to rest from the exertions of the winter and store up energy for the school year to come. It was almost as if we had no existence outside the campus and classroom.

The thing that is hardest for us to bear right now is the making of plans for the next school year. It is enough of a wrench to say good-bye without being forced to realize that the college will continue to function even after the class of 1940 has vacated the seats of authority. We are experiencing in small measure the great tragedy of human kind—the ease with which it is replaced.

So, if we seem more than ordinarily sentimental, chalk it up to the fact that we feel that we are leaving behind us four bright years of our youth, and that nobody seems to care very much. Still, it cannot be sheer sentimentalism—our sadness at leaving PCW.

The years have been bright. We have worked. We have, perhaps, become tired of lines of print and scrawlings in a note-book and papers due on such-and-such a day. We have complained about the steps to be climbed each day and books that aren't in the library and freshmen who don't answer the phone. We have been busy and rushed, but we have been happy.

From our years at PCW, we have learned more than lists of Egyptian kings and the development of the novel and formulae for carbohydrates. We have learned that there are still in the world dignity and graciousness and goodness, and that woman's place is to preserve and extend them. On the other hand, we have been taught to look at the earth around us and to see it clearly, without finching, and we have been led to think about solutions for its problems. We have had beauty and friendship and stimulation, if we never had them before, or if we never have them again.

Then, of course, there are the things which will always mean PCW to us—the creak of stairs, the soft glow of gas lamps, great whoops of laughter at faculty plays, wind ruffling ivy, fierce and desperate typing of term papers, "We'll shape our lives to be, Mansions of beauty to endure."

And so good-bye.

Well, no, not good-bye; we want to see how the new honors system works out and whether anyone wishes clubs next year and how the proposed buildings look and whether the seniors win Color Day next fall.

And now, it is over. Underclassmen have already been installed into the offices we have held for this last year, and Friday, we will leave the chapel as a class, forever.

Graduating Class Plans Varied Program During Week of Commencement Activities

Entire Student Body Will Participate In Traditional Illumination Night Ceremony

Commencement activities this year will begin on Thursday, June 6. That evening a formal dinner will be given for the seniors.

The senior breakfast will be held at the Field Club on Friday, June 7. Inez Wheldon is in charge of this event.



MARY ELLEN CHASE

Saturday at 4 o'clock in the chapel, the seniors will attend an Alumnae meeting to be followed by a dinner in Woodland Hall at 6. This also is given by the Alumnae. At 9 o'clock on the eighth will be held the President's reception for the senior class, a traditional part of the illumination night ceremonies. At 9 o'clock the campus is illuminated by Japanese lanterns and the procession begins. The juniors and seniors march down the front steps of Berry Hall onto the campus. The girls march four abreast; the seniors, marching in the middle, carrying bouquets, and the juniors march on either side, carrying the rose chain. The procession is led by the two most attractive juniors and seniors elected by the student body. The procession continues across the campus where the seniors form the receiving line, headed by Miss Marks, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, and the senior advisor.

The freshmen and sophomores

parade down the road to the amphitheater where they sing school songs and form the letters, PCW, with their lanterns. The program is closed with the singing of the Alma Mater. The reception is followed by a dance in the chapel.

The Baccalaureate sermon will be given at the Third Presbyterian Church, Fifth and Negley Avenues, Sunday, June 9, at 11 A. M. The sermon will be given by Dr. Louis H. Evans. At this time the faculty will take part in the procession, which will be lead by Louise Caldwell, president of the junior class and Elaine Fitzwilson, president of next year's senior class, who will act as marshals. Rev. N. R. High Moor D. D., dean of Trinity Cathedral will conduct Vespers which will begin at 5:30 P. M. in the auditorium. Mr. Collins, organ instructor, has arranged for an instrumental program, using the organ and various pieces of the instrumental ensemble. The program is as follows:

Romance in A Minor, op. 94 No.
One Schumann
Oboe and Organ
Betty Gahagan and Earl B. Collins
Andante from Concerto in E
Minor Mendelssohn
Violin and Organ
Fay Cumber and Earl B. Collins
Grave-Poco Largo Loeillet
Flute, Oboe and Organ
Ruth Patton, Betty Gahagan and
Mary E. Rope

The Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Ayres, will also contribute two selections. Jean Watson will sing a solo, "O Rest in the Lord," from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and the entire chorus will present: *O Taste and See*, by Sir John Goss. Commencement morning there will be two numbers by the chorus. They are as follows:

Smiling Dawn Handel
From Jephtha
May Day Carol .. English Folksong
Arranged by Deems Taylor

Commencement exercises will take place Monday, June 10 at 10:30 A. M. on campus. In case of rain, the event will take place in the Third Presbyterian Church. The faculty will lead the procession, and the two junior marshals will precede the

Seniors Will Hold Annual Dinner

The traditional senior dinner will be held in Woodland Hall, Thursday evening, June 6. Miss Marks, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Miss Robb and Dr. Wallace are the hosts and hostesses for the affair.

After dinner, the dorm girls who are not seniors come to serenade the guests. They then sing to each senior, who, if she is engaged, must run around the table frontwards, and if married, backwards.

The dinner will be formal. It has also been decided to have a dance afterwards for seniors only.

The committee in charge of commencement week, of which the dinner is one event, consists of Ginnie Scott, Ruth Bauer, Betty Crawford, Frances Shoup and Inez Wheldon. Miss Marks and Miss Robb are the faculty advisors of the committee.

Yearbooks Scheduled For Distribution

The *Pennsylvanian* will be distributed Friday, May 24, Nancyann Cockerille, editor of the biennial publication, announced.

Seniors will be given theirs in the second hand book store, Juniors in the YW room, Sophomores in room P, and Freshmen in the Arrow office.

The *Pennsylvanian* will be an exhibit of the Warren Paper Company which chooses forty yearbooks of colleges and universities to be in its exhibition.

The yearbook and the other PCW publications will be on exhibition in the college and university center at the World's Fair this summer.

seniors. Mr. Collins will play several marches and the Glee Club will sing. The speaker will be Mary Ellen Chase, author and professor of English language and literature at Smith College, whose subject will be "An Old Word in a New Setting." After her address, honors will be announced and the Anna Dravo Parkin Memorial Prize for excellence in history will be presented. Conferring of degrees in course will then take place.

After the exercises, the new graduates and their families will be the guests of the administration and faculty for luncheon.

President Spencer Announces New Faculty Members

President Spencer has announced a few changes in faculty for the coming year.

Leave of absence for the year has been granted by the Board of Trustees to Dr. Margaret T. Doult, Acting Head of the Department of Biology, to Miss Eleanor K. Taylor, Assistant Professor of English and Lecturer in Sociology, and to Miss Helen Errett, Instructor in Physical Education. Miss Taylor and Miss Errett will spend the year studying, Miss Taylor completing work for her Ph.D. degree at the University of Chicago, and Miss Errett taking work in the modern dance at Columbia University.

Dr. Montgomery Returns

Dr. Edward W. Montgomery, Head of the Department of Sociology and Economics, who has been on a part-time leave of absence for the past two years in order to do special work at the Juvenile Court, will return to the campus on full-time.

Dr. Laura North Hunter, Assistant Professor of Biology, will resign at the end of this school year in order to accept a position at Vassar College. She also plans to be married in June to Dr. Arthur L. Colwin, who teaches biology at Queens College in New York. After a wedding trip, the two biologists plan to spend the summer at the Marine Biological Laboratories in Woods Hole, Massachusetts, where they are pursuing a special research.

Dr. Phyllis Cook Martin will return to PCW to teach in the Department of Biology next year. Some will remember her as Miss Phyllis Cook, who was on the faculty here from 1935 to 1937. She has been doing special research at the University of Pennsylvania, where she worked with Dr. Whiting who was formerly head of the Biology Department here. We are particularly fortunate in being able to secure Dr. Martin, for she has proved herself an outstanding biologist and teacher.

Also coming to the Biology Department next year is Miss Margaret Kaeiser, who receives her Ph.D. degree from the University of Illinois this June. Miss Kaeiser had her undergraduate work at the University of Oklahoma, and she has taught both there and at the University of Illinois. She has had a very interest-

Music Students Give Recital

Students of the music department will present their final recital Friday, May 24, at 8:30, in the auditorium.

The program will be as follows:

Violin
Concerto in E minor . Mendelssohn
Allegro molto appassionato
Fay Cumbler

Voice
Caro Nome from "Rigoletto," Verdi
Helen Ruth Henderson

Piano
Sacre-monte from "Danses Gitanes" Turina
Canco I Dansa Mombou
Mary Kay Eisenberg

Voice
Si mi chiamano Mimi from "La Boheme" Puccini
Eileen Wessel

Piano
Waltz Op. 42 Chopin
Marion Cohen

Voice
Ich liebe dich Grieg
Ich grolle nicht Schumann
Jane Hanauer

Organ
Spring Song Macfarland
Florence Succop

Piano
Elegie Rachmaninoff
Mary Elizabeth Rope

Voice
Duet from "Lohengrin" Act II scene 2 Wagner
Jane Hanauer, Gladys Cooper

Piano
Weiner Tanz No. 2,
Friedman-Gartner
Julia Wells

Organ
Sonata No. 2 in C minor,
Mendelssohn

Grave—Adagio
Allegro maestoso vivace
Ruth Clark

Accompanists—Mary Elizabeth Jenkins and Sally Cooper McFarland.

ing experience, and will have much to give students here.

Finally, Miss Marjorie Chubb, Secretary to the Dean, is resigning at the end of this year. Miss Chubb will be married to Mr. John Alden Randall, of Pasadena, California, in July, and she will reside in California after her marriage. Miss Chubb will be replaced by Miss Dorothy Hayford, a graduate of Oberlin College. Miss Hayford will receive her masters degree in personnel work at Syracuse University in June.

Summer School To Be Held

Frick Commission Sponsors Course

This summer, under the auspices of the H. C. Frick Educational Commission, there will be offered at PCW a special summer school social service course for public school teachers, the only course of its kind in the country. The Frick Educational Commission is a committee appointed by the estate of the late H. C. Frick and is a privately endowed organization. This commission has given many scholarships and has done other beneficial work in education.

Course Begins July 1

This course will be given at PCW from July first to July twentieth and during this time the teachers will live on campus. The facilities of the school will be at their disposal during this time. Each morning of the week throughout the course, there will be a lecture by the following speakers. The first week the lecturer will be Dr. Alexander J. Stoddard, who is at present Superintendent of the Public Schools of Philadelphia. The second week will be given over to talks by Dr. Ira S. Wile, a well-known psychiatrist from New York City. The speaker for the third week will be Miss Bess Goodykoontz, who is the assistant commissioner of Education of the United States.

Field Trips Planned

The mornings during the three weeks will be given over entirely to these lectures, but in the afternoons, there will be a variety of courses offered. Each afternoon there will be talks by speakers from various social agencies from the Pittsburgh district and many from surrounding districts. There are also many field trips planned. On these field trips, the groups will visit the many social agencies located in and near Pittsburgh. They will be conducted on these tours by selected guides.

In addition to studies, the teachers will be offered a pleasant social life just as in any other school. Their evenings will include parties, dances, small social gatherings and all the other recreations given to students.

Students Elect Officers For Next Year

The officers of Student Government and Woodland Hall were recently elected.

The officers of SGA for next year are: Gladys Patton, President; Louise Caldwell, First Vice President; Julia Wheldon, Second Vice President; Ellen Copeland, Secretary; Louise Wallace, Treasurer; Peggy Matheny, Freshman Advisor; Nina Maley, Sophomore member; Elaine Fitzwillson, Senior class President; Barbara Maerker, Junior class President; Brice Black, Sophomore class President; Margaret Longwell, Chairman of the Honor Committee; Mary Linn Marks, President of YWCA; Jean McGown, President of Woodland Hall; Charlotte Wolf, A. A. President; Alice Chattaway, Song Leader; Betty Gahagan, Pianist; Jo Anne Healey; and Jeanne Anne Ayres, Co-Editors of the **Arrow**.

The officers of Woodland Hall are: Jean McGowan, President; Margaret Graham, Vice President; Margaret Anderson, Secretary; Jean Wyre, Treasurer; Shirley Clipson and Jane Pierce, Senior members; Alice McKain, Junior member; and Coleen Lauer, Sophomore member.

Eaglesmere Conference To Be Held In June

Ruth Clark, '40, is Chairman of the activities council for the annual summer conference of the Student Christian Movement to be held at Eaglesmere, June 9-June 15. At the conference there will be students and faculty from fifty or seventy-five colleges and universities.

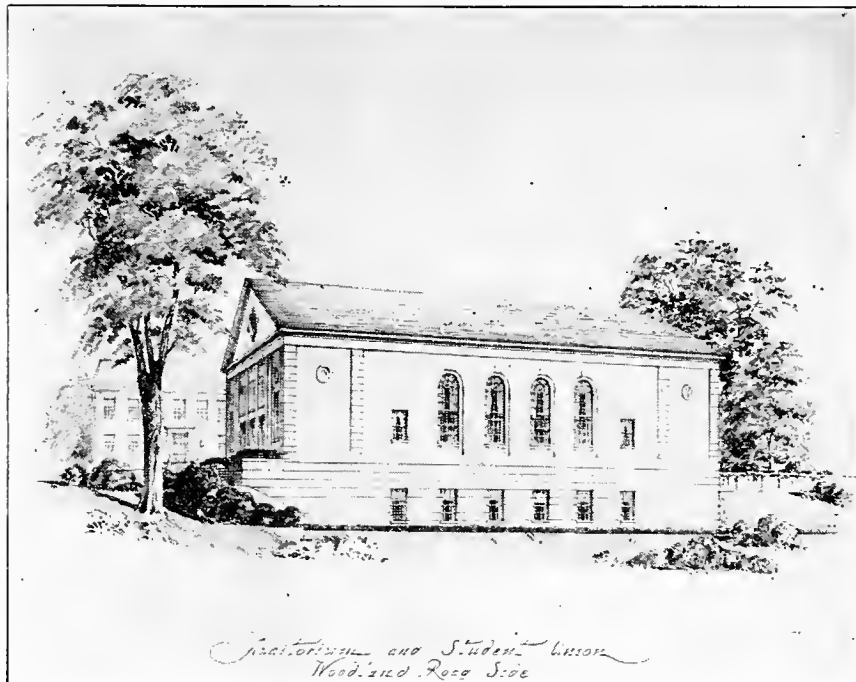
The theme of the conference will be Christian Living in a World of Conflict. Dr. Harold Bosley, minister of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church in Baltimore, will lead the discussions in the morning.

There will be various discussion groups and informal talks about the various conflicts which students face today.

Ruth, who is Chairman of the Regional Council of the Middle Atlantic Christian Movement, will attend the conference with six or eight other girls from PCW after graduation.

Eaglesmere, which is twenty miles from Williamsport, Pa., is in the mountains and on Eaglesmere Lake. In their spare time the "conference-goers" swim, canoe and hike.

Proposed Auditorium and Student Union



This is an architect's drawing of the proposed auditorium and student union, to be erected as a part of the building campaign.

The five-year program to increase the endowment fund and to raise money for the building fund is progressing favorably, Dr. Spencer recently announced. While only a few of the prospective donors have been interviewed, those to whom the committee had talked expressed a great deal of enthusiasm toward PCW as it stands in the civic and cultural life of the community.

Parents who are interested in the

campaign met with Mr. Arthur L. Braun, director of the campaign, April 24, to select names of persons from whom they will solicit money.

At the Alumnae meeting May 15, it was decided to start an active alumnae campaign for the building and endowment fund.

A radio vesper program, connected with the building fund was broadcast from the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, May 19. Dr. Hugh Thompson Kerr was in charge of the services and the Glee Club sang several selections. Mr. Braun and Dr. Spencer spoke during the program.

Girls In Play Production Class Direct Plays For Presentation Today and Tomorrow

As a final project each member of the play production class will direct a one-act play and take the leading role in one of the other plays given by the class.

Thornton Wilder's **Happy Journey**, directed by Jean Hill was given in chapel today. Margaret Bebertz played the lead in this one-act play of a family on vacation. Alice Provost and Ella Hilbish were also in the cast.

Tomorrow afternoon four other plays will be given by the class. Alice Provost will direct J. M. Barrie's **Well Remembered Voice**, and Betty Bacon and Janet Murray will play the leading roles.

A one-act triologue, **Wrong Numbers**, written by Essex Dane, will be directed by Alice Chattaway. Betty Bacon and Aileen Chapman will play the roles of shoplifters.

Margaret Bebertz will direct the play, **Miniken and Manikan**, by Kremborg. The role of Miniken, the doll which has sat on the mantle for 175 years, will be played by Mary Evelyn Ducey.

The last play on the program will be a one-act comedy, **Comberley Triangle**, by A. A. Milne. Betty Bacon, the director of the play has chosen as members of the cast, Alice Chattaway, Loraine Wolf, Marianne Mahaney.

Students Approve Club Moratorium For One Year

At SGA and YW Retreat held Wednesday, May 8, it was decided that a year's moratorium be called on all clubs with the exception of Glee Club and Ensemble.

For the last five years the club situation has been discussed when the old and the new boards of Student Government and YWCA met at Retreat. This year it was agreed that the majority of the clubs on campus were merely existing and not functioning vitally and that they were in need of change.

Membership Too Limited

Club membership covers only 100 students or 33 1/3% of the entire student body and since membership in clubs is limited, it means that a large group does not participate in them. The freshmen who probably feel the need for club activities more than the upperclassmen are not eligible to join any of the clubs but dramatic.

A committee of old and new presidents of SGA, YWCA, and AA, Miss Marks, and Dr. Wallace, the re-elected faculty advisor to the student body, was appointed to formulate a new activities plan. It will include a much larger proportion of students than the present club system, it will broaden the scope of interest groups and will invigorate them so that those participating will feel a real responsibility in the organization, and it will recognize the need for an enlarged social program.

An activities council composed of the presidents of SGA, YWCA and AA, the social chairmen of YW and SGA, and the newly elected club presidents will be formed to direct the various activities under the guidance of the council major interest groups.

An enlarged social program will be planned for the entire student body. Gladys Patton, president of SGA, recommended that under the new system the talent and interests of all the students will be best used, a better school and class spirit will be promoted, and that it will work to the advantage of all the students.

Gladys submitted the proposal to the student body at a special meeting of SGA, Tuesday, May 14. The motion was carried unanimously.

Working for Honors Will Begin in Fall

Committee of Faculty To Direct New Program

Next year's senior class will be the first class at PCW to have the opportunity of doing special honors work.

The committee on honors work has the sole power to select students for this work on the basis of the student's record, the recommendations of her teachers, and the scholastic aptitude test.

Each student selected to do special honors work may choose with the committee's approval any faculty member that she wishes to have direct her work. The faculty member will have charge of the student's program with the approval of the committee. A seminar plan has been provided which will enable the student to correlate all the work in the special field that she had in college under the faculty members in that field.

Paper Required

Every special honors student must submit a paper as a result of her special study. The paper will be due at the end of the spring vacation of her senior year.

She will also be given an oral examination in the special field, including a defense of the paper. In general a field will be regarded as following the group divisions of the college catalogue. Exceptions will be allowed, however.

Comprehensives Given

A comprehensive examination, covering the field, will be given three weeks before the beginning of final examination period. A special plan has been worked out for the preparing and the administering of comprehensive examinations. Thus a candidate for special honors work will be exempted from course examinations at the end of her senior year. If, however, she fails the comprehensive examination, she may still take the course examinations and if she passes them, be graduated. The candidate will be graduated with special honors if she fulfills the requirements with distinction.

Along with special honors work there will be a further plan adopted for general honors at graduation. General honors will be given only on the basis of the comprehensive examination given to special honors

Students Move Up In Annual Chapel

Awards Will Be Given Original Songs Sung

Annual Moving Up Day will be held Friday morning, May 24, in the chapel at 11:30.

Gladys Patton, president of Student Government, will be in charge of the program.

Awards and pins will be given out following a procession of the junior and senior classes. Each year the I. R. C. pins are given to freshmen with the highest grades in history. The A. A. will give a cup to the best all-around senior girl and also cups to the winners of the badminton and tennis tournaments.

A biology scholarship will be awarded to a junior to go to Woods Hole in the summer. Two other \$50 scholarships in science will also be given. The Pittsburgh Female College Association Prize will be awarded to the junior of outstanding rank who has also made a real contribution to college life.

Bracelets, jackets, and PCW pins will be given to the girls who have made the highest number of points according to the point system.

The program will consist of each class singing original songs. The songs have been written by committees from each class—seniors: Janet Ross, Louise Lean, Ruth Mary Arthur, Jane Scott, Anne Miller and Mary Lou Shoemaker; juniors: Jane Shidemantle, Mary Linn Marks, Mary Kay Eisenberg, Alice Steinmark and Dorothy Geschwindt; sophomores: Ellen Copeland, Peggy Matheny and Betty Gahagen; and freshmen: Jean Archer.

Each class sings the moving up song and after the seniors have left their places, the student body moves up to their new seats.

The program is closed with the singing of the Alma Mater.

students. Preparation for the comprehensives will be taken care of in a seminar provided for it.

The faculty urges all next year's seniors to take the comprehensive examination if they hope to have honors.

The committee members on honors work are: Miss Marks, chairman, Dr. Wallace, Mrs. Shupp, Miss Walker, Miss Piel, and Dr. Spencer.

Dr. Freehof Speaks About Ambition

"Until personal ambition is restored, the world will continue to disintegrate," said Dr. Solomon B. Freehof in his talk in chapel, May 13. Dr. Freehof, who is Rabbi of the Rodef Shalom Synagogue, Pittsburgh, spoke on the subject, "Why Be Ambitious?"

The lack of ambition in the youth of today is a fact deplored and lectured on by many persons. Dr. Freehof said that, though they are right to a certain degree, the charge is unfair. In the last two generations ambition was to be expected because of the conditions existing. At that time, great inventions were being made and industry was expanding rapidly; today, things are more at a standstill. Success stories are no longer being written because there is little outstanding personal success.

The reason for this lack of ambition, according to Dr. Freehof is: the great rise in national ambition, which dwarfs the individual to a mere molecule in the conquering mass, and the change in the philosophy of the times. In the past generations, the leading philosophies have followed Judaism and Christianity both of which exalt the individual. Today the philosophy is of the masses.

If individual ambition is restored it will have to start with the foundations. People will again have to be taught self-importance. There is a chance for this, said Dr. Freehof, but it will be a difficult task. It is much easier to despair and follow the Marxist type of life than to face the difficulties of individualism.

In conclusion Dr. Freehof said that there is hope in the fact that persons, although they are facing difficult times, will believe that they are not facing the most difficult times.

Formal Dances Feature Spring Decorations

The sophomore-freshman dance was held in the chapel from 9 to 12 on Saturday evening, May 18. Julia Wheldon, chairman, Alice McKain, Aileen Chapman, Marjorie Higgins, June Hunker, and Barbara Heinz formed the committee for the dance. In the receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Dr. Butler, sophomore advisor, and Mrs. Doult, freshman advisor.

James Metzger and his orchestra played for the dance. The chapel was decorated as a grape arbor with a white trellis, purple grapes, and leaves.

The junior-senior spring formal was held in Woodland Hall on the same evening. The committee for this dance was Dorothy Oliver, chairman, Jean McGowan, Jane Pierce, Natalie Lambing, and Charlotte Wolf. In the receiving line were Miss Marks, Miss Robb, Miss Shields, and Dorothy Oliver.

Eddie Weitz and his orchestra played for the dance, and lilacs were used as decorations.

The juniors and seniors had as their guests at the dance Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Shupp, Dr. Evans, Miss Walker, and Dr. and Mrs. Dorse.

Dr. Spencer Presides At Annual Banquet

Dr. Herbert Spencer will preside at the annual banquet of the John Brashear Club which will be held June 20, at the William Penn Hotel. Dr. Fisher of the Hayden Planetarium, will be the principal speaker.

The dinner, which is given each year, is sponsored by the Frick Commission of which Dr. Spencer is a member. At this time scholarships valued at \$50,000 will be awarded to public school teachers in the city of Pittsburgh by the Frick Commission.

"Uncle John" Brashear for whom the John Brashear Club has been named, was an astronomer and manufacturer of scientific instruments. He was a native of Pittsburgh and for two years was director of the Allegheny Observatory. He also acted as chancellor of the Western University of Pennsylvania.

Faculty Members Plan Vacations

With the approach of summer, the air is filled with vacation plans. Students and faculty alike are making plans for the three months before the opening of school next September.

Miss Marjorie Chubb will probably consider this one of the most eventful summers of her life. On July 1, she will be married to John Alden Randall, and then will journey to Pasadena, California, where she will live.

Mrs. Shupp plans to spend the summer at the family cabin in Maine, where she will spend her time fishing, boating, swimming and picnicking.

Miss Held will attend the music festival held in the Berkshires. She expects to spend the rest of her vacation studying.

Mrs. Harris will accompany her husband to Northwestern University where he will teach an extension course and she will study. After the close of school they plan to make a motor trip through the West.

Another western traveller will be Miss Dysart who plans first to visit her home in Nebraska, and then to spend the rest of the summer on an island in Puget Sound.

Dr. Butler says that this summer she expects to "keep the home fires burning" which, when translated, means "just rest."

Library Gets New Books From Buhl Foundation

The Buhl Foundation has recently presented to our library a gift of books including, *Pioneer Life in Western Pennsylvania* and *P. West's Historical Works*.

Pioneer Life in Western Pennsylvania was written by J. E. Wright and Doris S. Corbett under the direction of the Western Pennsylvania Historical Survey, sponsored jointly by the Buhl Foundation, the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, and the University of Pittsburgh. The book tells simply of the work and play of the frontier family, their health, religion, clothing, customs, their hopes and ambitions. This book is one of the Western Pennsylvania series being published by the University of Pittsburgh.

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HEAR AND THEIR

By Healey and Higgins

Well, once again the blue books loom . . . the air is damp with Senior tears, The 'possum sleeps quite undisturbed, amidst regrets and hopes and fears. We note the handsome, dark and tall . . . this one last time until next fall. But meanwhile we hope that all of youse, will spend the summer making news Which We Can Print!

Well, off-campus gleanings fill the news this time, with Ethel Herrod, Ellen Copeland, Margie Graham, Louise Caldwell and Mary Kinter back from Princeton, Mary Rope back from Amherst and half the school back from W&J. Among those prom-ing with the Gamboliers were Margie Longwell, Peggy Matheny, Amy McKay, Jean Burchinal, Betty Jane Watters, Jean Faris, Mary Ellen Ostergard, Louise Lean and so on into more column space than we have. Closer to home, the Pitt and Tech Carnivals were well supported, with Tech and Mr. Miller a little ahead of the Panthers. Among those hearing Glen were Audrey Horton, Betty Crawford, Elaine Fitzwilson, Jean Cate, Peggy Dunseath, Peggy Christy, Jean McGowan and more and more and more. Pitt found Mary Singer, Pat Brennan, Carol Bostwick, and Jean Burry among those heaving baseballs at the darky.

But the girls aren't the only ones who go away, and some of the lonely ones are Jane McClung, with a man in Panama, Jean Cate's Tony in Toledo, Peggy Dunseath's man transferred to Philly, and Grace Mary Horton's man possibly transferred to Shanghai, along with Mary Lou Henry's marine. Those whose men conspicuously maintain the status quo are Sally Thomas' Ron and Ruth Mary Arthur's "Doc."

The weekly musical review shows are turning to the old favorites, with Jean Miller singing "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and Betty Bacon still holding out for "Oh Johnny, Oh!" "Anchors Aweigh" sounds good to Anna Betty Saylor and why not, with a name like that, and June week just over the horizon? Ruth Fite has joined Pat Kent in harmonizing "An Apple for the Teacher" and Jo Over still dines with "Billy."

In passing, may we note a withdrawal from the P. P. U. in the persons of Ginnie Spear, who returned T. J.'s pin, and Frances Johnson, who returned Lem's ditto, and the odds are up on how long they will be suspended. From the P. P. U. that is. Of course. And may we also note Knox, the lady-killer, dividing his time between "Biz" Ward and Marg. Orr. And also Jane Smith, sporting one of those finger rings.

Seen at the University Club, one cast member who was drinking ginger ale to celebrate (don't ask what cast).

Too bad we can't print the funniest story of the week, but for details see Ruth Strickland and ask for the Saga of the Purple Unmentionables.

And that would seem to be that, until another season comes around. We'll meet you by the grandstand, any one you choose, and to all the names that will be There instead of Here, we wish you the best of luck, and we'll look for you in Patricia Pitt.

SLANTS AND ANGLES

By Betty Eastwood

Where Art Thou?

And to think that a couple of weeks ago we were all talking about Bertrand Russell! This morning when someone asked us, "What has become of him?" we made answer, "We don't know." So we went to the library and perused the papers diligently. Finally we found him. Where were the headlines, where the long write-up with the many gory details? Gone—never to be revived it is safe to wager. Bertrand Russell does not rate an article all by himself in the papers today. He is sandwiched in between five-cent fare and religious education in an account of a city council meeting . . . an ignominious position indeed. Such is fame, such glory.

Just Like the Measles

This is our last column for which our readers are no doubt glad. It is strange that we should feel as if at the slightest pretext we would lapse into sentimentality. It's a dirty trick. All these years we have been counting the days till vacation, and till the next vacation, and till summer, till Commencement. The more mathematically minded of our colleagues even counted hours. When the end approached we were going to be so glad. For months now we have talked about getting out of town. Our language has been both loud and strong, until now.

May Day, hour writtens, Christmas pageants, seminar reports and eight-thirty classes have come and gone and we were prepared, now that not more than four term papers, to be done in six days, lie between us and the end, to unloose a tirade of scorn upon our Alma Mater and stalk away with our noses decidedly elevated above their normal position. It is a sad situation, but inevitable. We have caught "Senioritis" in its most malignant form.

We looked around the other night, and thought, "Only a few more days." Then we thought it again. Then we gulped. For four years we have been engaged in a collective effort, friend by friend, pushing together. That is nearly ended now. Wherever we go from here we will have to go alone, each one of us on our own way. Perhaps we may never meet these friends again. We will, no doubt, cry on Moving Up Day, like all the rest of the Seniors. But it still ain't fair, we maintain.

Blackout

It will seem queer after so many years and so many anxious days to see no longer the confidence-inspiring name of Webb Miller at the head of news articles. As European manager for the United Press, Mr Miller proved an almost superhuman success. Through knowledge of communication lines, and his own keen ability Mr. Miller supplied the United Press with scoop upon scoop, and kept the American public in touch with the jittery world. The blackout in London during which he died is felt today in America, for he was in large measure our eyes to see events in Europe. He was a light in the darkness, and now that light is gone.

FUN FARE

By Althea Lowe

Spring is here, and so are exams, but we are still keeping us, and you, up on the goings on of the world which is around us. Right close to us is the hockey field, and so for a little relaxation between the Economics final and the English term paper, hop into a bathing suit and take your place in the sun. Sit and play bridge, or whizz off a set of tennis, and watch your troubles fade and your freckles bloom.

Then when you're through with exams, go to the movies. Stage show season is over, and air cooling is in, and Vivien (Scarlett) Leigh is here with Robert Taylor in "Waterloo Bridge," one of the better romances of the year.

Glenn Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra are filling the Stanley with sweet strains conducive to soothing weary souls, and if your soul ain't weary, there are more strenuous amusements. "When the circus comes to town, all the clowns come tumbling down . . . Peanuts, Lemonade, Popcorn . . ." Yes, circus days are here again, so step right up folks! The greatest show on earth! It's the huge Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey circus, with new marvels and Gargantua. The dates are June third and fourth, and we advise you to take a day off and get a new polish on your sense of humor, new youth in your tired bones, new . . . anyway, don't miss the circus!

If you want to dance, the Schenley is featuring Billy Hinds and his orchestra at the informal Saturday night dances, with Carol Mansfield doing the vocals.

On Memorial Day the New Penn will hold its open-air opening, with Lee Barrett's orchestra officiating.

From New York's Waldorf Astoria comes Everett Hoagland and his band to take up residence at Bill Green's. Don Burke, one of the country's better vocalists, is the singer.

And don't forget the Planetarium. A new program every week, entertaining and scientific, it is a "must see" for Pittsburghers.

And right here on campus, comes beautiful Illumination Night, honoring our seniors. And it will be well worth your time to remain for Commencement and hear Mary Ellen Chase deliver her address to the seniors.

So . . . don't say there's nothing to do, 'cause you're booked up till . . . ?

For extra-curricular outdoor sport, there is always Kennywood Park which offers stage acts, music, and lots of fun strolling hand in hand with no one to care if you don't look dignified eating spun sugar while riding the ferris wheel. We tried it once, and couldn't get it out of our hair for weeks.

For your more serious moments, and if you are of stout courage to see all and know all, we recommend the NEWSREEL, a new theater at Palace and Diamond streets, which offers straight newsreel movies, and claims the attention of the international minded with the very latest war news from Europe.

The Garden Market opens in Schenley Park today and will continue for three days. Here you may feast your



By Janet Ross

(On the train.)

"Oh, Brenda!"

"Whadda ya want, Cobina?"

"Brenda, ain't you heard? We're going to college."

"College! Are there any men?"

"We've got an athletic scholarship to PCW. We're going to play fullback. We always did wanta meet some of them football men."

"Men! Wow!"

"I wonder what PCW means? Pennsylvania's Cutest Wenches!"

"Oh, those things they turn nuts with."

"I guess so. Anyway they want us to be there in time for the tennis tournament. We're gonna award the cup on Moving Up Day. I wonder who's gonna win it?"

"I heard a rumor . . ."

"Cobina, do you remember that last roomer we had? He disappeared after that last date we had with him."

"What did you expect? You were doin' fine til your false teeth fell out and bit him on the knee! Anyhow, this is another kind of a rumor."

"A secret?"

"Yeah, between you and me and the **Arrow**. They say the finals will be between Gladys Patton and Julia Wells. At least that's what Yehudi says and he thinks maybe that Pat . . . well, we'll wait and see."

"Cobina, did you see the mushball games?"

"Don't be self-conscious, Brenda. Yeah. You was a scream when you took off your wooden leg to bat."

"That was nothin. What about you usin your toupee for a catcher's mitt? You was on the winning team, wasn't ya? Your colors just matched your new make-up. Red, wasn't it?"

"Well, Brenda, we'd better be signing off now. We've gotta get our beauty sleep."

"Yeah, I'm dead."

"You don't need to admit it."

"I was hoofing it all last week-end at the Tech Carnival. Did you hear Glen Miller? Boy, they was in the groove."

"Yeah, and I heard that you was doin the Big Apple so hard that a worm popped out and yelled, 'I surrender!'"

"Gee, he musta thought it was a Blitzkrieg. Well, goodnight, Cobina, and don't forget to put out your teeth for the porter to shine."

"Goodnight, Brenda. Your hair looks lovely. No-body'd suspect it was part of an old bath mat."

eyes on exhibits of what other people can do with flowers, and get a lift that may compensate for the be-draggled specimens that suffered from the vagaries of dormitory life.

Oh, yes, we almost forgot. The Art Cinema offers the splendid musical film, "Life and Loves of Giuseppe Verdi," which all who love his music would be glad to see.

SEEING THAT DEATH . . . by Rachel Kirk, '40

The man in the brown uniform stood beside the window, looking out onto the wide street below him. It was a gray day. The clouds hung low over the square buildings of the city, and the rain poured in steady slanting streams across the sky. There was no wind to whip the red, white and black flags in front of the chancellery or to lash the rain-drops savagely against the window-pane. There was no movement at all—only the sullen ceaselessness of the storm.

For a long time, the man watched the flags that hung, sodden, from the stiff line of poles along the treeless street, the sombre, quiet falling of the rain, the blurred outlines of the massive building across the Platz. He watched them, without seeing, without thinking. As he stood there, the grayness of the earth and sky seemed to fill his mind, permeating every corner of it, blotting out all worry and resolution and thought. Dimly, through the obscuring, enveloping mist, he felt a nagging consciousness that he should be saying to himself, "Bad day for the boys at the front, but at least there's little danger of an air-attack with clouds like those."

But the consciousness did not quite penetrate to the surface of that dim mist that enwrapped him, and he did not say anything, did not think anything, really.

The fact was, he realized wearily, that to him the boys in the trenches were no longer glorious defenders of the fatherland. They were not even blond, blue-eyed Jungen believing that they were dying for a sacred cause. They were only fools, dressed in field-gray motley, making the Fates laugh with their ridiculous crawlings. The people at home, too, and their silly "sacrifices," their service flags and useless knitting, were worthy of neither pity nor praise. So what did it matter to him that the soldiers would get a little wetted on patrol duty? Or what difference did it make to him if a few imbecile civilians crowded into the railway station and got blown to bits when an enemy bomb hit its mark? He did not despise the soldiers and the civilians; he did not pity nor hate nor admire them. They had just ceased to have any meaning for him at all.

How shocked Father Matthew

would be if he should hear him say that! The good, gentle old priest of the church in the village where the man in the brown uniform had grown up had used to teach the boys and girls more than their catechism.

"We are all God's children," he often had said as he separated two small boys fighting in the school-grounds. "You must love one another; there is no reason for quarreling ever. When you know perfectly your enemy's ideas, you will find that they are not very different after all from your own."

The good Father! So many times he had seen him walking in the sunlight across the square, smiling at the old men sitting around the fountain and the women knitting on the door-sills and the solemn storks, red and white against the sharp blue sky, building their nests in the chimneys for good luck. Father Matthew had loved everyone. He supposed he was dead now.

Dead. Quiet at last, sleeping without dreams. There he would have peace secured; there no one could touch him. And still, the man was afraid of dying, too, afraid of the swift sting of a bullet in the back or the quick edge of the headsmen's axe. He was not liked, he knew. He was the least popular member of the ministry. He did not understand it, but he knew it.

Through his subliminal musings cut the harsh click of leather heels falling against a marble floor. Without so much as flicking an eyelid, the man in the brown uniform snapped back into consciousness. Suddenly, he noticed the steady, slogging push of the rain against the street and the heavy sombreness of the sky.

"Rotten weather," he said, almost out loud. It was as if he must make certain that his mind was still capable of perception, of even the most simple associations. Lately, he had found himself often in this strange and sweet half-dream, when he had thought without thinking, when he was lost in hardly-conscious memories. Those insensible thoughts frightened him; he did not want to drag them to the surface. Besides, it was pleasant and refreshing—this twilight, only-partly-realized reverie. But it was dangerous. Still, he was not sure he wanted to leave it. It would be like asking a man to get

up from a comfortable chair by the fire to investigate a noise in the darkness and chill of the basement.

Nonetheless, he had to get back, so he pressed his mind still further. Something had interrupted him—the sound of hard steps on the hollow hall. Ah, yes, it would be Boehm, bringing in the military dispatches for yesterday. They must have his approval. Then, he would have to receive the foreign newspaper correspondents to feed them their bi-weekly quota of lies. Once, he had hated the representatives of the democratic press and had thundered untruths at them because he did not think that they were worthy of hearing the great tenets of his party. But now, for both him and them the press conferences had turned into a sort of game, a very skillful, subtle game, in which he played to keep from telling as little truth as he could and in which they tried to worm out of him as much "inside information" as they could. It was a game which demanded great acuteness, and soon he would be too tired to win.

As the door-knob clicked, the man in the brown uniform let the heavy dark curtain he had held aside fall slowly into black folds across the window. He turned back to his broad-topped desk, his shoulders set in a new square, his eyes stern. The door opened, and Boehm, a stocky, blond Bavarian, entered, carrying a dispatch case. He had an almost-childlike innocence in his blue eyes and sudden smile, and he walked proudly in his boots, like a little boy with new shoes.

"Bad weather for soldiers, Doktor," he said.

"Yes, filthy," replied the man, as if it really mattered. "Are these the military dispatches?" he asked, sitting down in the leather-covered chair. Boehm clicked his heels, snapped a salute and placed the official case on the desk.

"Yes, Doktor," he answered, "but there are also a few items from the ministry of economics which they wish released."

The man wondered with faint irritation why his secretary always saluted him. He had no military rank. Probably, he decided, Boehm liked to play soldier, like all the other young boys. But he said only,

"Very well. I'll ring for you when I've finished them."

Boehm saluted again and turned to go. At the door, he stopped, cleared his throat.

"I beg your pardon, Doktor, but you haven't forgotten the press reception?"

The man in the brown uniform let a paper slip from his fingers, and for a moment he looked at it and did not say anything. Then he lifted his head sharply.

"Certainly not." His voice was heavy in the little room. "Prepare the Bismarck Room for it." Boehm looked like a school boy who was being scolded for something he knew was the professor's fault.

"Yes, Doktor. The conference is scheduled to begin in twenty minutes, of course."

"Of course," he replied, every nerve in his body taut. The thin fingers of his right hand removed his monocle, put it back, adjusted it. In his left hand he slowly crumpled one of the dispatches. He wished fiercely that Boehm would leave and then realized that he had not dismissed him.

"That will be all, Boehm," he said finally and bent over the papers again. The door shut behind his secretary, and the sound of his footsteps followed him across the marble floor.

The man in the brown uniform worked on for several minutes, alone in the office. Quickly, he scanned the contents of each dispatch, then threw it on one pile or another. When he had finished, he gathered up most of the papers and laid them in the dispatch case. The others, he folded together and placed on the square bronze ash-tray which formed a part of his desk set. Leaning forward, he struck a match and lighted one corner of the paper. The fire sucked its silent way toward the center of the square, and tiny flames made bright reflections on the shining desk top.

He leaned against the high back of the leather chair and watched the small fire. There had been a few of the news items which he had not thought advisable to release. They hadn't been really serious—just a notice from the Admiralty that two U-boats had been destroyed in a raid on the Firth of Clyde, three or four dispatches from the armies reporting "slight advances of the enemy in local sectors" or "positions retaken with rather heavy losses," and a notice from the ministry of economics that stricter rationing of eggs and bacon would soon go into effect.

Still, even though they were relatively unimportant, there was no good in giving the people cause for complaint and despair. There were enough causes, already, and he knew it. Even people who had never had very much to eat would ask how the government expected them to live and fight and work on the rations they were permitted. Even mothers who had cried with pride when their boys had put on the brown uniforms of the Storm Troopers would weep with bitterness when their sons were killed in the sparse woods of the Western Front. The people were tired of heroics; they had been noble so long.

The small fire in the ash-tray had burned out, and the man in the brown uniform bent forward to crumble the black ash to dust. It was his work to keep the citizens content, to quiet alarms, praise sacrifices, glorify hunger and death. Only this morning at the cabinet meeting, The Leader had said to him, "Doktor, you must keep up the public morale. We cannot expect our armies to win if the civilians do not believe in victory."

He had had to tighten his fingers painfully on the edges of the portfolio which lay across his knees, then, to keep from beating his fists on the table and shouting, "Good God! the civilians are tired of talk of victory and believing in things and the destiny of the fatherland. All they want—all any of us wants—is peace and a chance to live without fear." But he had said nothing except, "I shall do my best, mein Fuhrer," his shoulders stiff against the straight hard back of the chair.

Now, he leaned over his desk, poking idly at the pulverized ash of the dispatches with a bronze letter-opener. He had been right in what he had wanted to say, he thought. The people were no longer so eager to snatch at the golden words he offered them as they had been in the beginning. Their eyes read the lines of letters, but there was no light in them. What would they say if they could know what the cabinet had learned at its meeting in the morning?

"Gentlemen," the minister of economics had said solemnly: "I regret to inform you that it will be only a matter of a few days until our supplies from Scandinavia and Russia will be largely cut off by sea. The enemy has penetrated into the Baltic and has mined it extensively. We have lost several merchantmen and

minesweepers and two submarines in attempts to break the blockade. The Bay of Helgoland also, as you already know, is almost useless to us. This means that unless some means can be found to destroy the blockade and clear the harbors, we will be forced to cut dairy rationing almost to nothing, and military supplies from the Soviet Union will necessarily be routed by land or through the Mediterranean and Italy—both longer routes than by the Baltic." After the economics minister had finished his report, he had sat down slowly and quietly. His fingers were trembling, though, and he was pale.

The man in the brown uniform had taken no part in the discussion that followed the report. He had watched the minister closely, fascinated with the fear he found in his eyes and his shaking hands. He too was afraid, he knew, afraid of the scorn of The Leader and the hatred of the people, frightened, like the economics minister, not knowing where this Jugernaut they had helped to create would carry them.

Suddenly, the man threw the letter-knife onto the desk-top. It rang sharply in the silent room. For a moment, he listened to the metallic vibrations, then dropped his head into his hands.

He was so tired. He could not go on any longer, sparring with the foreign correspondents and fighting with empty words the growing awareness in the people. There was no buoyancy in him any more, none of the springing vitality and sharp eagerness which had advanced him thus far in the Party. There was no emotion at all, and no thought—only numbness and a weak need for tears.

But he did not cry. He only laid his head in his arms on the desk and allowed the sweet and shadowy thoughts to possess him. He could not continue in the ministry of information, they told him. And he could not resign. He had already tried to, but The Leader had pled with him not to give the citizens cause for undue alarm and the enemy reason to believe there was dissension in the high circles. That argument had mattered to him then. It did not matter now. Nothing mattered except quietness and inconspicuousness and sleep.

He would not mind even sleeping forever. He had thought of death often. It held no terrors for him. This existence that shut him within four short walls, that hung his only window with black, impenetrable cur-

tains and stationed two soldiers always in the hall outside his door—this existence was full of horrors. He would tolerate it no longer; even if death was the alternative, he would escape it. Someone else could tell the people in two or three weeks that they would have even less to eat, that the enemy had partially strangled the fatherland. He would not have to do that.

All at once, the man in the brown uniform sat up. One clear, light thought had stabbed across his dim reverie like a searchlight across a night sky. He would tell the people of the success of the blockade which he had only recently branded a failure. He would tell them that soon they would be forced to sacrifice even more than they had already. He would release it to the papers too soon—with his own signature they would not hesitate to print it. The foreign press would copy it with glee, and *The Leader*, who had commanded him to keep up the public morale, would look into the hostile eyes of his people and would order the execution of his minister of information.

It would be a quiet, a very quiet, execution, some cold dawn before anyone save the headsman and his victim and his guards had arisen. Or perhaps it might come some night—tonight, tomorrow—as he sat in his study at home. They would try to keep it from the foreign newspapermen and from the people, but they would find out. It would not hurt him then. He would not have to invent excuses at press conferences or tell the people that rumors of the execution were false.

The man in the brown uniform snapped open a drawer and took out an official news blank. Strange, all the tiredness had flowed from him. He felt young, adventurous, as he had once in the last war when he had killed a man who had wanted to kill him. Swiftly, he wrote the news release, marked it "Important" and signed it with his own initials. After he had blotted it carefully, he slipped it into the middle of the pile of dispatches and closed the case. Without waiting, he pushed the button which would call Boehm.

He shoved back the heavy chair and walked the few steps across the room to the window. The door opened, and his secretary entered, saluted. The man in the brown uniform turned and said,

"The dispatches are ready for the stamp, Boehm. Get them out in time

for the afternoon papers." He was amazed at the energy and almost-gaiety of his voice.

"Yes, Doktor," Boehm responded, taking up the dispatch case. "The newspapermen are arriving, sir."

"Ah, yes," he said, "let me know when they're all here." His secretary nodded and started for the door.

The man's voice stopped him. He was almost laughing. "Oh, and Boehm—order several bottles of champagne. We'll show them we're not licked, eh?" Boehm snapped his heels, bowed and shut the door behind him.

Celebrate my death, the man thought—my release into death. The newspapermen would write very good stories about the party the Reichminister had given them only a few days before his execution. Perhaps the S.S. guards would burst into the conference to seize him. That would make an even better story. Maybe he would tell the foreign journalists of the success of the blockade. They would enjoy that, too, and with it in the party papers they would be sure to be allowed to cable the news abroad.

He pushed the dark curtains back and looked down into the empty square. It was still raining, and the red, white and black of the flags along the curb was almost erased in the wet grayness. He liked to see them hanging like that, colorless and limp and defeated. That was the way he had been, but now that he had sent his last dispatch, he felt free and happy and energetic.

There was a possibility, of course, he thought, that they would not kill him because of the uproar it would raise in the democratic press if the minister of information were executed. He might be excused on the grounds of ill-health and be sent into exile in Switzerland or Norway or somewhere. That would be good. He would like that, especially if he could find a village like the one in which he had grown up, with a bright sky and white and pink houses with peaked, gingerbread eaves and a little green park with a statue in the middle of town, and if he could have a house by himself with all his books, and sunlight across the door-sill. Perhaps he would begin to write poetry again. He had dreamed in his university days of becoming the modern Goethe, but the war and the Party had changed that.

It really made no difference, though, whether he died or was exiled. Either way he would be away

from this room with only a desk and a chair, a window and a picture of *The Leader*, and two soldiers in the hall outside.

Across the marble floor came the sound of footsteps, then the click of his door-knob. That would be Boehm, he thought, as he turned away from the window. Poor Boehm! He would be shocked to hear of the Doktor's negligence, and he would upbraid himself for not noticing it. But Boehm would not question the dispatch; he worshipped his Doktor. Boehm was really the only person in the world he could trust, the man said to himself. Good Boehm! He would try to make a little provision for him.

His secretary opened the door and shut it quietly behind him. For a moment, he stood against it, looking at the man silhouetted against the dull sky. It is possible, the man asked, that the guards have already come and that Boehm has begged to be allowed to tell me? Still, they could not have heard so soon unless Boehm himself had called them. But he would not do that; he is my friend; he would not examine the dispatches.

The two men, the younger and the older, stood for a long moment, watching each other. Both seemed speechless, and the silence hung heavy between them. Finally, Boehm straightened his shoulders and drew his heels dully together.

"The foreign journalists are ready for you, Doktor," he said, and his voice broke on the last word. He stood still for a minute longer, his round, young face working like a little boy's who is trying to keep from crying. Then, with a rush across the small room, he fell on his knees in front of the man.

"Oh, Doktor, forgive me, forgive me, but I—" his throat was filled with sobs.

"It's all right, boy," murmured the older man and leaned over to brush the young secretary's blond hair from his face. "It's all right."

Boehm did not look up at the man, but continued, weeping, "Forgive me, mein Herr, but that dispatch—that dispatch about the blockade—" He broke off and clutched the edge of the man's tunic. "Don't make me send it; please don't make me send it. It will kill you. It shouldn't be released for several weeks, I know that. They will kill you if you let it go. Say I may destroy it. Oh, say I may burn it!"

The man said nothing. Boehm

went on, holding his hands towards the Doktor with the dispatch crumbled in his fingers.

"You must have made a mistake, Doktor. You are tired. You need a rest, or else you would not have done this thing. Please tell me to burn it. It will kill you if you don't, and it will kill me, too." He stopped, racked with sobs.

The man in the brown uniform stared dully at the piece of paper between his secretary's twisted fingers.

"Oh, you, too, eh?" he said finally and quietly, looking at the bent head and shaking shoulders of the young boy. Then, savagely—

"You, too?" He ripped apart the boy's fingers, snatched the paper.

"Here," he said, and he tore the dispatch into bits, fiercely, wildly. "Here is your miserable life." He flung the pieces against his secretary's head and started toward the door.

"Get out of my way," he ordered, his voice hard in the dimness of the little office. He shoved the boy aside with his foot, and he fell heavily, still sobbing, to one side.

The man in the brown uniform jerked down his tunic, strode across the room. He threw open the door. It banged against the wall. The heels of his boots struck sharply against the hollow floor as he walked across the marble hall.

Sonnet

By Helen Hecht, '40

Do you remember hours that we spent,
Made shining by our hearts' united beat,
Made breathless, for we knew that they were lent,
Those jewelled moments time could not repeat?
Can you remember tips of scarlet flame
And crack of smoky wood upon the stone,
And hurried drops upon our window pane,
The solitary owl who cried alone?
Do you remember frost on curled leaves
And dusk, like soft grey doves' wings brushing near,
The magic music silvered silence weaves—
Breath of infinity we used to hear?
This is my memory, cherished as the best,
Of all life offers, sweeter than the rest.

The Woman of the Hour

Editor's Note—

Last month, *The Arrow* printed an article called "*The Man of the Hour.*" Meant as a tribute to our brothers at W & J, it was received as an insult by the gentlemen at Washington. Herewith is presented their answer.

Dear Author of "The Man of the Hour,"

It has been rumored that you embittered females from PCW were somewhat rocked by the unpredictable men from Washington & Jefferson at the annual Quadrille. Included in your denunciation of this particular species was the familiar old maid cry of being left at home with your knitting. No wonder some of you have the old maid complex if the raking you gave us is but a typical college custom of yours.

Now we all know that Jay gentlemen like their beverages with the distinguishing white collar, that we are of the old school more than in name only, that we sometimes obey the impulse to say Hi yah! babe, that our dances at times are nothing more than squizz affairs, but for the sake of our dear old mothers do not cast a plague on our womanless campus. 'Tis seldom that we are able to lure unsuspecting ladies on our campus, so please don't make it more difficult—our administration can't go on forever playing Daddy by providing us with the "proper partners." So our slogan becomes, "Save our rep."

Where we actually disagree with you sanctimonious gals is the approach which certain pious little prigs assume. Are we so tawdry and so low, and you so holy and so dear, that you, with clear conscience, may tear us and our quaint customs to shreds? We stand up and defend our malt-filled evenings, our crowded but enjoyable dances, and our generous distribution of pins. Why make only one girl happy? While life is with us, men from W&J will revel and be joyous, joining in the rollicking chorus with three cheers for the Red and Black.

And now for the benefit of the Jay men who peruse this dribbling, I wish to quote a Biblical proverb dressed in the language of the day. "Fellow, cast out the cinder that is in your own eye, before you take a handkerchief and attempt to brush out the cinder from the eye of yon babe." Being men, we are human.

Being human makes us subject to failings. But despite the many cinders lodged in our eyes let us not become blind to a rare virtue—appreciation. So despite time, circumstance or occasion, continue to uphold our custom of appreciating to the fullest extent. If the fates should so decree that you should be one of the fortunate ones to be honored by an invitation to P. C. Wups have a grand time, and appreciate the Cares of your Hostess who made possible your pleasant evening. And if any of us yellow-sheet reporters come in search of meowish news "feed us to the birds."

Speaking of the malt industry, grog hour has arrived and it's time for the skipper to steer this "what have you" into port. While I bury my nose into that trothy stuff, you Pavlovas might take up a Scotch, push back your dining room tables and dance the stately Quadrille.

Next time I write, may my letter be filled with congratulations rather than left-handed cracks. May I, and with no stretch of the imagination, write not P.C.W. but P.C.L. (Pennsylvania College for Ladies).

Amen.

Lullaby To a Sleepy 'Possum

The opossum as you know
Is a slumberous little beast
He requires his rest and so,
He sleeps sixteen hours at least.
And so, though most oppossi
Have no trouble at all
The one who has insomnia
Is a miserable animal.

Ho Hum, Hum Ho,
I wish I could sleep, he said, he said.
The poor little possum
He lay and he toss'im
Whenever he went to bed.

THE RETIRING EDITORS

wish to thank
the members of the
ARROW STAFF
for their fine work
during the year of
1939-1940

Loved I Not Honor More ... by Jo Anne Healey, '41

The girl regained consciousness slowly. She did not move nor open her eyes, but flooding up within her came the awareness that she still lived. The knowledge crystallized into a series of words flashing across her mind's eye so clearly that she could hear the inflection of them as though they were spoken. Well, the words said, so you're still alive.

And without her being aware of it, the girl's lips moved in an answering "So what?" She was too tired to care that she still lived, or even to remember how desperately sure she had been that she would not live. She could only lie, watching the word-images as they flashed across her closed eyes, and in a little while the words were gone, and she was asleep.

But the sleep was different from the unconsciousness—or from the few conscious moments before the sleep. Her mind seemed to lose its centrality, and little pieces of it went into the different parts of her body—to her finger tips loosely curled under the hospital sheet—to her feet, raised a little at the foot of the bed. And so it was not she—not all of her that knew when the doctor entered the room, but the tingling nerves at her wrist knew when he felt for her pulse, and each part of her knew the nurse who moved her body slightly on the narrow bed.

There was a coolness across her legs as the sheet was lifted, and then the pain came again, burning up from her knees into her thighs, and the searing pain; and the sleep was gone as she muttered over and over again "Mary, Mother of Jesus," until the whole room was filled with the droning sound of it. And then the pain was beneath her, and she was floating high above it out into a sunlit valley. Up and up she went, until she could get no higher, because a voice was weighing on her: pulling her down and back to the pain until she was smothered in it, and moaning a little, she opened her eyes.

For a moment the room was far away, and she was looking into it. Then gradually it settled around her and the woman who was sitting by the bed, talking to the nurse. The girl knew that the woman was talking, because she could see her lips move, and hear a voice. But the voice and the lips brought no meaning to the girl until the woman turned and smiled at her. Then like a film

suddenly synchronized with a sound machine the voice and the woman merged for the girl as the woman spoke to her.

"Ah, my dear," the woman said. "So you're awake?"

"Yes," the girl answered, and added from force of habit, "ma'am." She did not turn her head, but watched through half-shut eyes the stout figure of the matron from the Home. She noted with contempt the dowdiness of her too-tight black dress, and the grey untidy bun of her hair pushed back under the ugly felt hat. It was strange, the girl thought, how much difference clothes make in the relationship of one woman to another. Once she had been dependant on Miss McDonough—but not this one, this woman by the bed. The other Miss McDonough, the one who presided over the Home was crisp white authority. This Miss McDonough was a stranger, to be pitied for her shabby dress and bursting seams.

The nurse came to the bed, and for a moment the girl thought her to be the other Miss McDonough, the real one—the white one. But then she saw that the nurse was too pretty to be another Miss McDonough. Too pretty, and too slender. Jealously the girl watched the nurse as she moved easily in the small room. She saw with a dim kind of hatred the firm lines of the nurse's body under the white uniform; the stiffness of the tailored front half-masking the curve of her bosom, and the neat tight line of her skirt across her hips. Involuntarily the girl moved her own body, and suddenly through the resultant pain she was aware of the lightness of it.

"Miss McDonough!"

The nurse was startled by the urgency of the girl's whisper.

"Yes Helen? What is it?"

The girl struggled to raise herself on the bed, and instantly the nurse was at her side.

"Here, here. This won't do—it won't do at all!"

The girl allowed herself to be pushed back onto the pillow, but her eyes did not leave the matron's face. "Miss McDonough! It's gone. I've had the baby! How long . . . ?"

Across the bed the matron and the nurse exchanged glances. The nurse turned to the door.

"If you'll sit with her a minute, I'll get the medicine," she said.

The matron nodded, and inched her

low chair toward the bed.

"You've been very ill, my dear, for almost a week now. That's why you're in a private room—away from the other girls."

She hesitated a moment, and then went on in her brisk professional voice. "Dora had her baby yesterday. A boy it was. And Emmy is still waiting . . ."

The girl on the bed cut across the matron's voice.

"And mine? My baby? I've had it haven't I? It's gone?"

The matron frowned a little at being interrupted, and then realizing what she had to say, the frown deepened momentarily and was gone.

"Helen—you've had a hard time of it. For a while we were afraid—but you're going to be all right now. You must be thankful for that. But you must remember, a thing is never so bad that it couldn't have been worse."

She stopped, and waited for some outburst from the girl on the bed. But the girl was lying quietly, her eyes closed, and her face sharp and a little grey against the startling whiteness of the pillow.

The matron rose abruptly and started for the door. On the way she dropped the pink Kleenex she had carried in expectation of the girl's crying. At the door she met the incoming nurse. "I told her," Miss McDonough said, "but I don't know whether or not she realized what I said. She's asleep now." She left the room, her footsteps echoing firmly in the tiled corridor. The nurse drew the covers closer around the girl and lifted the window. Then she too left the room, but her rubber heels made no sound of her going.

The girl, left alone in the quiet room, was not asleep. She held her body still against the pain, but within the rigid bounds of her flesh there surged a fierce, exultant joy—riding with the blood from her pounding heart until she could feel the warmth of it in every finger tip. And underneath her eyelids spun words that did not reach her lips.

"So it's over," she thought. "Thank God it's over. Over for almost a week, and they didn't tell me. God, how I grudge them each hour that they didn't tell me!" The surging tide within her slowed a little, and under the covers her clenched hands relaxed. The words no longer rode across her eyeballs, but came normally to her lips, which moved a little,

accompanying her thought. After a while her eyes opened and fixed on a spot on the grey floor. And then she was laughing—silently because of the pain. For there on the floor, bright against the dullness of it, was the pink Kleenex. And the girl knew what it had been for. When she was calm again, she closed her eyes, and in her mind the pink Kleenex turned into Miss McDonough, sitting by the bed.

"You must remember," she had said, "a thing is never so bad that it couldn't have been worse."

"Worse?" The girl shouted it to herself. Oh yes, it could have been worse! Suppose the baby had lived? Fear rose within her, but she quelled it, remembering the words of the matron. "The baby died a few hours after it was born." The girl laughed to herself, remembering the Kleenex. It was too bad, she thought, that she couldn't have cried just a little for Miss McDonough. Miss McDonough, with her maxims, and her queer hats—obviously re-made, with the old seams showing beside the new ones. And yet, the girl admitted, she liked Miss McDonough.

She remembered the first time she had met the matron. It was when she came up before the Board of Admittance. The girl stiffened unconsciously, remembering how she had walked into the room, hating the women who watched her come: the brisk society matrons and the professional women with pencils in their hands. They had stared at her, some with open curiosity, others with an indifference that was like a cold glass of water across her heart. All but Miss McDonough. The girl relaxed, remembering how the matron had tucked back a strand of the straggling grey hair that kept her from achieving complete neatness even in the starched perfection of a nurse's uniform—and she had smiled at the girl. The others had smiled too, but their smiles had put a barrier between them and the girl, and she had been afraid. She tensed again, remembering that fear, and the pain jumped at her, causing her to cry out sharply.

The nurse came into the room again, and the girl watched her with wide eyes from which the pupils seemed to have dissolved. The nurse felt for her pulse, frowning as she noted the rigidity of her arm. She left the room, and when she returned she was carrying a basin and a hypodermic needle. Carefully she sponged the girl's arm and then drove the silver needle deep into the soft flesh. The girl's eyes went from the nurse's

face to the needle and then back to the nurse's face again. Her teeth were on edge, and hot tears welled to her eyes, blurring the image of the pretty nurse. And then, strangely, it wasn't the nurse at all, but Miss McDonough standing before her. But Miss McDonough's face was blurring before the girl's eyes, and instead it was her grandmother, in Miss McDonough's uniform. And her grandmother was calling her; telling her it was time to get up. "Helen! Helen! It's time you were up. Hurry now, so's we won't be late for church." But the girl didn't move. This was a game she played every Sunday with her grandmother, to see how long she could postpone the getting-up time, this pretending to be asleep until her grandmother would call again, and yet again. Her grandmother was downstairs in the kitchen. The girl could see her clearly, putting the new-raised bread in the quick-oven over the fire, her black dress rustling as she moved. The warm smell of the bread came to the girl's nostrils, and she could hear her father talking. For some reason, she could not make out the words, but his deep voice was pleasant in the kitchen, and it belonged, somehow, like the softer sound of the tea-kettle.

"Don't call your father Pop." That was her grandmother's voice "It's a heathen term. And we ain't heathen yet, though we will be if he keeps tryin' to ape his betters. First it's an automobile, and then a pianny and mebbe one o' these here radios to be clutterin' up my kitchen with wire. What's he need with music's what I'd like to know, nor you either. Almost a woman grown, and we payin' that Lovell woman to show you how to fiddle on a pianny."

Pop. He was a handsome man, the girl thought, seeing the leanness of him, bronzed too, from the heat of the mill, and heavily muscled with long hours of rolling half-liquid steel. And there was a twinkle in his eye that matched the lightness of his voice as he answered her grandmother. "Now Mother, let the child be. Why shouldn't she learn the piano? It won't hurt her none and we can afford it. I'm putting money in the bank ain't I? I want my girl to be a real lady, and by heck, she will be. Besides, don't the Book say not to lay up treasures here on earth, but put them off till Heaven?"

Heaven. Heaven and her knees aching on the hard footboard in the church. Heaven and the slow chanting of the mass. She raised her eyes to the high rose-window above the

altar. Its colors were dulled now, but soon she knew, the early morning sunlight would touch the glass, staining the whiteness of the altar with translucent streaks of purple and red. Somewhere beyond that window was God. A great dense mass, yet through which the sun could penetrate as it was now, etching thin light-lines across the dimness of the church. It was strange how near to her God was on Sundays, while on other days she hardly remembered Him at all. Unless of course, something happened. Like the day grandmother fell from the chair where she had been hanging curtains, or the time they carried Pop home from the mill, limp and white on a canvas stretcher. Then the cloud that was God came down close around her chest, filling her throat so that she could hardly breathe, only whisper to herself, "Please God, don't let anything bad happen, please God, please!"

She must have spoken aloud for the nurse was at her side, brushing through the black cloud, straightening blankets, cool hands at the girl's wrist. She had wanted to be a nurse once, the girl remembered. Her grandmother hadn't liked that. Nor Pop. Pop, who wanted her to be a school teacher. A lady school teacher, who could play the piano. She was glad the mass was over, so she could stretch her aching legs, and walk down the aisle and out onto the steps of the church. Her father had stopped to talk to the group of men around Father Ryan. Before her the street was lined with cars mostly new cars, her father's Star parked against the curb. Star was such a pretty name for an automobile. Pop had said that if things kept moving at the mill the owners would soon give every man a Star. They had the money, Pop said. It would be strange, thanking the owners instead of God for their car. The owner's weren't much different from God, really, except that they were there during the week, while God was only there on Sundays. You never saw either of them, but everyone knew they were there.

A boy was coming up the steps toward the girl. He was broad shouldered and his hair was red, and the girl shivered, feeling him come.

"Hello, Helen."

"Hello Joe."

The boy was passing her, walking on up, and into the church. She turned to watch him go, but there was a mist before her eyes, and she could no longer see him. Her grandmother was calling to her from the car. She

moved, feeling the hardness of the stone beneath her feet.

"Was that Joe Rynek spoke to you?"

The girl nodded, light headed.

"What'd he want?"

"I don't know. Nothing. He just said hello." Hello. Hello Joe Rynek. Pop was speaking, and she must listen.

". . . Tony Rynek's boy? The one that wants to be a draftsman? Too high and mighty to take a job in the mill besides the likes of us."

Joe, my lover. Joe, the man I love.

The girl roused as the nurse entered the room, closing the door behind her.

Strange she would not have noticed then. The waiter had come with the dessert, ice cream it had been, in a squat dish. When he was gone she had waited for Joe to speak.

"Well," he said, "what are we going to do?"

"I don't know." His eyes had been hard, as though he did not know her.

"How long . . ."

She had shrugged. "I don't know. About a month I guess."

His eyes, veiled, remembering. "No more than that?" He shot her a quick glance, cool-eyed.

The numbness had gripped her heart again, closer than before.

"No Joe! Not that. I won't!"

Even now, long months from that, her mouth was dry, remembering. He had gone on smoking.

"Your grandmother know?"

She had begun to talk. The need to say something, anything, forced the words from her throat. "No Joe. She doesn't know. I can't tell her. She wouldn't understand. She . . . hasn't been too clear . . . in the head I mean, since Pop died. I didn't even tell her we were married. I was afraid to. Afraid she'd get to talking with someone and forget, and it'd get back to the factory and I'd lose my job. There's so many waitin' to grab a job. They found out Kitty Dugan was married last week and took her off. Why she was the fastest twirler on the line, too. Why one week I . . ."

"Helen!"

"What?"

"Don't talk so loud." He had searched in his pockets for money, and beckoned the waiter.

"Joe. What . . . what'll we do?"

He turned to look at her, and when he spoke she was surprised at the gentleness of his voice. "I don't know. I wish to God I did, but I don't. There's no work for me. Not anything. It isn't as though I wouldn't

do anything. Anything. But I don't know, Helen. I just don't know."

She should have known, then, but she didn't, and when the waiter took their money, she had slipped her arm through his and they had walked silently into the warm spring air. As they neared the corner where Helen was to catch her street car, she had stopped him by the pressure of her arm in his.

"Joe."

"What?"

"You're not sorry, are you? That we're married, I mean?"

His voice had been long in coming. Slow.

"No, I guess not."

Her street car turned into the street where they stood, and she had to run to catch it. While they waited for the doors to open, he had kissed her briefly. "Good-bye, Helen. Be careful."

She had waved to him, even after he was gone from sight. She wondered, now, what she would have done then if she had known that when the street lights blurred him from her sight she would never see him again.

The hospital lights came on—hard white blots in small rooms. The girl closed her eyes against the persistent brightness of them. But the light filtered into her eyes—even through the thickness of the arm she bent across them, warm and heavy on her face. "Joe," she whispered dully. "Joe . . . Joe . . . Joe . . ."

The nurse came to the bed, and the girl could feel the shadow of her across her eyes.

"Go to sleep. It's all right."

But the girl would not listen. "Joe," she said. "Joe, Joe, Joe."

It was as though all the fragments of her wandering thoughts were bound together in that one word, and some inner compulsion would not let her break the rhythm of her chant. "Joe," she whispered softly. "Joe."

The nurse lifted her arm away from her face, and the brightness of the light fell on her unprotected eyes and pressed through her head to the pillow. The nurse was sponging her face, and at the touch of the cool cloth on her skin she opened her eyes and saw the slanting line of the nurse's arm across her vision, and beyond the straighter line where the bedstead cut firmly into the white light. The crazy brilliance of the light sent her eyes to the cooler whiteness of the nurse's uniform.

"What time is it?" she asked.

The nurse smiled. "Almost five o'clock. Do you think if I brought

something nice and cool to drink, you could try it?"

The girl did not answer, and in a minute the nurse came with a glass and a curved glass tube. She set the glass on a low stool beside the bed, and put the tube between the girl's lips. The girl drank thirstily for a minute, savoring the cool sweetness in her mouth. The lights were not so bright now, and her head was easier on the pillow. The doctor came in, and the nurse spoke to him.

"She seems calmer. I've given her some orange juice."

The girl let the liquid drain into her throat. She did not refill her mouth. Orange juice. That was what Joe was doing. Picking oranges for orange juice. She had never seen an orange tree, but she knew how Joe would look, standing on a ladder with his shoulders in the orange tree, the broad sweat streak across the brownness of his shirt, between his shoulder blades.

"Joe," she whispered, and shoved the glass straw from her mouth, sending the glass crashing to the floor. "Joe."

Joe, who had not said good-bye. The girl started to cry, effortlessly, and the nurse looked up from the floor where she was cleaning the mess the shattered glass had made.

"Don't do that," she said. "Don't cry. It's all right. I'll have it all clean in a minute. There's nothing for you to worry about."

The girl's sobbing stopped, but the tears still soaked into the pillow beneath her face. "No," she thought. "Nothing to worry about. Nothing. Nothing. I had a man, and he's gone. I had a baby, and it's gone. And now I have nothing—nothing to worry about. Nothing. Nothing."

She drew her clenched fist along her mouth. "I'm sorry," she said. "So sorry."

The nurse straightened, her uniform spotted a little, mussed. "None-sense, she said. "You couldn't help it. I'll get another one."

"Another one?" the girl thought. "Another what?" Oh yes. Another glass. It wouldn't be hard to get another glass. You could drop it, and shatter it in a thousand pieces, but it was easy to get another one. The girl's eyes were bright. Now if you could burn it! Then you could never get another one. Not if you burned it. Her hands twitched, feeling the warmth of fire on them, and suddenly the whiteness of the light was shaded with oranges, and she was kneeling by the fire in her grandmother's parlor. It was the day after her grand-

mother's funeral, she knew, for the smell of recent flowers was sickly sweet in her nostrils. She was reading, for the last time, the document she held in her hands. This is to testify—Helen Warren and Joseph Rynek—joined in holy wedlock. Joseph and Helen Rynek. How strange the names looked in the heavy print. Hers and Joe's. But Joe was gone. And this was what she must do. Carefully she held the document to the flames, and the bright orange tongues reached out to take it. Her name went first, curling into nothingness. She held the charred edge and put the clean edge to the fire and the whole thing was gone—black ashes sifting through the flames.

This was all, and yet, there was something more. Something more that must be done. To another paper. Pen in hand and the lies flowing swiftly on the white sheet. Dear Miss McDonough. I am twenty. Quite healthy. High school education. Catholic. Please let me know if I am admitted to the home. Dear Miss McDonough, I am about to become an unmarried mother."

"Here you are, my dear."

The nurse came to her with a fresh glass of orange juice. When the girl opened her eyes and saw the orange liquid she thought at first it was the fire, but when she reached out to take it, the glass was cool against her hand.

"Thank you," the girl said. "Thank you very much."

Relativity

By Frances Mahaffey, '40

These, the little songs I sing
Need not perish with the giver.
Echoed down a curve of space
I, through them, may live forever.

Past the rotting fold of lips
And the tear-scarred heart that gave them,
Clay, that fashioned them of air
Dies, and leaves the air to save them.

The Garden

By Jane Zacharias, '40

A garden is for the young of heart—
Beneath a sun-kissed hill,
Where wealth is made of daffodil gold,
And happiness gay pansies hold.
A place of tryst
For searchers of God, in the evening mist.

You Know, It Has a Happy Ending

Marianne McCallister, '40

"Jordon," Ginny said, without turning her head to look at him, "Jordy, tell me a story."

"What kind of a story?"

"Oh about a boy and girl in love, and what happened to them."

* * *

"Well," Jordan began, "once upon a time there was a boy who had known a girl for a very long time—of course he had known lots of girls for a long time—but this particular girl he had seen at a lot of parties, and he had even been to her house to parties. They had always been friendly, but he had never thought much about her one way or another.

Now, it happened that one night this boy wanted to take a girl to a movie, but he couldn't think of any particular girl with whom he wanted to go. And while he was going over his list of possibilities, he happened to remember a pair of brown eyes which had laughed up at him while he was dancing at the country club on Saturday night . . . The brown eyes, of course, belonged to the girl whom he had known for a very long time, and suddenly he discovered that he would like to think about her in one way or another, instead of not thinking about her very much at all; so he called her up and asked her if she would like to go to a movie that night.

The girl was a fairly popular girl; she did not go out every night in the week, but she did go out at least two or three evenings. It happened that on this particular night the girl was not going anywhere, and she was glad to accept his date, because, he learned afterward, she had always secretly liked the boy.

So they went to the movie, and they had fun. They laughed at things which nobody else thought funny, and then they laughed at the other people because they had not laughed. Then they went to a quiet little place for a drink, and talked and talked. I can't imagine what they talked about then, for they didn't have much in common. On the way home, he turned on the radio so they didn't have to talk any more.

When she went up to bed that night, and when he drove home they were both smiling, because it had been a lovely evening and neither of them knew why.

Well, of course, they had more dates together, and still seemed to have just as much fun. They even worked out a little game which neither of them liked to play, but which they always played when they were together. It went something like this:

Suppose they were dancing together, and she would look up at him with deep, soft eyes as if he were the only thing in the world that mattered, and she would say, "You are a beautiful dancer."

"You would be a charming partner yourself, if you could keep your feet out from under mine."

"Oh, no, my darling," she would smile back. "You know, it's the way your hair grows out over your ears like unmowed hay that makes you so charming."

His mouth would be straight, and he would remark: "Even I could be more original than that."

"Why darling," she would say looking up at him with adoration, "with your beauty you've no need of wit."

"And with your blazing charm and faultless gift of phrasing, people can bear that silly map of yours."

She would look at him with thoughtful interest, and he would look at her with that "what are you thinking" look.

"I was just trying to picture you bald," she answered the look.

"Now there's a nice egg," he would say, pointing to a man whose hair had departed from him.

"Um," she would answer, "and if you had his partner you wouldn't have to worry how large her feet were—you wouldn't be able to get near enough to them."

"Oh, your feet aren't big, they are just unruly."

"I suppose Dina is a beautiful dancer."

"She is. And I suppose you like Johnnie's crew cut."

"I do, I like everything about Johnnie. But you're pretty too—in your own crude way."

Then they would both laugh, and not say anything for a while. Then they would be on their merry cutting way again, twitting each other about the other boys and girls they knew. Each time they played this game, they hurt each other more than the last time. They never spoke

of love to each other, because each was afraid to take the other seriously. They agreed one night that women had as infinite a fascination for him as men had for her.

And that's the way they went on for about six months. They found out all their differences: she smoked and he didn't, she drank rye and he drank Scotch, she liked sharp cheese and he liked mild, oh, and she read a lot and he seldom read, and all sorts of differences like that—so they knew they were not for each other. Her friends told her that he was the bachelor type, and his friends told him that she was an awful flirt who never thought of any one but herself, and that all she was made for was the amusement of the moment. Yet they still had dates, and still each struggled not to take the other seriously. Bit by bit their efforts to keep from loving each other drove them to find little sources of irritation.

One night they were dancing together and he suddenly noticed that one of his ex-loves had entered the room. He knew the girl in his arms had seen her, too, because her body stiffened and she kicked him in the ankle as they were attempting to execute a rapid turn. He laughed and drew away from her, "Your eyes are as green as a cat's," he said.

"Do you mean to stand there and think that I for one minute would or even could be jealous of that frowzy, half-witted phizzle? And what's more, where did you get the idea that any female that had anything to do with you could make me jealous?"

"I think she is a most attractive girl," he countered, and if you had any taste at all you would too."

"Why, that awful dress—I wouldn't wear it to a dog fight. Ooph! Ghastly! I can't imagine what Ted sees in her."

"From the look in his eyes, I should say plenty. But how she can stand him; 'why, he's no man—he's putty.'"

Just at that moment the couple under discussion danced up to them. The girl favored Ted with a lavish smile, and nodded none too politely to Jean, the Phizzle.

The boy gave Jean all his attention, and gave Ted a limp hand. Then the boy and girl gave each other a long look of hatred.

"Won't you join us at our table?" the girl asked sweetly.

"Oh, why, we'd love to, wouldn't we, Ted?" Jean answered, and the

boy has learned since that her eyes were devouring him as she spoke.

So Jean and Ted joined the boy and the girl at their table, and there followed one of the most unpleasant evenings which probably was ever spent by any one. You see the boy really didn't like Jean, and was bored to death by her constant taunting. And the girl actually found Ted most uninteresting, for, when he had commented on the weather, and told her that she looked lovely, his conversation for the evening was complete. So the girl had to make any conversation that was made with Ted, and the boy had to respond to Jean with flattery that was so forced as to be perfectly ridiculous. At various times during the evening the boy and girl glared at each other. Their dances together were frigid with silence.

After a period of time which seemed to the boy and girl to be several months long, the orchestra played "Good Night Sweetheart," and folded up their music. No amount of applause would bring them back. Neither the boy or the girl was anxious to be left alone. However, they finally said good-night to Ted and Jean, and in stony silence with their faces straight in front of them, they went off to find his car. The ride home was a continuation of that silence with the radio blaring deafeningly. At the door the girl said a short good-night and turned quickly so that the boy might not see the look of longing that had taken possession of her face. The boy turned just as quickly and leapt down the steps with the same purpose in mind.

The boy and the girl knew they were in love, but long after their anger had gone their pride lingered. They had no dates together. The girl said that she couldn't stand that "featherweight, woman-crazy fool" any longer, and the boy told his friends that he had finally come to his senses and would see no more of that "selfish, irresponsible, spoiled brat."

Their friends had a wonderful time saying "I told you so" to each other and to the boy and girl, and each time someone said it they had to swallow a defence of their broken romance. When they came to the same party, as they sometimes did, a nervous silence would fall on the group. The boy and the girl would nod coldly to each other and strew animated conversation all over the people nearest to them. When they

met in public, they nodded curtly and went in the opposite direction.

Sometimes the orchestra would play a song that they had enjoyed together, and if the boy or the girl were dancing with a date, the date would be tripped over—forgotten. Once they were at the same dance, and just as the orchestra moved in to the first chorus of "All The Things You Are"—one of their mutual favorites—they eyes met over their partners' shoulders. Their faces told their tale of longing, but neither of them saw the story, and the girl, with quick transformation, gave her partner a radiant smile saying, "I just love this piece, don't you?" The boy could not see the other man's reply.

The peek-a-boo game between them had been going on for over a month and the boy had given up trying to have dates with other girls, because he wasn't much interested in them any more and then, they weren't much interested in him. Who wants a man around who starts to day-dream in the middle of a romantic sentence? So, in desperation, he went to the public library and got a book. Well, he read the book Saturday night and discovered that reading wasn't as bad as he had remembered it from his college days, so the next Friday evening he went back to get one for Saturday and another for Sunday. As he was coming up the walk toward the library, he noticed an unusual sight. There on the stone steps to the library sat the girl. He felt sure that stone steps were no place for a girl to sit on a cold February afternoon, and from the hunch of her black shoulders he felt that there must be something wrong. He started up the steps with just the merest nod which she answered in kind, but something in her face under the acute angle of her hat brim made him walk across the staircase toward her.

"If you find the American central heating system too warm for you, why don't you try an American electric refrigerator? I'm told they're quite cool." He stood before her with one foot on the pavement and the other on the second step, with an elbow resting on one knee, and his chin resting on his hand.

"I didn't choose this spot," she answered. "This is where I happened to land."

His eyes became concerned, "You've fallen," he choked, "You're hurt."

"Nothing much," the girl said. "I've just sprained my ankle, but I

can't seem to get up."

"Let me help. Take my arm."

"Thanks," said the girl, and with this help she hobbled to his car, and from thence they drove to the doctor.

When the doctor had bound the sprain and they were back in the car, the color came back to her twinkling, round face, and the wide brown eyes regained their old, wicked sparkle. "Something," she said, "has been preying on my mind. What, in heaven's name were you doing at the library? Have you been reduced to the maiden librarians?"

"No.—Aw, hell," he said, "I can't think of any answer to that. All I want to say is that I love you."

"Well, why don't you? I love you."

"Oh, darling, the very next stop light I'm going to kiss you—right here in front of God and everybody."

"First, we've got to promise not to play that nasty little game ever again."

"Never, we've been unhappy enough from it."

"No smart insults and no petty jealousies again," she promised soberly.

"Oh, never, never, my darling,"

* * *

"And that's the end of the story, Ginny. You know, it has a happy ending."

"Hasn't it," Ginny sighed. "Though there were a couple of months there, when I never thought it could."

"I couldn't have gone on much longer," Jordan said. "I would have had to call you."

"If you hadn't, I'd have called you. I'm much better than a book any day, aren't I?"

"Oh, boy, yes! You're different every day."

"Now that I've stopped smoking, everything would be perfect, if I'd learn to drink Scotch."

"No," said Jordan, "all I need for perfection is your head on my shoulder."

So Ginny complied with his wish, and they stretched out lazily on a bed of pine needles and looked up through the branches at the sky above them—the perfect sky of a honeymoon.



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Seniors Plan Careers

"Where, oh, where are the grand old Seniors? Safe now in the wide, wide world." No, not now, but soon, and a brief glimpse into the probable future of the Seniors in the World, shows some amazing, and some amusing things, if all goes as is planned. Mary Ellen Ostergard will continue doing library work by studying at the Carnegie Tech Library School, and Tech also will enroll Aethelburga Schmidt in the graduate school. Jean Curry will devote her future to the education of those children now entering the elementary grades. Marianne McAllister will consider publishing a best seller—when she writes it . . . Jean Watson and Bery Bahr are considering Met offers, which the Met is also considering, and both will probably be a Mrs. to some Mr. in the not too-distant future. Audrey Horton will continue painting with one hand, and with the other she's going to learn to cook! Kay Thompson, Ada Lee Mangum and Betty Eastwood are practicing up on the "I do's" to be used sometime this summer. Pat Brennan has a look in her eye, but won't 'fess up. Fay Cumber plans to teach, as do Anne Ludlow and Nancy Cockerille. Jean Aungst and Caddie Lou Kinzer want secretarial jobs (adv) and Hep Stevenson wishes the Arrow would tell her what she wants to do. Punky Cook will be hemming tea-towels, Ginnie Scott will be doing graduate work at Iowa, Betty Crawford at Pitt. Eleanor Gangloff will work at Heinz' from July to October, and then work in a hospital lab for a year, after which she hopes to commence to be an M.D. Renee Schreyer is founding her future on the hope of a job in a publishing house. Francis Mahaffey hopes that something will, quote, "deliver me from inquisition," and Alida Spinning and Ruth Bauer are coming through with a sister act. They are both counseling at Epworth Woods Camp this summer, and then they will teach school in the fall. Betty Sweeney is the most ambitious Senior. She plans a summer of basking in the sun, to prepare her for capturing Hitler and winning the reward offered by Dr. Church, with which she will endow the building fund. Then she will win the Vogue "Prix de Paris" contest. If these plans should fail, she will retire from

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The ARROW

Vol. XX

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., October 9, 1940

No. 1



MELLON HALL POOL

(See page 4)

THE ARROW

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Have You Noticed

Freshmen really wearing their arm-bands this year . . . the number of new pins and rings about campus . . . style in the cafeteria . . . anxiety of the **Arrow** staff over first publication . . . the purty new gym suits freshmen are sporting . . . some people still clapping in a religious service . . . the startling brightness of new paint on the walls of library stairway . . . the kitten in the smoking room..

Dedication

To our staff for their cooperation and hard work we dedicate this first issue.

Seniors and Freshmen

With so much in common, the freshmen and seniors should get together. Both have plenty to learn. New buildings, new books, new ways of taking notes, new people—these are problems for you freshmen. As for the seniors—we have four years' interpretation of traditions to pass on, new responsibilities and offices to hold, and most of all, learning how to feel natural in our gowns.

If we seniors seem horribly old and experienced, don't forget that looks are deceiving. One thing is certain—freshmen look younger than we felt four years ago, and we don't feel nearly as old as the seniors looked then. Our old age is creeping up on us gradually.

And when it comes to loneliness, seniors are almost even with freshmen. The last of our oldest friends left last June, and we cling to each other just as you at first clung to the few girls you knew before coming here. Remember we too are somewhat shy among the quantities—and what quantities—of strange faces all around us. And we are very much bewildered by your looking up to us. For the first time we are left without support. There are no classmen who are more upper than we are. Take it from us, it's a lot easier having no classes under you.

You have four glorious years before you, filled with possibilities—friendships, discovery of new worlds in science or history, recognition and election to office by the other students, strengthening of old ideals and growth of new ones. With a spirit of cooperation and a little more than a half-way effort almost anything can be attained. For the seniors there are nearly the same possibilities in the future—only on a terrifyingly larger scale. Your four years stretch ahead of you as a very long time. The senior class is probably a remote and distant goal. Our greatest advice is: don't be fooled by time. Make the most of every minute, every course, every dance, every Mountain Day, every committee meeting. When you are seniors you will look back and realize how short the time has been, how many things you have missed, and how valuable each seemingly insignificant event has been in building up a rich college experience.

Goal

In writing an editorial from the crowded 17th floor of the William Penn Hotel, in the midst of Willkie reception proceedings, the **Arrow** staff is inaugurating the policy of this year's **Arrow**—more news—fresher news—interesting news.

The **Arrow** has always been a student publication. This year it will try most of all to act as a sounding board of student opinion, and to express that opinion clearly and without prejudice.

Working more closely with student organizations such as the A. A., the Y. W. C. A., and Student Government, we hope to be able to urge better cooperation, to encourage new and wider programs. We are your paper. We will grind your axe, and pay your tribute, but most of all we will print your news.

EVENTS

POLITICAL

Campaigner

Last Thursday Republican presidential nominee Wendell L. Willkie arrived in Pittsburgh on the last lap of his campaign trip. After a parade through the downtown section, Mr. Willkie departed on a tour of the Pittsburgh industrial areas. Meanwhile the William Penn Hotel, headquarters of the Willkie entourage, swarmed with politicians, committee-women, reporters. The 17th floor was reserved for the Willkie reception. All afternoon elect Republicans awaited the arrival of the Republican nominee, managed to create somewhat the air of an overgrown football rally. Chief rallyer was the strident-voiced female entertainer who enlivened the long wait by rendering such old favorites as "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," and "The Old Mill Stream." Later, volunteers were invited, and a small man named George (no one knew his last name), drew cheers and laughter from the audience with an original verse sung to the tune of "She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain." Sung in a George Cohan-like style, the chief verse went:

"They'll be going back to Harvard when he comes

They'll be going back to Harvard when he comes

All the corny college comics, with their phony economics

They'll be going back to Harvard when he comes.

"There'll be many less New Dealers, less professors and free mealers They'll make room for Wendell Willkie when he comes," etc.

As the crowd threatened to become maudlin with "Indiana Home" and "I'm a Willkie Booster Through and Through," Chairman Rob't Cook gave reporters intimate glimpses of Wendell Willkie's private life. He told of Willkie's son, Phillip, interrupting an interview with Mrs. Willkie by shouting, "Hey, Mom, Dad says to tell you he doesn't have any clean underwear."

"Rough and ready," chuckled Chairman Cook delightedly, "that's what he is. Why, when he cleaned up for the tour, he didn't even bother to comb his hair. Just tossed it back and smoothed it with his hands, and away he went. Rough and ready."

In a far corner enthusiastic State

Assemblyman Chas. M. Christler, up for re-election, handed out free matches, stated "Wendell Willkie is the spontaneous choice of the people."

Mr. Willkie was an hour and 15 minutes late. Tired-eyed and grey-faced beneath his tan, he stepped from the elevator between two State Troopers, held out his hand to an admiring crowd, which immediately surrounded him. Wearied to the point of incoherence, Willkie mounted the rostrum, announced to the cheering mob: "I have driven 500 miles since I landed here, and have made 27 speeches . . . I have not the slightest illusion of how we are going to win this election."

Shortly after, Mr. Willkie retired to his private suite, (16-A) rested until his departure for Forbes Field in an official Cadillac convertible sedan.

J.A.H., J.S.B.

Nominee's Wife

Diminutive Edith Willkie gave exclusive interview to five Pittsburgh presswomen last Thursday evening in the Willkie suite on the 16th floor of the William Penn Hotel. Wearing a black dress with a pearl studded aquamarine yoke, black patent leather shoes, black velour hat, and carrying an Elizabeth Arden bag, she seemingly suffered no ill effects from the arduous tour on which she had accompanied her husband.

Unsure of the room in which they were to interview Mrs. Willkie, excited presswomen almost ran her down, were told smilingly "They said there was a harem here to interview me."

Won't Show Dental Work

As Mrs. Willkie smiled at presswomen, photographers took flash pictures. "Oh dear! Please take one that doesn't show my teeth. Constituents keep writing in to ask why I always show so much dental work."

In response to questions by Maxine Garrison of the Press, Mrs. Willkie admitted that her day in Pittsburgh had been a particularly hard one, but most thrilling. "I was surprised at the enormity of the crowds," she said.

Asked by Anna Jane Phillips, of the Post-Gazette concerning the Willkie reception on the whole tour, Mrs. Willkie said, "It has been grand. In Michigan there were a few misinformed rowdies, but not many. In Seattle we were applauded. They

had rehearsed boo's for days, we were told, but they didn't use them. No I am not surprised at the courteous reception. My husband is a courteous man."

Asked by **Arrow** representatives what she thought of women in politics, she smiled, glanced at the floor. "I have no ideas on women in politics, she said, "at least none that I would care to see printed." She went on to say that she had never made a speech—didn't intend to. "But I intend no criticism for people who do. If I didn't have home duties I'm sure I wouldn't just sit and knit."

Complimented by presswomen on her charming appearance, Mrs. Willkie said clothes were no problem to her. "I wear the same type of clothes," she said, "and vary the accessories."

As Mr. Willkie's brother, tall, good-looking came in to announce dinner, presswomen asked final question. "What do you intend to do on election night, Mrs. Willkie?"

Pretty Mrs. Willkie smiled, shrugged her shoulders. "Take a sleeping pill and go to bed," she said.

Hectic Campaign Atmosphere

Before interviewing Mrs. Willkie, press representatives spent the interval of waiting in the hectic campaign atmosphere of Lem Jones' office. Wearied by much campaigning, young publicity manager Jones took an audible and protracted shower, would not emerge even for the many urgent calls which were taken by his harassed assistant. Embittered by the long wait, Cameraman Ross demanded drop by drop bulletins of Mr. Jones progress, suggested roller skates for the frantic assistant.

Tired campaign attaches dropping in with publicity reports, commented disparagingly on the Pittsburgh climate, said Mr. Willkie's reception had varied according to the districts he visited, but on the whole had been satisfactory.

J.A.H., J.S.B.

Campus Candidates

Next month as election fever nears its climax, PCW will enter the political field with a mock convention and election to be staged on campus November 4th. It will be a mixed convention, with many and diverse political parties represented. How-

EVENTS

ever, due to the nearness of the national election, interest can be expected to center upon the candidates from the two parties which the following day will test their strength in actual presidential election. (The identity of the PCW candidates has not yet been announced).

Auditorium Will Become Convention Hall

The late afternoon will probably be taken up with last minute campaigning by candidates aspiring to nomination that evening. The chapel will become Convention Hall, with delegates arriving in bannered cars and shouting slogans. The hall itself will be bunting-draped, decorated with the slogans and pictures of the various candidates. In the evening, after the nominating speeches have been made, the ballot will be cast. Since all candidates will appear from the same platform, portions of the auditorium will be reserved for the members of the different parties. There will be a gallery for the spectators. Cheering sections, and a band will provide the proper convention spirit. It is rumored that the convention will be honored by the appearance of No. 1 American, Uncle Sam, and staunch members of the two major parties from the 1890's to the present day will appear in frock-coats and wigs.

Torchlight Parade

Chief attraction of the evening will be a torchlight parade, in which the entire school will participate.

The co-operation of both students and faculty is needed to make the convention a complete success.

DONATIONS

Mellon Hall Preview

News of Mr. Paul Mellon's gift to PCW attracted the attention of papers from Maine to California last July. Long considered one of Pittsburgh's most beautiful estates within the city limits, the new Andrew Mellon Hall will mark the beginning of a new epoch in PCW's history.

Last week proud members of the **Arrow** staff were invited by Dr. Spencer to a pre-view tour of the house and grounds. Excited editors jotted notes on envelope backs as they admired the white swan on the lily pond, and walked under graceful hanging willows to castle-like Mellon Hall. Viewed across stretch-

ing lawns, the house rises above its surroundings, reveals greater size than appears from Woodland Road.

Inside the huge stone and oak-paneled hall, impressed staff members viewed the antique carved wood Italian mantle-piece stretching the full height of the hall; the shining oak stairway heavily carpeted; the elevator behind a paneled door. Opening out of the main hall, the oak and carved tufa stone library is probably the most beautiful room. Wide bay windows line one side of the library, book-cases and a chest-high fireplace another.

Exotic Observatory

Also on the first floor is a Norwegian breakfast room in light pine, opening on a flagstone patio, and beyond a small study done in aqua-blue. Most exotic room is the glass and marble conservatory — with vaulted ceiling and separate heating system.

On the second floor, **Arrow** members counted five baths, eight rooms. The master bedroom and the two suites of connecting bedrooms have built-in cupboards, fireplaces, venetian blinds. Beyond the cupboard-lined dressing room is the unique all-aluminum library, said to be the only one of its kind in existence. A small sitting room has a built-in radio which can be tuned in by every room of the house.

Cedar Closet 30 Feet Long

The third floor, well-suited to dormitory usage, has two guest rooms, seven bedrooms, all looking out on the spacious grounds. Guest rooms have built-in cupboards, wood-burning fireplaces. Heavy carved doors separate some corridors, open on cedar storage room thirty feet long.

Swimming Pool Ready by November

In the sub-basement, **Arrow** staff admired the pine-paneled ballroom, with separate niche for orchestra, the double bowling alleys, the magnificent white-tiled swimming pool. (see cover) "We will begin using it by November," predicts. President Spencer.

Outside, through a doorway from the pool to the lawn, the composition tennis court, wired for night lighting, has permanent markers, practice board, visitors' bench. Ten-car garage has space for two small auditoriums, upstairs rooms can be sound-proofed for music department.

Dividing PCW's old campus from the new one, Mellon's fence has long

represented the limitations of PCW campus. Next week it will go down.

Nearly all rooms on first floor have wood-burning fireplaces. The one in the hall is almost ten feet across, will hold logs cut from last week's fallen trees.

Long admired by students for its lovely flowers, the small plot of land at the fork in Woodland Road may become a bowling green.

Due to new heating units installed three years ago, the entire Mellon Hall, including water for the swimming pool, can be heated at an approximate cost of \$1,400 a year.

Official PCW comment on the Mellon donation is voiced by Board of Trustee's President Arthur Braun.

"The trustees of the Pennsylvania College for Women are deeply grateful to Mr. Paul Mellon for his generous and noteworthy gift to the College. Faculty, students, and alumnae will be elated by this powerful stimulus to the work of the institution and this expansion of its opportunity for service. This strengthening of the facilities of the College is an important addition to the educational resources of the Pittsburgh district and its influence for good will be far-reaching.

"The College will strive in every way to create and maintain in Andrew Mellon Hall a worthy memorial to a man who was long a trustee of the College and for many years Pittsburgh's most distinguished citizen. In paying this tribute to his father and in making possible an important extension of the work of the College, Mr. Paul Mellon has demonstrated again his own fine spirit and interest in his community."

J.A.A.

PCW Ambulance

Last November a number of Americans and French joined forces in their desire to give aid to France. Organized under the name Secours Franco-American, the group has a registered number in Washington. At its head is PCW's energetic Mme. Marguerite M. Owens and vice president Sarah H. MacGonagle is one of the alumnae. Appropriately, its monthly meetings are held at PCW.

Originally organized to send clothing and surgical dressings to France, Secours Franco-American now ships everything to refugees in England. Whole villages have sprung up over-

EVENTS

SOCIAL

A. A. Picnic

Saturday, September 28, PCW faculty and students turned out for the annual A. A.-sponsored Mountain Day at Mill Grove, North Park. The crowd ate heartily of the traditional hamburgers, "dogs," baked beans and ice cream, sang lustily between numerous refills. After lunch, sophisticated collegiennes broke balloons with the usually sedate faculty. An enthusiastic gallery heckled Dr. Martin and class representatives Mary Linn Marks, Jean Burchinal, Louise Wallace, and Mary Lou Reiber, through a milk-gulping contest, later cheered Yvonne de Silva and Gloria Silverstein as they came down the home stretch on three legs. Senior racers, aided by the swift-running sons of Dr. Ferguson, won a box of lollipops.

Grand finale of the day was the play-off of the annual faculty-student mushball game, won by the students 14 to 12. Faculty-catcher Wallace, embittered by the number of bus drivers batting for the opponents, called for more student participation. Retorted students, after viewing the disastrous work of the busmen in the outfield, "Next year they can play for you—if they aren't already."

The game over, the large crowd, tired but still singing hoarsely, found their buses and cars—voted this year's Mountain Day "the best we've had."

Call to Arms

PCW issued a Call to Colors last Saturday night that brought droves of enthusiasts from all parts of the local country. Official bulletins from Woodland Hall were sent out under the supervision of General Healey and her staff. No Femopia gathering this, the enlisted men knew how to act in the emergency during the third dance when there was a blackout. Air raid sirens screamed danger but panic was quelled when Lieutenant Shidemantle murmured just audibly that a special aid raid shelter had been built for the Coca Cola. **Streamlined Canteen**

Streamlined and modern, the Canteen drew attention from the start and, like its parent in the old military camp, lost none of its popularity during the evening.

Having volunteered for duty early in the evening, special Suicide Squads carried out the dangerous assignment of breaking up groups of recruits huddled in corners under the red, white and blue bunting. Holding that these groups were suspected of subversive activities, the squads did their work thoroughly and competently, lost not a single man.

Drafty Government

Following the custom of all Military Staffs, General Healey and Lieutenants Marks, Clipson, and Shidemantle, found opportunities for private conferences with promising fifth columnists and secret agents. Suggested as a side line for the new Fifth Column was a plan to sabotage government competition. "They're trying to steal our men," one officer was heard to say concerning the draft, "but they can't do it if we get them first."

Doubt remained in official circles as to whether PCW's new army was tough enough to stand the rigours of military existence, but hope rose when R. O. T. C. members from Pitt and Tech volunteered to help train recruits. "We've been able to do it," one senior remarked smugly, "all ya got to do is what they tell ya." Aides-de-camp rubbed hands gleefully over this year's crop, refused to be quoted in the press.

Tete a Tete

Miss Marks and Mrs. Spencer entertained at a tea on Tuesday, October 8, from 3:30 to 5:00 at the Spencer home.

The tea was given for advanced standing students, Student Government Board, YW cabinet, A. A. Board, **Arrow** editors, and advisors of these groups.

Rise and Shine

Are you hiding your talents under a bushel? Do you have a yen for acting? Can you play Bach and forth on Chopin? Or maybe you're one of those geni for managing successful parties. Well, here's your chance.

Under the new Activities Program you will be given your opportunity to show PCW what you can do. Everybody around PCW is very enthusiastic about the new Activities Program because under this plan each member of the student body is eligible to participate in all of the ex-

night and some 50,000 inhabitants need everything from furniture to food.

Last summer able President Owens obtained special permission from British Embassy in Washington to convey goods directly to England. Obviously anti-Nazi, the group takes no chances of having its hard-earned supplies fall into Hitler's hands. Due to limited space, every article in twelve one-thousand pound sacks had to be listed. Finally last August word came the goods was of sufficient value to go across to England. **PCW Does Its Share**

Long in sympathy with the organization, last spring PCW contributed as a whole for the first time. Faculty, alumnae, students responded eagerly to plans for an ambulance fund. Largest class contribution was made by the present sophomore class. Largest donation in proportion to size of membership was that of sympathetic PCW faculty. SGA alone gave two hundred dollars. Due to lateness in the year not all students or alumnae were approached, the fund lacked some four hundred dollars of required thousand. Feeling certain that a continued campaign this fall would bring in sufficient funds, Secours Franco-Americain advanced the remaining amount. Almost immediately General Charles de Gaulle asked for ambulances, received PCW's machine, proudly bearing a brass plate with the words: "Donated by the Pennsylvania College for Women Committee of the Secours Franco-Americain, Pittsburgh, Pa."

Possible Unit Here In College

At present it is a hope of the organization that PCW will become a unit of the Secours Franco-Americain. October 3 a meeting discussed plans of smaller group divisions for collecting money, making surgical dressings, knitting and sewing.

Said President Owens: "I want to express my gratitude to the Student Body, the Alumnae, and Faculty of PCW for the generous contribution they made toward the purchase of an ambulance for the Free French Forces in England; and to wish them success in the formation of a student unit of the Secours Franco-Americain."

"This unit will be of great help in relieving the suffering of thousands of refugees in England, and thus will indirectly help in the preserving of our Democracy."

EVENTS

citing events which are scheduled for this year.

Variety Is The Spice Of Life

You know what fun we had square dancing at the Get Acquainted Party. And you'll probably never forget how luscious those hamburgers tasted on Mountain Day. Well that's only the beginning. Only the beginning.

Here's a tip. The Activities Committee is planning a fall play, a Christmas party, and a glorious sleigh ride for one and for all.

May I Suggest Romance

But let's not get too far ahead of ourselves. The Big and Little Sister Dance is just around the corner waiting to happen. So all you freshman gals and big sisters take notice—for an evening of fun and frolic come to the Big and Little Sister Dance.

A Word To The Wise

Just because the Seniors have been here at PCW doesn't mean their class should reign supreme. You sophomores get to work and prove that you can do just as well if not better.

And you juniors had better watch out. That freshman class has some real talent.

All in all I have a feeling that class competition this year at PCW is terrific. Each class must have the aid of every one of its members. Your class needs you in order to win.

Name It And It's Yours

Since the Activities Program is a new installment at PCW, we are very much interested in hearing what you think about it. If you have any ideas contact Gladys Patton '41, Jean Hill '41, or your class president.

Just give us your suggestions and we'll do our best to make them work out.

FACULTY

Conference

PCW's Chemistry professor, Earl K. Wallace, is president of the Pittsburgh section of the American Chemical Society. At noon, Friday, October 11, he will present greetings to the Associated Science Groups of the Western Pennsylvania Educational Association Conference at a luncheon at the Schenley Hotel. October 10, 11, and 12 mark the twelfth meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Educational Association Conference.

Nine o'clock Saturday morning, Dr. Wallace will participate in a panel

discussion. Title: "Science as a Way of Life." Place: the auditorium of Greek-columned Mellon Institute. Leader of the discussion will be University of Pittsburgh's Dr. Blackwood, members of the physics departments. Other speakers are Dr. Emerson, University of Chicago; Dr. Gray, biologist, University of Pittsburgh; and Dr. Hollinger, Director of Science in the Pittsburgh Public Schools.

Vacations

The faculty of PCW enjoyed summer vacations at camps, summer schools, resorts, and traveling all over the country by motor and train.

Terminating her six weeks of summer school at Alabama College for Women, Mrs. Rand visited relatives in Alabama and in Mississippi. Returning to Pittsburgh on August 1, she spent two weeks here, then left with her husband for a tour through Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana.

Another coast to coast trip took Miss Dysart from New York to Washington where she spent six weeks on Vashon Island on Puget Sound. She then skirted the Coast from Washington to San Francisco and motored home.

Head of Music Department Miss Welker attended Bennington School of Arts in Vermont where there are four arts represented: music, modern dance, theatre design, and drama. Here she studied contemporary music for six weeks.

Attracted By New England

Art instructor Mr. Rosenberg traveled to Rockport, Massachusetts, on Cape May where he painted and fished. Here he worked on his picture for the American Exhibition which is to be held at Carnegie Institute this October. Leaving Rockport, he made an extensive tour of New England and returned home after a period of two months.

Monhegan Island, eleven miles off the coast of Maine, was the destination of Miss McCarty. Here she spent four weeks, coming back by train to spend the one remaining week of her vacation at home.

Miss Bair traveled for a month by steamship from New York to San Francisco stopping at noted places of interest on the way: Havana, Panama City, and Acapulco, Mexico. Arriving in California, she visited Yosemite valley, San Francisco, and Los

Angeles. From there she journeyed homeward on the Sante Fe Railroad spending a day in the Grand Canyon and two days in Sante Fe.

Mrs. Benn spent three weeks at Kennebunk Beach in Maine, traveled to a ski lodge on the eastern slopes, continuing across New Hampshire to Moose Mountain Ski Lodge. Leaving there, Mrs. Benn stopped at Camp Aloha in Vermont and returned by way of Boston and New York.

SCHOLASTIC

Testing Textiles

Not getting behind the times by being closed up over the summer, the old geology room on the rez de chausseurs of the Science Building was remodeled during the vacation period, became another laboratory where Dr. E. K. Wallace and his crew carrying on scientific investigations.

At one entrance of this new lab is what appears to be the family wash—ironing boards and shiny new Westinghouse irons, clothes pins and all the other paraphernalia for an ordinary Monday. Pondering over a desk any hour of the day are Louise Lean '40, and Eleanor Gangloff '40, recording their day's findings. Also to be found there is Scientist Wallace, supervising the project.

The Westinghouse Research Fellowship, established at PCW on August 1 of this year has possibilities of renewal at yearly intervals, places particular emphasis on the durability of various textiles.

Another department confines itself to research in the fields of Oils and Fats. At present the particular interest is in attaining new commercial products from natural fats.

Assisting Dr. Wallace in this particular fellowship are Dr. Scholl, Mrs. Frances Clark Moore '37, Joan Dodds '36, and Pauline Sommerfeld '40.

Explanation

Honors—special honors and general honors—comprehensive examinations and seminars are weighing on the minds of seniors at the present time. For this year inaugurates a system of awarding Commencement honors which is new to PCW, and certain questions are asked by students who want to know what is the exact relationship between compre-

. . . continued on page 16

PEOPLE

The Mellons

Few people know or realize the extent of the Mellons' gifts, which though usually made to Pittsburgh institutions, are not confined to them. One of the reasons for this ignorance is that the Mellons have always preferred to keep out of the public eye, and most of their gifts have been anonymous.

Among their contributions to educational and cultural institutions have been: A heavy endowment to Choate Preparatory School; large contributions to the Stephen Foster Memorial and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; gifts to the Kingsley Settlement House; aid to the Carnegie International Art Exhibit; the Mellon Residence on Forbes Street which was donated to Carnegie Tech as a dormitory; the plot of land on which the Cathedral of Learning now stands, and, in addition, large contributions to the University of Pittsburgh Building Fund; a fellowship established at the Wilmer Ophthalmological Institute; and, of course, the new National Art Gallery in Washington, D. C., which will be one of the greatest in the world and a symbol of the cultural leadership of America.

Contributions Cover Broad Field

The Mellon Institute of Industrial Research was built for the purpose of aiding the practical cooperation of science and industry. Also in the list of scientific donations, are the Pneumonia Research and the Smoke Research which are maintained by the Mellons.

Worthy causes have always found the Mellons willing to help. The American Red Cross, the hospitals of the Pittsburgh district, and the Community Fund, to mention a few, have been greatly benefited and aided by the Mellons. The new East Liberty Presbyterian Church was largely made possible through the efforts of the Mellons who contributed heavily to it.

One of the greatest contributions of the Mellon family has been the establishment of the Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust, a fund established by the late Andrew W. Mellon for the purpose of continuing his benefactions to educational and charitable organizations.

Ranking perhaps first in importance, as far as PCW students are concerned, is the recent gift of the

Woodland Road residence to the college. This beautiful building will be called Andrew Mellon Hall as a memorial to Andrew W. Mellon, who was for many years a member of our Board of Trustees.

Success Story

Pretty 18-year-old violinist Betty Jane Atkinson, a student last year at PCW, arrived home again second week of September after completion of Leopold Stokowski's Youth Orchestra's concert tour to South America.

She described her South American trip as "a romantic boat trip. soft breezes, big yellow moon, soft, sweet music, intriguing rhumbas, famous people, hundreds of concerts, South American night life, high atop the world riding over mountains in a cable car, dinner at the Governor of Trinidad's beautiful home, and concerts thrilling thousands of people."

Chosen By Stokowski

Last spring Betty Jane was chosen by Leopold Stokowski as first violinist with his Youth Orchestra. Leaving Pittsburgh on July 6th, Betty Jane arrived in Atlantic City, New Jersey, early the next morning.

The orchestra assembled there and began rehearsing five hours a day for three solid weeks. Before sailing the orchestra gave concerts at Atlantic City, Baltimore, New York.

"The excitement began on board the boat," said Betty Jane. "No rehearsals and plenty of time for fun. The Mills Brothers and Gertrude Lawrence became very sociable with all of us and we learned to know them very well."

The first concert in South America was given in Montevideo, where the English and Germans recently engaged in a naval battle.

Next the orchestra traveled to Rio de Janeiro. "Coming into the Rio harbor beneath a silver moon—brightly lighted boulevards—the most beautiful sight of my trip, an illuminated statue of Christ on top of Rio's highest mountain," are impressions Betty Jane received.

The orchestra spent most of its time in Buenos Aires. Here Betty Jane was chosen along with several others from the entire group to make a recording for Columbia Records. Within a fortnight they gave thirteen concerts plus three hours of rehearsals a day.

Mountain Climbing In Cable Cars

Using Buenos Aires as headquarters, the group traveled to many nearby cities. "The San Paulo trip was the most exciting of these one night concerts. Thousands of feet above the valleys, we rode from mountain to mountain via cable cars. We almost died of panic when one of the cars started backwards. Many of the group became ill from the rapid change in climate."

When asked how she liked working under Stokowski Betty Jane rapidly said, "I love it! He didn't make us spend all our time giving concerts, rehearsing, or resting. He has a superb sense of humor and tells the most amusing jokes. He allowed us to stay out as late as we wanted, but made it certain that we must always be in condition for rehearsals and concerts."

In response to a question about South American men, Betty Jane replied that they were the same as everywhere else; they always smile at all the women and especially young girls.

The biggest audience the orchestra had was 28,000 people at Trihelio. And when the Youth Orchestra goes to Hollywood in January to make a movie it can expect an even greater audience.

Home Run

New physical education instructor Miss Eleanor Graham surprised PCW with her performance on Mountain Day. Trying to hear in chapel is next to impossible in some sections, so few really heard the recitation of Miss Graham's history. Therefore, no excitement or interest was aroused. Then came Mountain Day and that was a different story. Questions about the slight blond girl in the tan dress began to circulate. Everyone thought that she was a student and it wasn't until the student-faculty mushball game that her identity was revealed to many. She was known by the fact that she played with the faculty and by the results she achieved when she came to bat. Miss Graham stood at home plate holding the bat parallel to her body—until the ball left the pitcher's hand. Then she swung the bat back and connected for a home run. Liking all sports equally well, Miss Graham is proficient in them all. She is a worthy addition to PCW's faculty.

PEOPLE

"Think Tall"

It was quite by accident that blond young Genevieve Jones (at present a member of the PCW faculty) became Pittsburgh's foremost exponent of the modern dance. Home from the Hellerain Laxenberg School in Vienna, she consented one day to teach a dancing class. Like Topsy, it "just grewed." Now Miss Jones has her own studios on Murray Hill avenue, where she gives programmes as well as teaches dancing. During Miss Errett's leave of absence, Miss Jones will have classes at PCW; believes college girls are most interested in developing the poise and grace inherent in dancing.

A tiny person off stage, Miss Jones adds inches to her height by "standing and thinking tall." She adds height to her living room by papering it sky blue, keeps a brass flower pot filled with purple astors.

Of her work Miss Jones says, "Dancing has a three-fold value: to the performer and the audience; to those who vote social dancing their favorite recreation; to those who dance solely for the fun and satisfaction of movement and self-expression."

Dr. Martin

Number 1 addition to the Biology Department, Jimmy Douth, aged 1 month, is as yet too young to teach classes, has as his substitute, Dr. Martin. Degrees from the University of Pittsburgh. (B. S. and M. S.), and from the University of Illinois, (Ph. D.), testifying to her undoubted ability, Dr. Martin is no stranger to PCW, taught here between '35-'37.

Born in England, her command of American slang is as great as that of any college student. Those hunting for traces of her birthplace in her speech will have difficulty finding them.

Returning in February, Dr. Douth will take Dr. Hunter's classes and the Marriage Course, Dr. Martin teaching Dr. Douth's former classes.

New Alma Mater

Newly arrived in the Dean's office is Miss Hayford, present Secretary to Miss Marks. A graduate of Oberlin College (B. A. in Philosophy) and Syracuse University (M. A. in Personnel Works), Miss Hayford is ori-

ginally from Albany, New York, says diplomatically that she is glad to add PCW to her list of Alma Maters.

Claiming to be a conservative, Miss Hayford would trade sloppy cardigans for the sophisticated town clothes, likes those in blue or green. Also on her list of enthusiasms are Italian Renaissance paintings, tall dark men.

"Where Oh Where?"

That the bevy of brainy and beautiful babes, who June last waved us salty farewells, will be missed can not be denied. So back through those long shadows of four intervening months, to whisk them to our portals for hasty peeps at their many successes.

What of Ex-Practice Teachers

School marm Jean Curry is pound-ing some book-larnin' into Perrysville scholars; Alida Spinning ventured forth for her round shiney apples at Turtle Creek; and Jean Watson is singing "Good-morning, children" at Patton Township.

One Diploma Wasn't Enough

So, Mary Ellen Ostergard is now holding forth at C.I.T. Library School for Graduates; Betty Crawford is Retail-Training-It at Pitt while two other very industrious young ladies, namely Ginnie Scott and Ruth Clark, are studying for their master's at Iowa and Western Reserve.

We Have

... a sure cure for any disease. Petite Ruth Mary Arthur went into training at Allegheny General.

... someone who can give you information on those Dinorchocisis or whatayoucallums at Carnegie Museum ... remember Sally Brown, she's on the C.M. staff.

... three graduate engineers. Peggy Christy and Betty Sweeney are exercising their knowledge of steel (as type mechanics) at Carnegie-Illinois; likewise Katherine Rutter at National Carbon and Carbide.

And Then

Caddie Lou Kinzer sports a title on the door to her office. She is assistant to Miss Kolb at the Frick Commission.

Jane Hanauer and Jean Cate are back at the grind-stone as students. Polly Sommerfield is doing research work for Dr. Wallace and believe it or not Weezie Lean and Eleanor Gangloff have gone domestic, are washing and ironing clothes for

Westinghouse, using PCW labs for the experiment.

And Don't Forget That Middle Aisle

Jean Keister Ratcliffe and Eleanor Offill are settled down to good old-fashioned housekeeping—the former in Clarksburg, W. Va., the latter in Pittsburgh. And Ada Lee Mangum, who became Mrs. Bruce Clark the Saturday after commencement, is, at least at last reports, working for Montgomery-Ward.

As for future wedding bells, well, the middle aisle is going to be well-crowded this fall and winter, for, making last-minute preparations are: Pat Brennan for the 31st of October, Punky Cook and Kay Thompson come this yule-tide next. Frances Shoup, Nancy Over and Ellen Marshall have the rings but not the dates, as yet.

Last But Not Least

Rachel Kirk, co-editor of last year's Arrow, is, per usual, keeping very busy with several very hot irons in the fire. For instance, she does occasional bits for the Bulletin Index, sells hats at Hornes.

So, class of '40, keep up the good work, our very best goes with you.

Here and There

Styles change and skirts get shorter; the Arrow is revamped and we, like the bustle—are back again. There are fewer familiar faces and more purple armbands, and the Dreadful Draft lurks in the offing—but love is still love—and thereby hangs our column, which is as follows:

Among those definitely conscripted are Sis Weller and Mary Kinter, wearing jewelry to match. They will be preceded to the altar by Alumnae Pat Brennan and Punky Cook. The P. P. U. (PIN-POSSESSOR'S UNION, Frosh) gained ground during the summer—with Shirley Clipson-Jean Archer—Chappie Chapman-Phyl Tross and Frosh Ann McClymonds all displaying the emblem. Add Margie Anderson's Yale ring, and the jewelry line is complete.

The career show at Kaufmann's, "Please Dress," drafted out gals, M. E. Ducey—Peg Matheny—Jane McClung—and Jerry Strem.

Fifth Column reports a rumor that PCW will soon sport a Coke machine for the benefit of thirsty, hardworking (?) students ... Hoping to meet youse guys over the Cokes we'll sign off until next issue.

L. M., M. H.

ARTS

MUSIC

Student Awards

The high C's and low F's were silent this week while head of music department, Miss Helene Welker, announced the winners of the music scholarships for the year of 1940-1941.

Edna Schuh '44 was awarded a scholarship of one class lesson a week in voice. Alice Wilhelm '44 was offered a violin scholarship of one private lesson weekly.

In addition to these scholarships given by the school this year a new one has been created anonymously and Dale Kirsopp '44 was awarded this scholarship of one weekly private lesson in voice.

The music scholarships of the college are awarded as they are vacated and are kept up by good scholastic standing. Announcement of a music scholarship is a signal for any student who is interested to make her application and have an audition.

In her article in the September issue of the **Musical Courier**, Miss Welker states that, "Work in the music department is being reorganized and extended so as to offer greater scope to students who are interested, and it will aim to develop musical literacy and understanding through listening analysis, harmony, and keyboard work."

Miss Welker wishes to emphasize the fact that in addition to the private and class work in voice, piano, organ, and violin, instruction in other stringed instruments and in the woodwinds is included. She also states that students who are working for honors in music will have individual and intensive study for that purpose during the senior year.

Pittsburgh Opera

A new venture for Pittsburgh in the field of music is the Pittsburgh Opera Society. The Society gives Mozart's hilariously naughty story, **The Marriage of Figaro**, next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at Carnegie Music Hall. With a different cast each night, PCW junior Claire Stewart is in the chorus of both performances.

Able director Vladimir Bakaleinikoff is concert-meister and first cellist of Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

According to inside information, students can get any seat left empty by 8:15 for half-price. Only requirement a card from Miss Mowry.

Appointed

Mr. Ralph Lewando last week was appointed conductor of the band at Duquesne University. Long a familiar figure in the Music Department of PCW, Mr. Lewando will also teach conducting at Duquesne.

SCULPTURE

Special Visitor

From Carolina's Smoky Mountains today came three visitors to our campus . . . Carroll Barnes, young American sculptor, Evangeline Barnes, his wife, and Monk, their "Scostonhundert" . . . as yet the exact nature of a "Scostonhundert" is unknown.

Mr. Barnes, here to give a series of informal discussions on wood sculpture, will be a guest of the college for several days.

English Instructor Miss Mary Shamburger has arranged this visit as an aid to the freshman English classes now working on their first investigative theme . . . subject: "Native American Art." Carnegie Institute's Survey of American Painting, opening October 24, will add to Mr. Barne's talk.

Comes From Smokies

Coming directly from his pine-log workshop in the Smokies, Mr. Barnes brings with him a collection of his finished work. Outstanding in this collection is the large cherrywood figure of Paul Bunyan, which attracted attention in Washington art circles last year.

The sculptor also has with him a trailer containing, in addition to the "Scostonhundert," some unfinished pieces and tools which he will use in his demonstrations before the students.

Barbara Shupp is chairman of a freshman committee appointed to arrange the discussions and conduct a tour of Pittsburgh for Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. She will be assisted by Jeanne McKeag and Patricia Leonard.

From PCW, the sculptor will go to Des Moines Iowa, his former home. There twenty-five of his carvings are to be exhibited the week of October 14.

DRAMA

Drama League

Attention drama enthusiasts! The Pittsburgh Drama League invites Mr., Mrs. and Miss Pittsburgh to participate in a venture new to this city, that of enlarging the theatre's circle of friends.

Methods of Presentation

Via lectures and forums, under the able direction of Chairman Vanda Kerst, a richly informative program has gone down on the schedule sheet.

Notables to Lecture

Dramatist, director, and Producer Elmer Rice; dramatic critic Rosamond Gilder, and Frederick Koch, head of Department of Dramatic Art at the University of North Carolina, are among those to lead the discussions.

Aims and Values

(1) To present in a challenging yet entertaining manner the chief questions of the changing drama today; (2) To acquaint you with the purpose and accomplishments of those who are at present responsible for the development and preservation of the theatre and drama; and (3) To enable you to hear about, see, and know drama as a soul-awakening as well as an entertaining part of life.

This plan is a contribution to the enrichment of our aesthetic life, and in these times of national strain and stress the cultural ideas of our country should not be forgotten. It is with this thought in mind that the Pittsburgh Drama League asks the loyal and whole-hearted support of all lovers of the drama and the theatre.

Children's Play

This year the speech department is going back to an old school tradition that of giving a play for children. The speech majors will soon start rehearsing the original dramatization of an old fairy tale. The name of the story has not yet been revealed, but we are told that it has never before been produced.

The play is full of humor, dancing, songs, choruses, music supplied by the PCW ensemble, and all sorts of things to fascinate children. Not only children but their parents will enjoy this performance, for it is sophisticated enough for a modern audience. The high school seniors will have an opportunity to see this play when they come up this fall to look over our college.

OPINION

PCW Poll

Willkie wins—or maybe we talked to the wrong people.

When confronted with the question: "Willkie or Roosevelt?" the faculty members carefully considered third terms and foreign policies. They then made the unconvincing statement that they simply had not made up their minds. Some faculty members diplomatically evaded the issue. Dr. Evans said:

"I'm a liberal. I'm for the best man."

Mrs. Shupp stated frankly that she was on the fence with strong forces pulling for both sides. Miss Robb didn't particularly want either candidate. Dr. Ferguson, offering a constructive argument to chalk one up for Mr. Willkie, said:

"I'm against the third term. We need a good business man with a level head."

Others gave their opinions accompanied by dire threats if they were quoted.

The students (with malice toward one or the other) also expressed their views concerning the candidates. Frances Johnson and Mary Longwell chanted:

"We want Willkie. Win with Willkie."

Mocky Anderson seriously explained:

"I'm in favor of Roosevelt and his policies, but I'm not in favor of a third term. So I'm for Willkie."

Barbara Heinz declared:

"Roosevelt offers a more constructive policy. We shouldn't change presidents in time of war."

Peggy Matheny said:

"I'm for Willkie. He's a Beta. Any Beta is a good man."

Mary Boileau said frankly:

"I have to be for Roosevelt."

"Willkie is a man who has had every day experiences in every walk of life, which is so essential for a man at the head of the country."

Mary Evelyn Ducey and Jane McClung stated:

"Willkie hasn't said a thing that Roosevelt hasn't said better."

Jean McGowan said:

"Willkie—because I don't want Roosevelt."

Bertha Richards declared:

"It's my vote, and it's going to be for Willkie. He is both a statesman and a business man."

Barbara Maerker said simply:

"Willkie. I'm awfully tired of Roosevelt."

We questioned several freshmen whose sentiments were expressed by Mary Roberts and Martha McCullough who just shouted:

"Willkie."

J.F., J.M.

War

There is a war. Only three thousand miles away people are in constant danger of losing their lives. All the people. It would be tragic enough if only fighting men were being killed. But no. Not in this war. Women, children, old men, babes in arms, all stand an equal chance to lose. Lose their lives. Night or day. It does not matter. With warning. Without. This is no game. It has no rules. Even the winner loses.

I do not know these persons who have unwillingly become players in the sport of war, participants against their choice. None of them is related to me. None of them is my friend. There is none whose name would mean more to me than that of his neighbor. I have no personal tie with these people.

I am under age. I do not have the right to vote. I have no say in the policies of my government. I may not even cast a vote for its head. It is not my problem to determine to what extent we should become involved in this contest, or to suggest the number of reserve men, or the amount of munitions we should have ready for use. Still less can I state how we should effect these requirements if such they be. Clearly, no responsibility can be placed on my shoulders.

Yet, fortunately for civilization, individuals cannot remain unaware of what is happening to other individuals, no matter at what distance. I am not able to lay aside these facts in some convenient drawer of my mind and forget them. They are constantly before me.

These people did not want war. Their daughters were in college, too. I know that their daughters did not want war. If all that is happening to them is real, it may become a reality for me, some day soon. I, also, may be thrown into this new and un-

familiar world. I won't know the rules. No one can teach them to me. My friends will be going out to shoot, to kill. More, they will be taught to do this. And whether they live, or die, something within them must die. No one can live in a world of death, and not change. I will not know these boys when they are metamorphosed into killers. My friends, my family, I may be the victim of one of the boy-murderers of another country. I certainly cannot remain aloof to the distress of those who are really my fellow selves, just because they live across an ocean from me.

The vital question is the one of principle. All of my life has been keyed to freedom. "Freedom of press, speech, etc., etc.," we glibly recite. But I realize that if the English do not outplay the Germans in this crucial strategy, I am in very imminent danger of losing all that I have gayly taken for granted since my baby days. My whole philosophy will be changed. "No, no," I cry. "I am sure that I do not want a new one."

What can I do? The radio blasts, the screaming headlines. These offer no practical solutions. What shall we do?

Arm to the teeth! Military training! Of course. But when John goes marching off with the rest, my bitter tears will follow him. I must let principle, not personal feelings guide me. But yet it will be my war. How can I subdue my feelings? It will be a hard lesson to learn. I shall have to study it for long hours. Longer hours than any I spend at college.

Somehow I **must** learn it, somehow . . . sometime . . . soon.

M.L.

*Compliments
of a Friend*

SPORTS

Pro All-Star Game

Saturday, September 28, which also passed under the nom de plume of Mountain Day, saw the ushering in of the new season in sports with the 10 to 1 favorites, the Professionals, going against the poor, defenseless underdogs, the All-Stars.

With much care the two teams were chosen, and the game opened with the Pro team at bat, facing that terrific battery, McIntyre and Whelton. The more experienced Pro team got off to an early lead due mainly to the valiant but vain efforts of the members of the student team (furnished through the courtesy of the Pittsburgh Bus Corporation) to hang on to numerous fly balls.

Faced by that peerless pair, Kinder and Wallace, the Stars quivered, then courageously took up the cudgels. The stands reverberated with the roar of the crowd, which was estimated at a mere 45,000. The innings crept by with the pros still in the lead. The stands were slowly emptying, when in the still dimness of early twilight our All-Stars came to bat in the last half of the last inning.

But then that unbelievable occurrence, the thing that happens only in books and Horatio Alger stories, happened. Bursting with energy (and too many hamburgers) the Campus All-Stars pushed the winning run over the home plate.

The heroines were borne off triumphantly upon the eager shoulders of the cheering throngs while the Faculty-Pros retreated, muttering something about retribution and revenge in '41.

Scoop: This student victory was the first in four years.

Hi-lites:

The hurling of Dr. Kinder and Mr. Owens.

The disappearing act done by the ball in one of Miss Howell's catches. Miss Robb's sprint after a fly. The student cry: "You're going to get fired."

Dr. Montgomery's grin after snagging a shoe-string fly.

Hockey

Hoorah For the Red, White and Blue

Inaugurating a new policy, color teams have been formed in hockey. This is primarily for the benefit of those who have never played before and those who haven't played on our

slightly (?) under-sized field. Don't take this literally, you upperclassmen.

You will get much more practice by participating in these games than by dribbling a little white ball around the field by yourself—besides, it's not as lonesome. So we'll be seeing you up on the field.

The Hoping Hole

Taking the place of the old crystal ball we introduce the Hoping Hole and we certainly hope.

Putting ourselves right behind that ol' eight-ball seems to be a habit of ours, but here we go and pick the Rose and White of the sophomore class to triumph in a wide-open hockey season. We base our prediction on the luck of the sophomores in hockey, for if we remember correctly, the cup has been annexed by that class for the last three years.

Also, although seriously handicapped by the loss of B. J. Watters and Bizzy Ward, the sophomores seem to have more genuine enthusiasm for sport this year with more candidates for the team than ever before.

You never can tell about the freshmen and I think that they will give the juniors a battle for second place honors. The managers of the respective class teams are:

Seniors—Ruth Strickland.

Juniors—Midge Norris.

Sophomore—Mary Lou Henry.

Freshman—Ruth Jenkins.

For Indian Summer

Rifle, Riding, and Golf

Starting this week PCW girls will have the opportunity to enjoy three of the most attractive sports, riding, rifle, and golf.

These perfect Indian summer days are invitations to brisk canters along the excellent bridge paths of North Park. Why not join the group of horse lovers who go out every week? Why not take advantage of these lovely autumn days by indulging in this exhilarating sport? There is a group for experienced riders and one for the beginners who require instructions.

Although golf lessons are available only in the fall and spring, PCW is fortunate in having Mr. McKay, pro at Longue Vue Country Club, to instruct her golfers. Beginners are encouraged to join the class. We hope that there will be a large group interested either in learning to play

golf or in bettering their game.

Riflery is comparatively new at PCW. Last year it was one of the most popular sports in the school and there are indications that it will be even more popular this year. Mr. Charleton, top-ranking rifist and coach of the championship Munhall High School team, is returning again to coach us. We aim to develop a team good enough to compete with other schools and colleges. Come out on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons for practice in the basement of Berry Hall.

Added Attractions

With the acquisition of the Mellon property our sports situation is looking up. We now have three tennis courts—the one at Mellon Hall being a super creation with an all-weather surface, floodlights, and a badly needed practice board. The present courts behind Woodland Hall are to be removed and the athletic field will be enlarged.

The splendid swimming pool offers us the opportunity to go swimming without having to trudge down to Webster Hall. Who knows? We might develop a star or three in the gang and possibly some day a swimming team.

The bowling alleys in Mellon Hall should entice those who prefer this sport and give the PCW pinsters (not punsters) their chance.

Archery will be more attractive than ever this year with the little Robin Hoods keeping a running score throughout the year. LET'S MAKE THIS A BIGGER AND BETTER YEAR FOR ATHLETICS AT PCW!

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LITERATURE

WHEN IT'S OVER *Anne Butler '41*

When the war's over and Joe comes back, I want him to come to the door and just be standing there like he was the first time I ever saw him. He won't need to ring or knock or anything; I'll know he's there when he comes, just like I did then.

It was funny; for all I know he might've been watching me for a long time. You know how when you're on the street car or somewhere and somebody looks at you until you turn around like something was pulling you—well, it was something like that. Kind of took my breath away I guess, because when I looked up at him, he said, "Did I scare you?" and he laughed sort of low.

I said, "No, that's all right, what do you want?" I knew he was all right with those eyes and all; and he had his cap like a uniform. I guess he looks wonderful in the army. They get everything you know—shoes and coats and even their shirts. He takes extra in the sleeves, but they take care of that I guess. Then I had to laugh. He asked me was my mother at home. It's funny; the other day some peddler came by and asked me that, and it made me mad. I wanted to slam the door in his face, and cry I guess, because ever since mother passed away, I can't seem to get over feeling sad when I think of it and kind of sorry for myself too, about me having to stop school and take care of the kids—even if I do like to help Dad out you know. But anyway, when he said, "Is your mother home?" I had to laugh because, well, how would he know she was—had died; and his voice was so nice and sort of polite, and he still kept looking at me—like he thought I was pretty or something.

Well, I didn't know him then. That's the first time I ever saw him even, but he looked like he might feel bad if he saw he'd said the wrong thing; so I just said, "I'm the lady of the house." Then I almost did get mad because I could see from the way he pushed his cap back on his head—he has real wavy blonde hair—I could see that he was surprised, like he didn't believe me. After all I was over nineteen then.

While he's still staring, I say, "If it's the gas meter, it's in the basement." But I knew it wasn't. Those fellows go by so quick you'd think

something was after them.

By that time I've dried my hands I'm washing the dishes, see. It's in the morning after the kids have gone to school. And I walk over to the door—he seems even taller up close; I guess I couldn't have walked right under his arm if he'd stood there. But he didn't; he kind of shifted around, still looking like he can't believe me. I guess he's used to seeing—you know, older women in the kitchen.

Anyhow, what he wanted to see me about, was giving me a free sample from Zinzers'. They were just opening then. And he said something about, "compliments of Zinzer Brothers' Bread and Baked Goods." Then he started to turn around like he was leaving. Well, I could see he was new, and no salesman ever leaves as quick as that; so I said, "Is this something new?" I'd read about the new bakery in the paper the night before of course, but I wanted to help him out. I didn't seem to me like he ought to go away without trying to sell something. I said, "Are you going to deliver daily?" I said, "Maybe I could use a few rolls for Sunday." I always bake on Saturday, but for some reason or other I didn't want him to go off forgetting what he came for. And I guess it worked because he turned around kind of quick and gave me his sales talk, which I didn't listen to, but he said it real nice like Jimmy when he's practicing a piece for Sunday school. By the way, Jimmy won the Oratory on Friday. Anyway, the reason I didn't listen to the sales talk is that I was listening to his voice all the time. When he comes back I'm going to have him say, "Em'ly," like he calls me, or, "little lady of the house." He calls me that sometimes too. And I was wondering why his eyes had quit boring holes through me. I thought maybe when he saw me near he didn't think I was so pretty or something. And I thought, "Gosh, I bet my nose is shiny." But later I found out that I guess that didn't bother him any. It was something else.

It turned out that I ordered a dozen rolls. The kids always eat two apiece, and that leaves enough for their Monday lunches. And then he says, "Thank you, Mrs. Martin." See, they get a list of the names on the street beforehand—to make it more friendly, Joe says. So before I can

say anything, he's off, down the steps, tipping his hat, and saying, "Good day."

Well, I didn't think much about it. It was sort of cool so I got in off the porch, and for some reason or other, I went back to look in the mirror. I have a little mirror fixed up in the pantry with a little shelf, with hand lotion and all. After all, I don't want to look like a housewife yet—not as long as I can get Joe to look at me like he does. It was all right I guess, but I was sort of embarrassed when I saw my dress was unbuttoned pretty low—not like some you see—but you know how you do when you're hot. And I could see my nose was shiny, but my cheeks were pink and I did have a little lipstick on. Anyway, what did I care how I looked for some bakery boy?

But I did care I guess. Saturday, that was two days later, I'm standing by the window waiting for some water to boil, when I see the truck, you know, from the bakery, going by on Maple. You can see right across the alley between McKensies' and Barrs'. Well, for some reason when I see it, a kind of streak goes through me, and my heart turns upside-down and I think maybe it's because I didn't have lunch; but then it passes, and I go in and fix my hair and powder my nose, to freshen up a bit, you know. Then I go back and start mixing some icing for the cake. As I said, it was Saturday, and I always bake on Saturday. So when I hear him on the steps, I just let him come on up, and he calls out, "Zinzers," and I say, "O. K., put 'em here." But I don't look up. And all the time I can feel him looking at me that way. So I'm glad I straightened the seams of my stockings. You know! I like to feel kind of dainty, because I'm not really a housewife yet.

Well, that day he starts to go on away without saying much; but when I look up it seems like I can feel his eyes turn off like a light, and he just acts like some of Jimmy's friends coming in with Jimmy for a piece of sugar bread. You know how they do, like they were scared of you or something. I thought maybe something was the matter; he did look kind of tired. He looks real sweet when he's tired like you wanted to pat him or something. I guess they work you hard in the army. But he can take it, I'll say that. So I said,

LITERATURE

"Would you like a sample of my baking?" See, the way he said to me the first time, from Zinzers. He kind of laughed and he said, "Would I!" So I said, "What are you waiting for?" and I handed him a fresh piece of cake with a little icing on it, and I look up at him then. But he's gone before you could wink your eye, and I can't understand it. After all, the first time he seemed kind of interested. You know what I mean!

About three months went by before I found out what was wrong. Was I dumb! Oh well, it's all right now. But anyway, I ordered pretty regular from him—rolls for Sunday, wheat bread and so forth. And he seems about the same, like I said, sort of embarrassed and shy, except when my back is turned; then I think he's looking at me that way, and it's my turn to be a little embarrassed. But I don't show it.

So we got to talking pretty friendly. I asked him how was the company doing and he says about how it's a nice day and all, and I found out how he lives in a boarding house in town and how he doesn't even have a girl, much less any folks. And I remember once I said something about the children liking the new health bread, and he says, "Children!" and I say, "Sure, you didn't think I ate all those things by myself did you?" And then we both laughed. But I do remember he looked at me and stared, with his hat on the back of his head like he couldn't figure something out. He looks nice that way. I guess in the army they make you keep your hat on straight.

Things kept on the same, and even when I decided he didn't even notice me anymore, except as a friend, you know, I couldn't help sort of noticing when the truck went by on Maple. And it always seemed like that was sort of a signal for me to freshen up a bit, like I said. After all I don't want Rose coming in with her friends and being ashamed of her sister. Well, to tell you the truth, I might as well've sat down to read the paper until I heard those steps coming up the porch for all the work I got done after I saw the truck. Because for some reason or other, I just fiddled; so pretty soon on those afternoons I started doing a something simple like fixing a bowl of flowers or polishing the silver. Then when I feel him standing there, I'm right in the middle of it, see, with my back turned to the door.

Now here's the best part. When I think of it, how close it was, like in a movie when you want to tell the hero that a rock's about to fall on his head, but he just goes right on, riding under it. So one day Joe came in and instead of hurrying out again after a few words like he usually does, he says, "Could I sit down a minute? I'm kind of dizzy." and I say, "Sure, you do look a little pale." I say, "Maybe it's the heat. I'll give you some spirits to pep you up." Then I nearly died. He says, "Oh no, thank you, Mrs. Martin, I never touch liquor, not even for medicine." See he thinks I mean whiskey. And you know that's one thing I like about Joe; I'll never have to worry about his coming in drunk. But anyway, at that I start to laugh. I say, "Joe, I don't mean whiskey; I mean aromatic spirits of ammonia." And I show him the bottle. But then I begin to think and I notice how he said, "No thank you Mrs. Martin." And I see it all. Then I'm almost as dizzy as he is. But while I'm thinking, when he sees me pour the spirits out in a spoon, he opens his mouth and closes his eyes just like little Bobby does when he has to take something. So instead of handing him the spoon, I just pour it down his throat, and I say, "Down the hatch!" and he must not have ever had any spirits before, because I hope I never see such a face as he made.

Then when I see he's recovered, I say, "But Joe, I'm not Mrs. Martin," with the accent on the Mrs., "I'm Emily, Joe." I called him Joe all the time by then. Well, I wish you could've seen him. I told him about Mother and how the kids were my brothers and sister, and all. He just said, "Oh!" and he gulped and jumped up and said, "I gotta be going now, it's late." And then just as he was leaving and I was standing there with the spoon in my hand, he turned around and looked at me that old way, until my knees almost gave out under me, and he said, "Good-bye, Em'ly"—like my name tasted good to

him or something—"and thanks for the spirits."

So that's how it all happened. And all I can say is that men sure are funny. You'd think he could have told that I liked him and all, but afterwards he just said he used to wonder and wonder how I could be a housewife and have kids when I looked so young, and he said, "pretty."

You see, after he got his promotion and started coming over to see me at night, he used to tell me things like that. It was nice. We used to talk and sometimes he'd read to me after the kids were in bed and Dad had gone up to finish the paper. And he'd bring his socks over for me to darn. I could go through a basket of darning faster when he was talking to me than I don't know what. I guess it's all right to tell you; you know we were really engaged. He had a little ring of his mother's that he put on my finger just before he left, "To have something pretty to dream about," he said. But he wouldn't let me wear it while he was gone because he said he didn't want to spoil my life. As I said, men sure are funny, because if he thinks I could ever fall for anybody else—he's crazy!

It'll be just the same when he comes back as it ever was. That's why I always try to look nice even in the kitchen because, like I said, I want him to come back and just be standing there in the door, saying, "Hello, Em'ly," like he does.

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LITERATURE

THE WHITE HERON

- - - - - Marden Armstrong '42

There was a strained metallic click as the lock broke off, and the soft, sliding noise of a window being opened. The man raised himself over the sill, and jumped quietly to the floor. He glanced nervously about him, and blinked his strange, pink-lidded eyes. His breathing became quieter, he walked across the room with quick, jerky movements, like a rabbit.

Quiet! He must be quiet. So quiet that the room itself would not be aware of his presence. So quiet that when the shopkeeper came down in the morning and asked the room if anyone had been there, the room would answer "no." And yet, the little porcelain bird would be gone. The shopkeeper would be puzzled. The room would not understand, for it would have heard nothing. Yes, he would be so quiet that even the room would not hear. The man chuckled to himself.

He approached the dingy desk, which stood with its back to the side wall of the little shop. Then softly pulling from his pocket a bunch of keys, he knelt before the desk, and began trying to open the drawers. A small flashlight lay beside him, cutting through the darkness with a broad, white beam.

Damn! The key was stuck. He might have known better than to try that little key, that curious little key from his mother's jewel box. He had gathered up all of the keys in the house—with absolutely no exception. One of them would fit the desk where the owner of the antique shop kept the little porcelain bird. There were so many keys that one was sure to fit.

He had to get the little bird this way—there was no other. He had seen it—a heron made from white porcelain—when he had come to the antique shop a month ago with his mother, to buy a table for their summer home. He always went everywhere with his mother, even though he was thirty. She was the only one who could handle him.

When they had sent him off to the big white place they called a sanatorium, and put him in a room filled with people who did queer things, like combing their hair all of the time, or pacing the floor, he had screamed and scratched and sobbed

until they had finally let him go back to his mother.

To be sure, his mother's friends thought him mad. He knew that full well, and he snorted. Fools! it was they who were mad, not he. When he was with his mother he was quite content. He liked her cool voice and soft clothes. He liked especially her furs. He would smooth them with his big hand, and his mother would smile at him and pat his head, as if he were a little boy.

But, sometimes, when his mother was not around; when the first guests were wandering through the great drawing-rooms, he loved to creep up quietly, and soundly slap one of the ladies on her fat, broad back. He would laugh to see her jump and choke, and hear her scream, and see a light of terror in her eyes. The other guests would cringe, and be silent, while the butler ran off to find his mother.

She would come in then, all cool and soft, and put her arm around him, and apologize for his behavior. Then they would all go into dinner.

Then there was that day he had chased one of the maids with a steak knife. He hadn't wanted to hurt her. He had just wanted the tip of her little finger, because it was so much like one of his mother's pink pearls. She hadn't understood, and his mother had been very angry. But then the maid left, and everything was all right. His mother loved him again.

Yes, his mother would have given him the money to buy this little bird. But then it really wouldn't have been his. He must work for it. It was too great a prize to be gained so easily. It would be a thing to handle, and to look at, and to dream about for many years. And so he decided to take it. He cunningly questioned the shopkeeper, and learned where he kept the little bird. Then he carefully laid his plans.

First he bought a flashlight—it was dark in the small shop even in the daytime, and he knew that he would need a light. His mother did not question him when he told her that he wanted the light. It would amuse him, and that was enough.

Secondly, he collected the keys. This took many days, for the house was large, and there was always the possibility of meeting one of the

maids. It would never do for them to know about his longing for the little bird. No one must know, not even his beloved mother. It was to be his alone.

That morning at three o'clock, he got up, and put on his newest suit and his shoes. Then taking his hat and his gloves, his flashlight and his keys, he walked swiftly down the great staircase and out of the door. He would take a taxi. He had seen his mother do it.

It was very dark, and very cold, but he did not notice it. He was intently watching for a cab. Shortly one came down the street, and he hailed it by jumping up and down and shouting. The cab pulled over and stopped, and the driver called, "Hop in."

The man fumbled with the handle. Curse the thing! How did it work? The driver, seeing his difficulty, crawled out from behind the wheel, "damn drunks . . ."

He had given the driver an address about a block from the shop. He chuckled at his cleverness. When the cab finally stopped, he got out and carefully paid the driver. Then he walked until the cab disappeared. He had made his way to the back of the shop, easily prying loose the rusted lock, and climbed in through the window.

And here he was, on the brink of success, with the little white bird almost in his hands, and the key was stuck in the lock. He was thwarted. He became furious. With a mighty pull, he tore the key and lock out with a splintering and cracking of wood. The drawer shot out, hitting him full in the chest, its impact sending him crashing to the floor.

In a few seconds the big bulb swinging from the center of the ceiling flashed on, and a minute later the shopkeeper, a wizened old man in a brown-striped nightshirt entered the room from the doorway which led to his rooms above. His thin lips parted slightly, showing yellow teeth.

The man on the floor leaped to his feet. The shopkeeper must never know about the heron. No one must ever know. There was only one way. He quickly lifted an antique sword from its peg on the wall, and advanced toward the old man. Before the latter could do so much as cry out

LITERATURE

NEW STUDENTS

the heavy steel hilt of the sword descended upon his head, crushing his skull with a crunching sound. Again and again the hilt lifted and fell, lifted and fell until there was nothing but a bloody pulp where the head had been.

Exhausted, the man let the sword fall. Ah! now the shopkeeper would never know. No one would ever know. He smiled as he walked over to the drawer and began searching eagerly through it until he found the little bird. His eyes lit up, and he crooned a tuneless song as his fingers ran caressingly over the white porcelain.

Then suddenly a thought occurred to him. Suppose something in the shop had seen him take the little bird. Suppose that smirking china doll with the leather arms and frilled dusty dress had seen him. It would never do, never. Still clutching the heron, he strode over to the doll on the shelf and frowned down on it.

"I didn't take it," he thundered. "What would I want with a little white bird? I didn't take it. You know that, don't you?"

The doll smiled a serene painted smile.

"Damn you!" screamed the man, and he picked up the doll and hurled it against the wall. The head shattered in a thousand pieces and the painted mouth disappeared. Sawdust trickled from the torn leather breast.

"That will make you forget."

He looked wildly around him at the shelves of old plates and vases.

"I'll make you forget too," he cried.

And he began to grasp them two by two, and smash them on the floor, shouting:

"Now no one will ever know."

There was a quiet scraping as someone climbed in through the still open window. The policeman on the beat had seen the light and heard the noise. The madman stopped for a moment in his orgy of destruction. Wheeling around, he came face to face with the officer.

"I didn't take it," he screamed, and reached for the sword which lay by the battered body of the shopkeeper. "I didn't take it."

The officer's mace fell heavily upon his head. He dropped unconscious to the floor, and lay there amid the shattered china.

The following are the day students: Virginia Alexander, Turtle Creek; Norma Bailey, McKeesport; Gladys Bistline, Wilkinsburg; Jane Blattner, Winchester-Thurston; Barbara Caldwell, Edgewood; Jane Case, Wilkinsburg; Marion Cohen, Peabody; Jeanne Condit, Mt. Lebanon; Barbara Cooper, William Woods Junior College; Aida Oebellis, Westinghouse; Anna Mae Devlin, South Hills; Anne Exline, Greensburg; Ruth Firmin, Crafton; Portia Geyer, Taylor Alder-dice; Evelyn Glick, Schenley; Virginia Ghay, South Hills; Louisia Green, Oakmont.

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Explanation

. . . continued from page 6

hensives and Commencement honors.

The following is an outline of the plan which, it is hoped, may make that relationship clear.

There are to be two types of Commencement honors, beginning in June, 1941, with the graduation of the present senior class.

A. Special Honors—

In order to be awarded this type of honors, a student must do a special piece of investigation in a given field under the direction of a faculty member.

For this work she is allowed six hours' credit per semester.

She must take a comprehensive in the field of her subject.

She must submit a paper covering the results of her investigation.

She must also pass an oral examination in her special field.

If this project is satisfactorily completed, she may be awarded special honors in chemistry, history, French, as the case may be. Members of the senior class who have been permitted to undertake special honors work this year are May Oettinger, Mary Rodd, and Susan Woodridge in chemistry, Jeanne-Anne Ayres in English, and Jean McGowan in mathematics. Mary Linn Marks was also granted permission to do special honors work in history, but was forced to withdraw on account of ill health.

B. General Honors—

This is the type of honors which has in the past been awarded at Commencement time on the basis of a certain weighted average of the grades received in course work during the four years. In June, 1941, this type of honors will not be awarded to any student who has not also passed a comprehensive examination to be administered by the department in which she has been a major. That is, the Commencement award is to be based on a positive achievement by the student, as shown by her performance in the comprehensive, as well as on her performance in courses, as shown by her grades.

Preparation for this comprehensive is to be made in a seminar, administered by each department, which will meet once each week and will offer one credit per semester.

Any student in the senior class, or

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in the junior class if her major department so advises, may take the seminar as a method of reviewing and correlating her work in her major field. She may also be asked to attend a seminar in a field correlating with her major. She may take the seminar without taking the comprehensive, if she wishes.

She may not take the comprehensive without taking the seminar.

A student doing special honors may possibly receive both special and general honors; she may receive one, or neither. A student who is not doing special honors is eligible only for general honors.

Tropic Scene

Tall, cool palms dip
And white-feathered waves sing.
The sun slides down the sky
Casting long thin shadows.

Across the pearl-smooth beach
A ragged figure shuffles,
His bare toes are making
Little holes in the sand.
He stoops to pick up
A rotting fish.

"Look mama!"
Cries a neat little girl
From a great screened veranda—
"Look—there's the sandman!"

—Marden Armstrong '42.

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The ARROW

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CAMPUS CANDIDATES

"Busiest in Political History . . ."

(See People)

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PCW Poll

Faculty

Roosevelt	19
Willkie	14
Total number of faculty polled.....	33

Student

	Senior	Junior	Sophomore	Freshman	Total
Willkie	34	49	44	72	119
Roosevelt	8	10	26	16	60
Thomas	1	1

Total number of students polled.....260

Political Policy

It is difficult, on the eve of an election, to present a political editorial. And yet we feel that it is necessary to clarify our policy before the results of that election are determined. Although the sentiment of the school which we represent is predominantly Republican, that it is more predominantly American was demonstrated by the program of the mock election which culminated in last night's political rally. During the weeks of preparation for that mock election, PCW students forgot party affiliations to unite under the banners of the parties delegated to their respective classes—going into all branches of American politics to find material for their candidates. In so doing, they were able to realize more fully the aims—to evaluate more completely the importance of the various trends of political thought now prevalent in the United States. Carried on with traditional Yankee sense of the ludicrous, underlined by a very real sense of the serious, this convention could have happened in no other country in the world.

Concerning the efforts of misinformed persons to distort the meaning and to misinterpret the fundamental significance of the PCW mock election, we can only say that we as students realize the necessity of complete intellectual freedom. We will not, like the ostrich, bury our heads in the sands of ignorance, and think that by disregarding an evil, it shall thereby cease to exist.

As for the national election, the **Arrow**, representing PCW Americans, will support whichever party is today elected by the people to govern.

High School Level

PCW has joined the ranks of the high schools in its political speakers. Perhaps we are not all unemotional about our political views but in any case, it is to be hoped, we are capable of understanding more than a twelve-year old, or even an average fifteen-year old can. We go to chapel hoping, even naively expecting an adult, reasonable argument for one party or another. Mr. Corbett did not do the Republicans justice. He did not do us justice. Basing his entire speech on hackneyed phrases and destructive criticism, he failed to place before us the fundamental issues of the Republican party. The speech succeeded in arousing our emotional prejudices, but it certainly did not lead to intelligent thought or, even less, to conversion. Dr. McKay perhaps gave us a more intellectual argument. But he addressed his speech "to our parents." Which was, to say the least, unfortunate. There actually are girls of voting age in PCW. Maybe we all look young from the speaker's platform—even "too young to remember 1932."

It is hard to believe that political speakers are not available who could at least have an equal balance of oratorical ability and appeal to the intelligent reasoning power of PCW girls. Over the radio there are few political speeches which are not paid for by one of the parties, which do not appeal largely to the emotions of the masses. If PCW students cannot find within their own walls a higher level of political speech, addressed to them as intelligent adults, where else can they look for it?

EVENTS

POLITICAL

Mock Election

Last night PCW roused all of Squirrel Hill from its pre-election-day stupor by staging a campaign of its own. The Torchlight Parade—purged of its more subversive elements—gaily displayed banner and bunting-covered cars. Motor-cycle cops guarded President Roosevelt from fifth column Communists who might still be lurking around in disguise. WPA and CCC workers, the Solid South, were represented. Nearly all cars had patriotic crepe paper trimmings.

Back in the Convention Hall everybody sang, "God Bless America"—even the Communists, who had rallied by now in overwhelming numbers, shouting down all other parties. Biggest shock came when Vice-Presidential Candidate Ford (Jean Sweet) turned out a negro **Roosevelts En Masse**

The Roosevelts came en masse—the first family reunion since F. D.'s second term. Eleanor (Jane Chantler) appropriately wore Eleanor blue gown, trimmed in dubonnet, almost smothered in pearls. Mrs. Sara Delano, Anna, all the sons, Sistie and Buzzie more than filled their share of special box. Henry Wallace (Joyce Wallis), Mayor LaGuardia, Mayor Scully were Democratic guests of honor. Then there were endless other followers, representing all classes—Harvard students, WPA workers, Housing Project and armament groups.

Republican Rally

Not to be outdone, the Republicans rallied forth with McNary (Elizabeth Warner), Al Smith's brown derby and cigar, John L. Lewis' eyebrows, Dewey's moustache. All the laboring class was there, farmers, and—to everyone's surprise—big business men. Mrs. Willkie wore a gay light green gown brown beaver jacket, tiny hat, and an orchid. Republicans hurled confetti streamers everywhere, lassoed some hopeful converts to the party.

Prohibitionists' biggest group were WCTU women, wearing bold ribbons across shirt fronts. Socialists were most consistent party—all represented intellectuals.

Candidates Campaign

Next event was most exciting. Candidates drew for order of speeches. Communist Browder (Lorraine Wolf)

was introduced—with life history—by Janet Ross. Eight minutes of wild parading followed with songs: "Down With Everything" and "The Ladies In Red."

Socialist Candidate Norman Thomas (Mary Kinter,) introduced by Jo Anne Healey, slung least mud of all the conventioners. In parade following slogans like "Handshakes Across the Globe" and "Carrying Of the Torch," were dramatized. Color-day pep song tune was used for "Oh Mr. Phi Bete, Will You Tell Us Who's Your Ideal Candidate?"

Republican Joe Martin (Charlotte Schultz) introduced Willkie (Ruth Laird). Main song in parade following was "We Must Have Willkie This Term." Also—"The Democrats They Ain't What They Used To Be," to tune of "The Old Gray Mare."

Roosevelt (Mary Emma Hirsch) was introduced by National Chairman Mocky Anderson. Favorite Democratic song was "Franky and Hanky Are Teammates." All parade demonstrations were called to a halt by uniformed Sergeant-at-Arms.

Biggest surprise came when Communist alarm clocks went off after Prohibition candidate Babson (Dr. Montgomery) started talking.

Laughs were kept going by the active little donkey (Marjorie Higgins). Dorothy Thompson and Gallup (Miss Caulkins) were there too—Dorothy in her reversible. Even Gracie Allen (Jane Hanauer) sang her campaign song.

Free Beer

Some who were under the influence of the Democratic beer promise thought they saw Carrie Nation's ghost—hatchet and all. But then it

may only have been the inebriate (Mr. Collins), who was every place at once and in everybody's hair. Much ignored by the Prohibitionists, he won many converts to the party.

Due to the beer-can clean-up in Elwood, Ind., being so tremendous, there was a ruling that a milk-bar was only thirst-quencher allowed. Prohibitionist bar-tender Dr. Evans came into her own.

Last event of the evening was the vote.

Convention chairman Dr. Spenser and unnamed committee heroes deserved big vote of thanks from all PCW.

Vice-President

There was an undercurrent of excited suspense one evening a few weeks ago in a suite at Hotel William Penn. The Mayor, politicians, reporters, photographers, an **Arrow** representative all waited for the arrival of one man. That man was Democratic Vice-Presidential Nominee Henry A. Wallace. He was late. Telephone calls buzzed back and forth, telegrams were continually coming in. Everyone was restless, roaming around the room, talking in low undertones, telling funny stories, discussing politics, joking with Mr. Scully about his chasing an escaped prisoner a few days before. The talk was casual, but excitement ran swiftly beneath the surface.

Judge M. A. Musmanno came in. His startlingly vital personality immediately fired the room to a higher pitch. He had thick brown hair which hung long over his ears, and as the evening advanced, became increasingly mussed. His expressive eyebrows were always in action, reflecting his thoughts.

The Man With Charm

When asked if there is any chance of Roosevelt's resigning after being elected, Musmanno pushed out his lips deprecatingly and shook his head. "No, no, no, not a chance in the world." He described Roosevelt as "radiating charm. He is brilliant with an intelligence and awareness of all things." Judge Musmanno also told **Arrow** representative that Roosevelt may have aged in hair and wrinkles, but not in his eyes or his expression.

Meanwhile things were happening in the hotel room. Someone at the telephone said, "The Secretary's just leaving Wilksburg."

Later came the report: "He's com-

Pool Open!

At a meeting of the Council yesterday, objections by certain members of the Woodland Road Association to the re-zoning of the Mellon property were withdrawn. As a result, the Mellon property is now available for college use, and at 2:30 this afternoon (Tuesday, November 5) Dr. Spenser will conduct a tour of inspection of the swimming pool, bowling alleys and grounds of the Andrew Mellon Hall. Students and faculty are invited to attend this informal claiming of the Andrew Mellon gift as an integral part of PCW.

EVENTS

ing down Grant St.!" Sirens screamed in from a distance and died down to a stop in front of the Hotel. In another minute a man stepped into the room and announced:

"Secretary Wallace is coming."

Everyone paused in his conversation and all eyes turned toward the door.

Undramatic Entrance

A little bustle of electrified interest surrounded Mr. Wallace immediately. In spite of the long watching and suspense, he was in the room almost before he was noticed. Undramatic, a poor politician, he spoke to the men around him and strode over to clasp the hand of an old friend. A little shy among those he did not know, he still was courteous, friendly.

After the long campaign trek his dark blue suit remained neat and pressed. His hair gave the impression of an odd shade of light brown, turned out to be mostly run through with grey. Powerful, shaggy eyebrows, fine lines about his eyes, and deep lines around his mouth, gave an impression of determination. The eyes were very kind and tired. There was intense concentration always present in his expression. One felt that he was only half attentive to the people and events around him; the other half was following a train of thought, or perhaps merely picking up a statement a little while back and turning it over in his mind.

Shot From the Hip

When the photographers pounced on him to take his picture he looked up a little wearily and laughed, "I have to comb my hair first." His face gave the appearance of being always ready to smile and there were crinkles in the corners of his eyes. His smile, when it came, was slow, unaffected. When the pictures were actually being taken, he remarked, "They get you from the hip, don't they?"

Dreamy Idealism

Later, from the Press Table at the Syria Mosque, his speech seemed too intellectual, lacked passionate declamation. Points were often weakened by his attitude of patiently waiting until applause quieted down so that he could go on with his idea. Central motive and greatest show of emotion came when he mentioned Roosevelt. In others' speeches the mud-slinging or the keen anti-Republican thrusts often brought his

smile, never his applause. But at every reference to Mr. Roosevelt he seemed to arouse from his dreamy pensiveness and applaud.

Dr. Bernard Clausen, who has known Wallace for over a year, characterized him as being less of a politician than a sincerely religious man and an idealist. When Wallace was asked that evening in Pittsburgh what he thought of the future of American religion and idealism, he did not answer originally or brilliantly. Least a politician then, he could think of nothing pat to say. With hard-boiled campaign boosters and worldly newsmen standing all around, anxious to lead him off to the Syria Mosque, he looked off into the distance and said slowly:

"There will, I think, be an increasing emphasis on the doctrine of general welfare, and a bringing of the kingdom of heaven to pass on earth."

Then he turned back to his campaigning.

J. A. A.

F. D. R., Jr.

Tall, smiling Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr., in Pittsburgh to address the Young Democrats of America, granted an exclusive interview October 21 to Arrow reporters in his suite at the William Penn.

While labor leaders, metropolitan reporters, and party members were shunted into a sitting room to wait, PCW reporters were led into Roosevelt's study in the state suite. There, caught between courses at dinner, roast beef, as testified by a hurried waiter—young Roosevelt told of the five meetings of Young Democrats before which he was to speak in the course of the evening.

He spoke of Pittsburgh as the third lap in his extensive tour of the United States, covering nine states in eleven days. During this time, he addressed college clubs and young Democrats from the East to the West Coast. At New Jersey College for Women, the president's son addressed 2,300 members of the student body, found them enthusiastically campaigning for the re-election of Roosevelt Sr.

College Voters

Young Roosevelt vehemently voiced his opinion on the importance of the votes of college-trained men and women. Said he, "Democracy depends upon an intelligent electorate,

therefore it can best function with a well-educated voting group."

Similarly vehement were Roosevelt's views when questioned about women in politics. "There is no reason," he said, "why a woman cannot go just as far as a man in politics, although her success, of course, depends on her intelligence and ability." Referring to Wendell Willkie's criticism of Secretary of Labor Perkins, he asserted that Mr. Willkie should be more specific in saying to what extent he disapproves of women in the political field.

"My father has always approved of women in politics," admitted Roosevelt, "and as for my mother, she's no slouch."

PCW Democratic Campaign

When questioned by young Franklin about the progress of the Democratic campaign in PCW, the reporters, one Democrat and one pseudo-Democrat, worded a hurried, ambiguous reply, hastily changed the subject with the query . . . "Is it true that you know the names of all the men on campus at the University of Virginia?"

"I wouldn't say quite all," the president-candidate's son laughingly replied, "though I do know most of the men in the law school. I seem to be blessed with the ability to remember most faces and many names."

Whereby began a game of do-you-know between Roosevelt and one of the reporters who was pleasantly startled to find a mutual acquaintance. There followed a series of recollections of F. D. R.'s days at University of Virginia Law School, the recital being interrupted only by the appearance of his long-awaited dessert.

"My Dad's Finer"

Later in the evening, Roosevelt, wearing a brown business suit, a Bachelor Button on one lapel, a "Vote Democratic" pin on the other, and the broad Roosevelt grin, arrived at Democratic headquarters on Diamond Street, greeted a good-sized group of enthusiastic, if not youthful, reporters. The crowd listened to his tales of "my old man," voiced loud approval at his statement . . . "Willkie is a fine man, but my Dad's finer."

Escorted from the platform to the street by his rotund, jovial secretary, Roosevelt looked up to the balcony, recognized the two PCW news-women hanging over the edge, waved a long arm, called "So Long!"

J. W.

EVENTS

CHAPEL

New Ruling

Beginning Thursday, October 31, the new SGA ruling on chapel overcuts went into effect. SGA president, Gladys Patton, explained that the old rule still held for first offenses: i.e. that the first offender forfeits two cuts for the succeeding chapel month. For the second chapel overcut offense, however, there will be a fine of fifty cents per overcut and a forfeiture of one fine. Any further offenses will be treated in the same manner. As is customary with all unpaid bills, failure to pay the required sum will result in a holding up of grades.

Elucidation

Later, in explaining the necessity for the new ruling, President Patton said, "The new ruling is to be regarded as precautionary, rather than penal. We wish to prevent a recurrence of last year's unattended lectures, which were embarrassing both to us and to the scheduled speaker."

St. Gaudens

For the first time since World War, Pittsburgh's famed "International" art exhibit has had to drop the first five letters of its name. This year, only American paintings are being shown.

For PCW the exhibit was formally introduced when, on October 25th, the morning after the official press view, dignified Homer St. Gaudens spoke about the pictures, showed colored slides of them. The paintings, ranging from early American to modern, will be at the Institute until December 15th.

Sprigle

Post-Gazette's Ray Sprigle will speak at PCW Thursday, November 7th. Mr. Sprigle, who returned a month ago from London, on the Clipper, was abroad for three months. A Pulitzer Prize winner of 1938 for the best reporting of the year, his talk should interest everyone. A YW meeting, this lecture will be under the particular sponsorship of the IRC.

"Anne Boleyn"

Chapel-goers on November 15 will hear Mrs. Norman W. Ish in "Queen Anne Boleyn." It is a solo drama in seven scenes, directed by Harry Dean Connor.

Mrs. Ish travels all over the country presenting her character sketches. A graduate of the Chicago School of Expression, she has done extensive work at Northwestern University, has had widespread experience in community theaters.

Victory

With traditional Color Day spirit, the four classes engaged in a battle of song gave little quarter. Dr. Butler after much deliberation, awarded the prize, a five-pound box of candy, to the Seniors, for their songs "Praise the Glorious Shield," and "To the PCW Girl." So popular was the latter that it is being taught, by request, to underclassmen. The music to the Senior Song was written by Mary Kay Eisenberg, the words to both were written by Alice Chattaway, Mary Linn Marks, and Jo Anne Healey.

SOCIAL

Oldest Alumnae

Among the one hundred and one members present at the annual fall meeting of the Alumnae Association of PCW were three of the oldest alumnae: Dean Marks' mother from the class of '81, and two members of the class of '83.

The luncheon meeting was held at the Twentieth Century Club. Representing the school were Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Miss Marks, Mrs. Shupp, and Dr. Wallace.

Latest news of the mock convention and date bureau was explained to the alumnae by Miss Marks. Dr. Spencer spoke on the Mellon gift and the plans for its use. Dr. Wallace told of the research work in fats being done at the college and of the Westinghouse Fellowship established for work in textiles.

The Publicity Program and its purposes were explained by Mrs. Shupp. "PCW is recognized as a school of high standards and its publicity program is unusually large, giving certain impressions to the public about the school. A graduate is the best publicity a college has."

Council Plans

The Activities Council has big plans for the future. At the YWCA banquet on November 14, in Berry Hall, this year's freshman class will venture their first big assignment by entertaining after dinner. Gesticulating before the association's active members will be all of the talent of the freshman class. Elated with the opportunity to exhibit their talents, the Freshman Commission under Chairman Ann McClymonds has written a unique little skit, with class penman Jeanne Condit assisting the commission in this project. The banquet itself is under the supervision of Chairman Marjorie Wood '40, active member of YWCA. Anxious to uphold their Color Day reputation, the class has worked on the program with enthusiasm.

Dances Planned

Next on the busy list are the Fall Dances—both Freshman-Sophomore and Junior-Senior, the Fall Play, and a Tea Dance about which as yet there is no more information.

For the intellectuals a forum group will meet on certain Thursday evenings. Once a month there will be a YW program, and of course the general get-together (we're still sitting down gingerly after the roller skating party).

Activities Council seems to have planned a busy year, but it is still wide open for any and all suggestions.

OFF CAMPUS

President Speaks

Thursday and Friday, November 7th and 8th, PCW's President Spencer will speak before the Carbon County Teachers' Institute in Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Debut

Making her debut as soloist with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra Friday evening, November 22nd, Betty Jane Atkinson (ARROW, Oct. 9) will receive high honor. Mrs. John M. Phillips, recent recipient of an honorary doctor's degree from PCW, is in charge of an Alumnae group which has proclaimed the evening as PCW night.

EVENTS

SGA Conference

Among the thirty conferees at the S. G. A. conference held at Allegheny College October 24 to 27 were PCW-ites Gladys Patton and Ellen Copeland.

After a week-end of lectures and discussions concerning student government problems, Gladys and Ellen returned from Meadville full of new ideas for our own S. G. A.

Opportunities For Women

Also under discussion at the conference were America's foreign relations, the opportunities for American women in modern life, and the service of the S. G. A. in preparing American women for participation in government and politics.

Although no YWCA conferences have been scheduled as yet, Sunday, October 27 found PCW-ites conferring with YM boys at an association meeting in the Carnegie Union. Today in Heinz Chapel Pitt, Tech, and PCW "Y" groups will attend a meeting to discuss the summer conference at Eaglesmere, Pa.

W&J Dedication

Saturday, October 6th, marked a new epoch in Washington and Jefferson College history. Its newest chemistry building, Lazear Hall, was dedicated. Alumnus Lazear, whose name was given to the building, was one of the famous sons of the college. Interested in finding a cure for yellow fever, he experimented on four United States Army men. Two of these men came to the ceremony and were presented with certificates of bravery for serving the country.

PCW's Dr. Wallace presented greetings, represented PCW and the American Chemical Society.

RELIEF WORK

Community Fund

Community Fund Time is almost here again, with Wednesday, November 6 as the beginning date. Headed by Dr. Piel, the students will be divided into day and dormitory sections with five to eight girls acting as assistants on various committees. Throughout the city of Pittsburgh, an extensive program has been

planned. PCW is a very active part of it.

To get everyone in the spirit of giving, a colored movie will be presented at a chapel service showing the work that is being done by the Community Fund for the underprivileged children. Then each member of the college will be contacted personally. Reward—a red feather to wear in your hat. The campaign will last about two weeks. Biggest aim is to exceed last year's \$600.

Long recognized as a vital force in the city the Community Fund is an organization composed of various representative agencies. Some of these agencies are the American Red Cross, the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Brashear Association, the Irene Kaufman Settlement and many other organizations for colored and poor people throughout the districts. Many hospitals are willing to give their services to charity as well as orphanages and public health associations.

War Work

Sister Susie sewing shirts for soldiers has nothing on the lassies now wandering around the hall with their knitting distracting professors and chapel speakers with their knit one, purl two. However, by now the War Relief is well organized in PCW, with units established under three main heads: The British War Relief unit, headed by Janet Murray '42, the Secours Franco-American Woman's Committee whose chairman is Betty Gahagan '42, and the YWCA's Red Cross unit, presided over by Mary Jane Fisher '43, June Hunker '43, Betty Vernon '43, and Mairan Kieffer '43.

Aid For the British

The girls of the British War Relief, crisp and professional in white uniforms, are knitting socks, sweaters and helmets, later will try making simple dresses for children. To them from abroad have come telegrams confirming the arrival of materials shipped by their unit.

Knitting For Refugees

The Secours Franco-American, now working solely for Britain boasts two faculty members on its staff—the president of the Pittsburgh division, Mme. Marguerite Owens, and PCW Committee Chairman, Mrs. Hazel Shupp. Slightly confusing to the uninitiated is the committee's double knit program whereby they

knit mittens to sell at home in order to raise money for yarn to be sent to refugee women in Europe so that they also can knit. However, the mittens are now on sale at PCW, will later be augmented by dress ornaments also of wool. On Nov. 2, Claire Horwitz entertained the entire PCW Secours Franco-American group at a tea in her home.

Red Cross At Mellon's

The Red Cross unit at PCW sends 24 girls to the Mellon home on Fifth Avenue, on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays to roll bandages. This organization also has about 40 knitters making socks and sweaters.

Pittsburgh Charity

Inaugurating their activities program PCW's volunteer social workers entertained a group of Brashear Settlement House children at a Halloween party in the gym on Thursday, October 31.

In addition to giving this entertainment the girls interested in social service have volunteered to work in the local settlement houses, the Children's Hospital, and the Juvenile Court.

Working in the Soho Community House are Jessie Shoop and Jean Miller. Claire Stewart is teaching singing at the Davis Home for Colored Children, while Elizabeth Frey and Sara Birrell are working at Heinz House and Brashear House respectively.

Doing group work at Kingsley House are Dorothy Marshall, Frances Burge, Dorothy Andrews, and Mildred Rudinsky. Clerical workers at the Juvenile Court include Eleanor Garrett, Pat Blue, Virginia Crouch, Beatrice Dobson, Elizabeth Shipley, Margaret Hibbs, Dorothy Brooks, Barbara Heinz, Margaret Malanos, Louise Caldwell, Ethel Herrod, Helen Shellkopf, Mary K. Strathearn, Pat Kent, and Merry Ann Mackey.

Helen Moore and Marden Armstrong are at the Children's Hospital where Elizabeth Rowse has the unique job of reading to a boy in an iron lung.

Tuberculosis League

Complete eradication of tuberculosis is possible. The Tuberculosis League is devoted to fighting the "white plague." The Christmas Seal sale this year will extend from November 25 to Christmas.

PEOPLE

Socialist

In spite of last week being the busiest in political history, the Socialistic candidate for the presidency, Mary Kinter as Norman Thomas, gave a few minutes time from writing speeches for an informal interview.

Energetic, as determined as ever, unshaken by former defeats, the peppy candidate pounded on the desk as she explained the value of socialism.

No Need For Date Bureaus

"Socialism," she declared, "means the sharing of everything, even personal belongings.

"This would abolish the necessity for date bureaus," she explained, "because the boys would be shade equally by all girls. We are fighting for the release of monopolies for private hands, and we believe that sharing the dates is the first step."

In voice oozing with sincerity, the candidate urged that the youth of America does not forget him when it goes to the polls; whether it be voting for president or signing for the date bureau. "Elect me," she cried, "and you won't need a date bureau. You may have my date, occasionally."

Prohibitionist

Roger Babson, ably represented by Dr. Montgomery, came out strongly for the abolition of demon rum, made no answer to charges that the Prohibitionist party was merely a mask for bootleggers.

"Rid the country of the pernicious influence of alcohol," cried he, and went on to maintain that alcohol has been the cause of almost every major evil in America since Repeal. Many seemed impressed, more seemed doubtful, some thought that perhaps the offer of free beer, for which one or two parties came out strongly, was the better idea.

Communist

Last night communism in all its furor resounded through the halls of PCW. In a staggering revolt against the capitalist, Lorraine Wolf Browder really blew the lid off everything.

"We're out to win this election and make the laborers supreme," exclaimed the Red leader. As soon as she swept into the chapel in her dashing military cape and boots she

took the masses by storm.

With Browder at the wheel, everyone will have her share of pork and beans, three square meals a day. "Think of it. What other candidate promises you this?" she queried.

If Father Marx could have heard his newest disciple as she promised her followers complete supremacy of industry in the world, he would have glowed with pride. No one will be rich and no one will be poor—but everyone will be happy, rosy-cheeked Stanlinites. Grow healthy, is not wealthy with the Ladies in Red her motto.

Rpublican

Even as PCW's battle of buttons drew near to its boisterous climax, the freshman "Mr. Willkie," Ruth Laird, remained as unrattled by her strategic position as the beaming Mrs. Willkie herself. Eagerly anticipating her role as Republican presidential candidate in the mock election, she revealed that her one fear was that she could not do justice to Mr. Willkie's natural manner and personality. Her square jaw, clean-cut features, and merry blue eyes give her a striking resemblance to him, but it is her sudden, sincere grin that completes the transformation of her face into an almost exact duplicate of the more famous one whose pictures have so thickly plastered the walls of Berry Hall.

Beats Mr. Willkie

Ruth has two other things in common with Mr. Willkie: she is an inveterate movie-goer in Emsworth, and a staunch Republican. As proof of her eligibility she commented, "It never occurred to me at any time to be a Democrat," which is something that Willkie would give his last "No Third Term" button to be able to say.

Democrat

Tall dignified Mary Emma Hirsh became Roosevelt the night of the Mock Convention, resembled him so much that traditional "my friends" sounded legal. Unfortunately, Miss Hirsh is for Willkie, but that did not keep her from giving a realistic performance, from being convincing in her manner and speech. Since the Democratic platform offers free beer (in order to tempt half-hearted members of the Prohibitionist party), the aforesaid party protested vigorously

during the demonstration.

Miss Hirsh had the traditional Roosevelt smile, wore it exceedingly well despite other party affiliations.

Prom Chairman

Blond, petite Betsy Colbaugh was unanimously chosen Junior Prom chairman by the student body two weeks ago. Active on dance committees since she entered PCW, Betsy is now in charge of publicity for the coming Junior-Senior Dance November 15, was on the committee for the Get-Acquainted Party several weeks ago. She loves dancing, claims Glenn Miller is her favorite orchestra.

A liberal arts major, Chairman Colbaugh, plans to be a dress buyer when she graduates, has already been to New York shopping in connection with the Dorothy Beglen shop. Penn Hall was her prep school, where she divided her interests between dancing, choir, dramatics, and cheer-leading. At PCW she was member of IRC and Dramatic club.

Loves A Good Time

The famous Colbaugh Giggle is familiar to everybody, helps earn her the reputation of loving a good time. She likes acting, tennis, most of all swimming—especially with the new Mellon Pool in the offing. Too busy to read as a rule, she still finds Dorothy Parker most entertaining.

No definite plans are made for the Prom as yet. But one thing Chairman Colbaugh has decided—that "We're going to sweep everyone clean off his feet with our 1941 Prom!"

Dr. Kaieser

Hailing from the Middle West is Dr. Margaret Kaieser, graduate of University of Oklahoma, where she received her B. A. and M. A. degrees, and the University of Illinois, where she tacked a doctor to her name. Taking the place of Dr. Hunter who left for marriage and Vassar, Dr. Kaieser is quite impressed by the East, likes the scenery and most of the people. She's a thorough scientist, finds the greatest of pleasure in mysterious things such as raising cultures of unseen forms and experimenting with unknowns. Dr. Kaieser plays a smash game of tennis, really sends her serves whipping across the net. Listed in likes is southern fried chicken, but peanut butter doesn't rate a chance.

ARTS

MUSIC

PCW Ensemble

Organized three years ago PCW's instrumental ensemble has grown steadily under able director Miss Held. It has this year several experienced players who have served as soloists or concert-masters in high school orchestras. The ensemble may be divided into smaller groups such as duos, trios, quartets, or it may develop into a string orchestra. This year's thirteen members are: Alice Wilhelm, Joan Bowdle, Donna Mae Kindle, Miles Janouch, Sally Thomas, Martha Griffith, Ann Baker, Ruth Patton, Betty Gahagen, Nancy Stauffer, Agnes Holst, Mary Kay Eisenberg, and Dorothy Ridge.



CARROLL BARNES

Festival

The Choral Festival was organized last year by the Liberal Arts Colleges of Western Pennsylvania, may this year include recitals in voice and instrument by students studying applied music. At the festival many different colleges present a group of choral numbers on a non-competitive basis. Purpose of the gathering is to inspire each group with greater appreciation and love of ensemble singing. This year the Festival will be held at Geneva College in Beaver Falls on March 22.

SCULPTURE

Young Visitor

Young sculptor Carroll Barnes lectured at PCW a few weeks ago, defined art as creating life out of inanimate material. A guest of the freshmen, he brought with him most of his pieces that have been exhibited in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington and the Whitney Museum in New York. Among these was his famous statue of brawny Paul Bunyan carrying a calf across his shoulders. Demonstrating the importance of adapting subject-matter to material, he showed carvings of a bear in black ebony, zebras in striped tiger wood, a stylistic Belgian horse, called "Purple Troy," in rosewood.

DRAMA

Speech Play

Reviving the old tradition, PCW's speech department's initial production of the year will be a children's play, *Prince of Pantoufla*, an old fairy tale dramatized by one of our own graduates, Miss Madge Miller '39. Completing her course at PCW as a speech major, Madge spent a year studying at Western Reserve in Cleveland, and returned to spend the coming year in the city, busying herself with writing.

Non-Believer

Prince of Pantoufla, adapted from a fairy tale by Andrew Lang, is the story of a young man who didn't believe in fairies—or in wishing-caps or flying carpets or anything normally imaginative people know to be real. He didn't even believe in love, and was heard to remark on one occasion, quote, women are too unbearably stupid, unquote, an obviously ridiculous statement. But there was a valid excuse for such an attitude; at his christening party a Bad-Tempered Fairy chose to decree that he would be too clever—and he was, so unbearably clever that he was as cordially detested by courtiers, servants, and countryman as by his long-suffering family. A wishing-cap, a cap of darkness, and a pair of seven-league boots were among the gifts bestowed by kinder

souls at the same party, but Prigio's unsufferable cleverness kept him from believing in such relics of superstition.

Change of Heart

An eldest son of the king of Pantoufla, he was called upon first when the kingdom was invaded by a Fire-drake, to go and do battle with the thing. But his cleverness interfered again by assuring him that there was no such monster, and his two younger brothers went instead—and never came back. This failure to return was doubly unfortunate, since Enriko and Jocoso had believed in love, and had proved it by getting themselves engaged. Eventually, however, Prigio is persuaded that the Fire-drake does exist; after a series of upsetting events he comes to the conclusion that the magic gifts have a power not to be ignored; he is even moved to confess to a certain young lady that before meeting her he didn't believe in "fairies, or Fire-drakes, or anything nice and impossible, but only in horrid, useless facts, and things like chemistry, and geology, and arithmetic, and astronomy—and even political economy!"

The method by which this amazing reformation is brought about, and the results of Prigio's new attitude toward Fire-drakes and love, make a story too long and too entertaining to be related here. It should suffice to say that the third act of the *Prince of Pantoufla* is called "The Happy Ending."

Cast Members

An all-girl cast can quite satisfactorily dramatize a fairy tale. The cast, which is directed by Miss Vanda E. Kerst, is as follows:

Pipkin.....Aileen Chapman
Blanchette, First Maid,

Nancy Spencer
Nelde, Second.....Jean Ayres
First Servant.....Nancy Ritchey
Second Servant.....Jean Gray
Third Servant.....Jean Wyre
Jaunia, The Queen....Lorraine Wolf
Fanfarace, Prime Minister,

Jean Sweet
First Page.....Sally Spencer
Brognio, The King....Helen Taylor
Douceline, Queen of the Fairies,

Jeanne Condit
Second Fairy.....Marian Lambie
Third Fairy.....Justine Swan
Fourth Fairy.....Betsy Colbaugh
Fifth Fairy.....Barbara Weil
Sixth Fairy.....Patty Leonard

(Continued on Page 13)-

SPORTS

Hockey

Gripings Of A Tortured Soul

Last Wednesday ushered in the hockey season and it took a good seat on the aisle and prepared to stay for three or four weeks. The Senior-Junior game had to be forfeited when the Seniors showed up with only three players. "Such as this cannot go on," say we in a firm and severe tone. You know if we all just said, "We haven't time to give to hockey," no team would bother to get in the four hours of practice and swish, there would go hockey. A major sport gone. Not only would this be unfair to those girls who love athletics and welcome the chance to do or die for dear old PCW, but it would make the editors of the handbook look bad.

"Hockey is probably the most popular sport at PCW. It is played in the fall and causes a great deal of excitement and real rivalry among the classes. A cup is awarded the winning team and is held by that class until they are defeated. From the class teams two honorary teams are chosen—the Army and Navy. Each team has its colors, mascots, and rooters." Ironical and satirical, isn't it?

Premiere

At least the Freshmen and Sophomores gathered enough girls to play the first game of the season. Characterized by the usual roughness, high sticks, and erratic passing, the opening game was won by the Sophomores, 4-3. The class of '43 took off and amid the mad scramble in front of the goal, Janey Fitzpatrick pushed the ball over the pay-strip. Undoubtedly this went to the heads of the more experienced team, for Rigaumont went zipping down past the full with only the goalie to beat and she did. Beat her, I mean. Whack and there was the ball grinning up at the befuddled goalie. Quickly coming down to earth, the Sophomores went to work and despite a stubborn defense and occasionally a brilliant piece of offense by Springer and Rigaumont, the Rose and White slipped over the edge, 4-3.

Hoping Hole

Having no predictions to make as to the class champion, here we go, putting ourselves out on a limb, and picking the hockey stars of the year. Diplomacy being the spirit of the times, we chose three out-standing players from each team.

Seniors

Charlotte Wolf—right half. A steady, dependable halfback. Charrie is always on the ball in more ways than one. At her best when the going is tough, she has the endurance to outlast the most ferocious onslaught.

Julia Wells—center forward. A star at any game. Fleet of foot, she often out-runs her forward line. A safe bet on any bully is Julie—she gets it every time.

Gladys Patton—inner. Here again is steadiness typified. Pat keeps her stick down and the team morale up as she dribbles down the field.

Juniors

Margaret Anderson—goalie. Without a doubt, the best goalie in the school. Hard shots, easy rolls, or scoops are all the same to Mauky, as swish her feet are together and off the ball ricochets.

Betty Hazeltine—left wing. Betty strikes fear to any goalie's heart as she deftly scoops the ball into the corner that even Yehudi isn't covering. Fast and accurate, playing the hardest position in the forward line.

Phyllis Keister—center half. Phil is the little girl who is always there. Her clever stickwork outwits the opponent every time. Beautiful back-er-up.

Sophomores

Jane Fitzpatrick—forward. Steadiest forward in the Sophomore lineup, versatile is Jane's middle name. Right or left inner and a corking good job of center-forward, all are played with skill and determination.

Brice Black—right half. Brice backs up her forward line and skillfully interchanges. Smart stickwork and fast, accurate passes are her specialty.

Barbara Browne—center half. Brownie plays with heart as well as anybody. She'll run her legs off for the good of the team and that urge is a work of art.

Freshmen

Marion Springer—center forward. Offensive or defensive, it makes little difference to Marion. Packing an exceptionally hard shot at the goal, she sends dread to the boots of her opponents.

Jean Rigaumont—inner. Riggy sets sail with the ball and just try and take it away from her.

Peggy Craig—halfback. Peggy is the outstanding defense artist on the Freshman team. A cool head and low stick block any opponent.

Swimming

Sink or Swim

You all saw the cover or the **Arrow** last month and were privileged to have a view of our new pool in the Mellon Hall. Offering untold possibilities to us at PCW, use of this pool would make it all swimming and no sinking. Our doggie-paddle would lengthen out into reasonably accurate facsimiles of Eleanor Holm and Jon Hall. It would be possible to have a swimming team that could compete with the other neighboring schools or you, who prefer to do so, may swim "just for fun." Recreation, in the water, has ever been and always will be appealing and attractive to a multitude of people. Indulgence in any of its many forms is recognized almost universally as being a happy, health-benefiting experience—a release that marks a change from routine habits of living, thinking, and acting to the not usual, non-habitual stimulation of thought.

The one dark note in an otherwise bright and stimulating picture is seen in the number of people who lose their lives by drowning (7,500 a year) and in the many thousands who experience a "near-drowning" but manage to survive. A great majority of people will never get into difficulty in the water, but there still will be many who, through lack of knowledge or lack of skill, will face the danger of drowning.

Knowledge and skill—these are the things which tend to eliminate danger. Skill in aquatics is acquired through instruction and practice. Knowledge is gained by means of instruction and practice. Both are acquired in a life-saving course. Increasing personal safety, knowledge of safe-bathing places, ability to aid in the rescue of another, resuscitation, all are included in this course. This class would be given under a competent Red Cross Instructor and would yield your certification as a Senior Red Cross Life Saver, thus facilitating your obtaining a job as a life guard at pools or camps or simply assures you of almost absolute personal safety.

Are you interested in such a course or in a course for the fundamentals of good swimming? If so, contact either the sports editor of the **Arrow** or Miss Graham, physical education director.

FEATURES

Here and There

Hello again you college kids, we're back again with news. We'll stir the pots and lift the lids of all the latest stews. And sotto voice to ye ed. Please take it easy with the cutting shears this time. The previous issue had us down to our last exclamation point. (O. K., ed.).

The great exodus is on, and the past two-week-ends found home campus practically deserted. The Big Three welcomed Mary Jane Harter and Phyllis Keister at Yale and Harvard respectively, with Mary Kinter, Ethel Herrod, Peggy Orr, Alice McCain, Ellen Copeland, Margie Anderson, Marjorie Harter, and Connie Meyers going up to Princeton. Cornell called M. A. Spellmire and Penn State was invaded by Petey McCall, Nancy Maxwell, Mary Schwalb, Betty Spierling and Janet Baer. To the ever-faithful J-men go Margie Longwell, and Julie Wells. (On re-reading we wish to substitute ever-handly, for ever-faithful in the foregoing sentence.) Betsy Colbaugh goes South to the U. of Virginia to celebrate Armistice Day with the rebels. Well girls, have your fun now, because come next year and the week-ends may be limited to Army excursions. The most amusing sight of the week has been the gals kneeling on the floor scanning the conscription lists in order to estimate their losses. First to go was Mary Lou Henry's man, No. 158.

The social swing is still swinging, with Alice Provost, Mary Singer, Alice Steinmark, Marian Lambie, Fran Pollick, Ruth Patton and Betty Hazeltine Pitt Soph-Hoping; Mary Jane Daley, Barbara Maerker, Elizabeth Warner, Carol Bostwick, Mary Lou Armstrong and Patty Leonard among those at the Winchester Alumnae Dance.

The import business is also improving, with Phyllis Tross's man down from Case to watch Tech win (plug) and Skipper Clipson's man calling from far off Canada to deliver his best—regards.

As for publicity, The PCW gals manage to keep on the air and in the news with Betsy Conover's man Cochran keeping the ether around WWSW busy with requests for the gals, and the "Gad About" our latest competition, starring Barbara Caldwell, Mary Lou Rieber and Beth Howard on their cover, while the

B. I. rates Alice Chattaway the "ideal PCW co-ed" and devotes two pages to PCW activities.

And continuing—The P. P. I. (Pin-Possessors Institute) welcomes Mary Linn Marks, and Ginny Crouch, who busily trade sweetheart pins for the real thing and vice-versa. The next step is demonstrated by Pat Brennan, alumnae, who was married on Wednesday, and Cathy Carey, who will be married December 5, 1940, with PCW-ites Jean Sweet and Coleen Laver as bridesmaids. Late editions to the P. P. I. include Anne Butler, Ruth Strickland and Anne Baker.

The Date Bureau flashed into action, with Betty Jonescue catching the first date, a very personable young Delt from Carnegie Tech. When that thing really gets going, the gossip column will write itself.

And that is about all, except if you took our advice last issue, and looked for us at the Coke machine, we weren't there. Neither was the Coke machine. Why don't you get busy and ask "Why not?" Maybe the prohibitionists thought it was anti-Babson propaganda.

And so until next issue, keep doing things, and we'll keep taking notes.

H. L. M., M. H.

Fashion Hints

Blue-books and ten minute writens are foremost in the mind of the average PCW-ite but there is still the prospect of the dance two weeks away, or even the big week-end that is so close.

Maybe you've been worrying for weeks about what you'll wear to the game but right now you can banish these worries for all you need is a sporty new camels hair coat. A top-coat in camels hair is just the thing and you can even get a two-piece suit of camels hair that will keep you warm as a bunny.

Come house party week-end there's nothing better to wear on the train than a classic tweed suit. Reefer coats are popular and this year a looser coat trimmed in fur is being shown. A perky little fur hat gives your suit that needed finishing touch.

Speaking of Sweaters

Sloppy Joe started it and this year's designers have finished it. Your new sweater to top off the classic look of your suit is preferably a pastel shade. The Brooks

sweater is fast gaining a foothold on the ladder of fashion. A string of the new twenty-inch pearls or even a white pique dickey is perfect to be worn with your sweaters.

What could be more fun on a rainy day than dressing up in red boots, red sou'wester, and a gabardine coat lined in red plaid. The sou'wester is red gabardine and is a perfect copy of the hats worn by your Volunteer Fire Department.

Fur coats are full length this year—all of forty-one inches. Sable-dyed muskrat, leopard, and natural lynx are just a few from which to choose. You can match the fur on your coat in your hats, your shoes, or your purse.

The Perennial Polo Coat

Our perennial polo coat is all dressed up in a new version which spells glamour in a delicious vanilla shade, and it is fastened with pearl buttons for evening wear. Its cousin, the snowy white teddy bear fleece, is lined with a brilliant color. If you're the frail flower—or if you can act the part—wear a bouffant formal in pastel shades sprinkled generously with sequins. As for the femme-fatale, her sophisticated type will like the covered-up look of a long slim skirt.

As for the all important colors we have found that red, gold and beige are holding their own. Red is in for casual clothes and evening clothes. Then, of course, you've heard rumors about red flannels—the real old fashioned variety. That's all for now—but we'll be seeing you after the game, staggering the stag-line in your new outfit.

J. Mc., M. A.

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OPINION

WILLKIE

Faculty

We, the American people, are to be convinced as to which candidate should be elected by one of two methods, either by emotion or by reason.

Are we sufficiently educated to be influenced by the accusation "Mr. Willkie is Hitler's candidate?" Do we believe that Mr. Roosevelt wants to become a dictator? Is it true that Mr. Willkie is representing the capitalist class and that Mr. Lewis in turn is supporting that class? Can you believe that, if the Republican party is victorious, financial aid to the unemployed and aged will be curtailed? Such are the mud-slinging, emotional statements of a highly nonsensical type.

In case of an emergency such as war, can one party better serve the nation than the other party? Or, is our status relative to the war as settled as was the banking question in 1932, when the defeated party had improvised the same method for recovery as the present administration? In the time of war political feelings must be abandoned and statesman-like attitudes assumed. Why couldn't the present Democratic administration and its diplomatic corps, when defeated, give aid to the victorious party, especially when asked, as candidate Willkie has already indicated?

Is it democratic to have eleven million unemployed and an ever-increasing spending orgy far above the budget of this present relatively non-productive nation?

And lastly, it is quite unfair to call Mr. Roosevelt a dictator, but it is quite reasonable to believe that those few federal employees who consider him "indispensable" have become so accustomed to power and so desirous to cling that power that the "defenseless" man has no other recourse. In the days of Thomas Jefferson, when the republic had a total population of some three million and when the emergencies were more prevalent than today, our forefathers had no trouble in finding at least one candidate to carry on the government, so that one single, solitary mortal need not serve his country for twelve years. Is it correct that we have in this nation of one hundred and thirty-five million people only one person left such that we must draft this last one for a third term?

E. K. W.

Student

I believe that Mr. Willkie should be elected because:

(1) The supervision of our National Defense program requires a man who has had experience with problems of production, and in whom rests the condence of the business which must produce the materials necessary for an adequate defense. The profits accruing to business from this increased production will necessarily be reinvested in American industries, thereby insuring expansion.

(2) Just as the bureaucracy in France weakened her internally and led to her downfall, so has the bureaucracy in this country weakened her internally and led to woeful mismanagement of government funds.

(3) Despite the supposed efforts of the National Labor Relations Board to promote good will between employer and worker and between the two national unions, this agency has not only caused dissent between employer and worker, but has intensified disputes between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. A country cannot proceed towards recovery when the process is retarded by bitterness and quarrels in the labor factions.

I believe that Mr. Willkie will win because he is progressive without being radical, because the American people are tired of promises which never come true, and finally, because I believe that Mr. Willkie can more readily gain the cooperation needed to build up an economic security in America.

J. S. B.

ROOSEVELT

Faculty

I shall vote for the reelection of President Roosevelt, on the most general ground, because he alone of the two major candidates has had the experience in government which the present crisis demands. To put in office at this juncture even the most high-minded novice would be tragic folly.

I shall vote for Mr. Roosevelt because his reelection would mean the safeguarding and the continuance of the social and labor legislation which is essential to the preservation and extension of democracy in America.

I shall vote Democratic this year because I am in favor of this admin-

istration's foreign policy. The opposition really offers an alternative. I am convinced that the country is behind the President in this policy.

Is it not a sufficient reason for reelecting Mr. Roosevelt that the Axis powers desire his defeat? A victory for appeasement would be an incalculable calamity for America.

C. W. D.

Student

There are several reasons why I think every intelligent American should support Mr. Roosevelt for a third term. One of the most important of these reasons is that, throughout his administration he has never catered to the interests of any particular group, but rather stood for the measures which would bring the greatest good to the largest number of our people. I believe that during his administration there have been greater strides made in social legislation than in any previous period of our history. An example of such legal legislation is the N. L. R. B., which, despite the claims of Mr. Willkie that no one man was responsible for its formation, owes its passage largely to Mr. Roosevelt, who fought bitterly for it in the face of the Republican opposition.

Secondly and perhaps even more important at the present time is the fact that now, more than ever before, it is necessary to have a man in office that has prestige abroad. We must have a President who has experience and ability in handling the foreign problems which arise daily. It is only by a unity in the Americas that we can save the form of government that we so love and this unity can only be maintained by the trade treaties with the countries of this hemisphere. You need not be told that these treaties probably would be done away with if the Republicans were to come into power, because it was that party which so bitterly opposed the ratification of the treaties in the first place.

Because I am an American who wishes to see this country continue to be one which is for every class, not just the favored few, and wish to see American strong enough to resist the strength of the dictatorial powers of Europe, I am for F. D. R.

E. A. H.

OPINION

UNDECIDED

All-American

Now that the question is all but settled I wish to forget animosities and irritations which have been engendered in the process of the pot calling the kettle black which is called campaigning in America. Whoever is elected, I wish him well and hope for him that he can do what he has promised to do, though I reserve the right to suspect that he cannot.

I am a believer in the democratic process. Since I so believe, I am convinced:

1. That Mr. Roosevelt (if he is elected) can be checked, directed, rebuked if necessary by the will of the people expressed by the vote of the majority should he attempt to allocate to himself a too peremptory authority (as some persons suspect he may).
2. That Mr. Willkie (if he is elected) can be checked, directed, rebuked if necessary by the will of the people expressed by the vote of the majority, should he deny his campaign promises and attempt to turn over the country to his monopolist friends (as some persons believe he may).

That is, I have a higher confidence in the democratic process than in the candidates. On second thought, of course, I voted for Roger Babson.

H. C. S.

DATE BUREAU

Frat Voices

The fact that the new PCW Date Bureau has been considered and accepted by the leading fraternities at Pitt and Tech will probably be the most tangible proof to the student body that the Bureau not only means business but is going to get it.

Tartans Take To Bureau

At Tech, Tom Soddy, president of Delta Tau Delta, remarked, "It's a super idea, especially for out of town boys who want to get acquainted with datable girls." Said dark, pleasant Jim Wills, enthusiastically supported by all other Delta Upsilon within earshot, "It's an idea we've needed for some time. The boys really want to know the PCW girls better." Towering "Boom" Havlish, president of PiKA, who was recently voted the

most handsome man on the campus, said, "I think that the system will have to be tried before I can give a real opinion, though the idea's a good one. Perhaps pictures of the girls would help to get it started, because the boys would like to have an idea of what to expect." President Bob Jacobson thought that the interest of the Kappa Sigmas would increase as the Bureau became better known, and commented, "The pledges and new boys have already signed up, but I know that more PCW dates would be welcomed by all of us."

Pitt Opinions

Typical of opinions expressed by Pitt men was that of slow-spoken Bob Ferris, head of Phi Delta Theta, who agreed that the Date Bureau would be kept busy if the boys found that they could trust the judgment of the girls in charge. Noncommittal Bob Ross, Kappa Sigma, said that the boys intended to cooperate in every way to make the idea a success, and was joined by peppy Bob Jones, president of Delta Tau Delta. Said he, "We'll take a chance." Outspoken Joe Roberts, Phi Gamma Delta, remarked tartly, "A Date Bureau is a swell idea—for girls. Men get a kick out of doing their own scouting, and always have and always will prefer to hunt their own women."

Administration

As for the actual workings of the date bureau . . .

Sponsors Alice Chattaway, Elaine Fitzwilson, Jo Anne Healey, Frances Johnson, and Gladys Patton wish to have it clearly understood that the bureau is to be operated on a strictly impersonal, business-like basis.

Girls who sign the "date-wanted" list on the bulletin board will be chosen for dates with men who have signed similar lists at Pitt's Phi Gam, Delt, Phi Delt, and PiKA houses, Tech's Kappa Sig, Beta, Delt, and PiKA houses.

One man in each fraternity is to be in charge of arrangements, calling our date bureau at regular, specified office hours.

Dating Difficulties

Both day students and dorm students will profit by the newly-organized bureau. With the fall formals coming up, however, there is one obstacle yet to be overcome by the Bureau, in reference to dates for day students. No workable plan has been devised by which day students can be introduced to the men sent by the various fraternities, in most cases on the nights of school dances. Three suggestions have been made:

1. That day students come to the dorm before the dance so that introductions may be made.
2. That introductions be made in Berry Hall drawing room.
3. That introductions be made at the home of the student by a member of the Bureau.

Although these and similar difficulties have yet to be ironed out, the date bureau actually has taken its place among PCW institutions, reports successful negotiations last week-end, its first. To upper classmen as well as to freshmen, this new organization affords an opportunity to meet new people and to participate in increased social activity this winter.

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OPEN EVENINGS

LITERATURE

SOUP

by Janet McCormick '43

They gave me a soup-ladle and now they wonder at the consequences.

I don't.

"Slop out the soup," they said when I started. "Make it quick and—uh, —make it stretch."

They didn't warn me about anything. They just said—"You there, Soup!"

Now here I am. I've obeyed very literally the only command given me.—"slop out the soup." And it's in that process of slopping that all the trouble lies.

At first I wasn't such a success in the soup department. Noodles floated and vegetables sank so that a happy medium of broth and solid matter couldn't be reached. It was all one or the other. It remained for corn soup to show me how neutral soup can be. Then I'd have soup left over. "Didn't you sell it all?" they'd ask. "Well. Can't you push it a little?"

There is the essence of my trouble. Every week day since school began I have been mentally and physically "pushing" a gallon of chicken, mushroom or cream of celery—with carrots.

Soup doesn't sell itself. College girls' minds flit to tasty dainties farther down cafeteria tables and are prone to lightly skip over the good old-fashioned soup at the head of the line.

Soup—that's me. And potential drinkers pass me by. Sometimes I fairly ooze over on them I push soup so hard. Any device will do. "All Willkie-ites like beef broth with noodles," I've told them. "Just think—mushrooms with hamburgers—soup, of course."

"Yes, soup is much more nourishing than spanish rice. What kind of soup? This kind," and I point to the sign by my kettle.

What do they do then? When I try the old one—"Don't break the chain, everyone here so far has taken soup"—they graciously step out of line and let someone else break it.

"Is the soup good today?"

"Oh, yes. Mickey made it herself. She cut up every piece of potato and celery and carrot and—"

"I'll take a salad."

"May I see the soup, please?" This

one peered in at the tomato-tinted globules.

"Thank you." And she reached for a glass of prune juice.

"I didn't even want any yesterday when it was fresh. Hebrews 13:8," she said as she glanced wearily ahead toward the sandwiches.

I looked up Hebrews 13:8 and it is as follows: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

"No." She enunciated very clearly and emphatically with a firm jaw and a curt nod as she firmly pushed her tray down the slide past the cream of tomato sign.

Despite this I must sell the soup. If not today, tomorrow. But I **must** sell the soup.

Early in the mornings in the den as people puff in after their hard climb up the hill, I scan their faces for a hidden soup-longing.

"Will she get soup today? Shall I be breathing a sigh of relief at ten after one when the cream of pea goes down a quarter of an inch in the container?" Then my eyes start to haunt the next face.

Now in the kitchen they say, "Don't take it so seriously. It isn't your loss. After all, it's **just** soup."

But the damage has been done.

IT'S MY I. Q.

By Carol Bostwick, '42

They say that the farther advanced your intelligence, the more you think in terms of vocabulary rather than in graphic images. If someone says "horse," John B. Kieran thinks "equine." I see an old hunter taking a jump in the Saturday hunt. That leaves me right down in the moron group.

When I count, I see number ten, sitting on a corner waiting for me to approach, to send me at right angles, horizontally over to twenty by way of the teens. The twenties, thirties, and so forth up to a hundred look like upward scales on a piano. This image effect certainly does not come from an over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Certainly iced coffee is the strongest beverage that has stimulated my cerebellum since Mother gave me a teaspoonful of whiskey to put me to sleep, when I was ten.

When some one asks me what I'm going to do all next year, next year pops up before my eyes in the form of an oval. Here I think a few dis-

crepancies have slipped into my image-making machine. From January to May, the months are huddled together, taking barely a fifth of the whole oval. Then vacation, June, July, August, stretch out placidly, extending as far around the curve into winter as possible. Christmas dominates one end; buying a fall coat outshadows every other point on the opposite end. In between, colors take over; the summer side being a dark sun tan, the winter side, a dirty white, for I live in Pittsburgh.

Perhaps, I have a definite need for the Stanford-Binet test or a course in vocabulary, but I'm rather inclined to think of myself as a mental artist, temperamentally misunderstood by Freud and his followers.

DRAMA

(Continued from Page 8)

Seventh Fairy.....Jerry Strem
Brancaline, a bad-tempered fairy,

Patty Wright

Prigian, the crown prince,

Mary Evelyn Ducey

Enrico, Prince of Pantoufia,

Mary Phyllis Jones

Jocoso, Prince of Pantoufia,

Virginia Gray

Lady Katrina.....Alice Provost

Lady Molinda.....Elizabeth Warner

Doctor Percinet.....Jean Hill

Doctor Brille.....Jeanne McKeag

Man.....Jane Blattner

Woman.....Alice Horsefield

Folle, a waiter.....Jerry Strem

Theirate Gentleman, Betty Spierling

The Mayor of Guckstein,

Claire Horwitz

His Wife.....Elizabeth Rowse

Their Daughter.....Jane Evans

Lord Kelso, Ambassador from

Gondalfia.....Constance Meyers

Lady Delicia, his daughter,

Alice Chattaway

The other committees under the general direction of Jean Hill, '41, are: Publicity, Marian Lambie, chairman; Leona Painter, Jean Sweet, Louise Rider, Claire Horowitz, Janet McCormick, Amanda Harris, Louise Wallace, Gloria Silverstein, and Lillian Sheasby; Costumes, Aileen Chapman, chairman, Jeanne Condit, Barbara Matthews, Virginia Gray, Nancy Maxwell, and Barbara Schupp; properties, Claire Horowitz, Jean Hill, Evelyn Fulton, Peggy Craig and Martha Harlan; Ways and Means and House Committees, whose heads have not as yet been named.

LITERATURE

PEOPLE STARVE by Jane Zacharias '41

People starve every year. As an average group of people, we do nothing to remedy the condition. We give to the Community Fund, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army. It is easier to take a dollar from our pockets than to listen to a tale of woe or, worse still, not to have the right to wear the red feather of the Community Fund. In the windows of our living-rooms, we paste the emblem of our favorite charity to tell all who see it that "We have given." That is final.

In college, the Community Fund drive rages while people tap you on the shoulder and ask for a dollar. Then you are checked on their list and enter the realm of respectability. "We have given." And, having given, we have done our duty and sink back into the universe of self-righteousness and satisfaction.

There is a different spirit abroad this year. People are not so anxious to do what they consider their duty and then stop. The idea of duty has disappeared; people are giving and working because they want to, because they feel the work is to be done and they are the people to do it.

This fall, with the beginning of college, church and club activities, the programs were cut, altered, to make a place for service. Nothing seems to be much trouble. Money comes almost without effort. Time stretches out and we spend hours for knitting, sewing, bandage rolling. The churches are crowded with women who spend several days of each week sewing dresses, making bandages, going home with packages of yarn to knit sweaters and socks. The society pages of the paper are filled with accounts of benefits. In the busy schedules of our colleges, time is found for an afternoon of knitting. Everywhere, people are busy, working uncomplainingly, as if the work were something each one wanted to do instead of something to be done.

And yet, isn't this sudden activity a bit ludicrous? Why all this energy? We are safe, for the moment, bounded by two oceans, governed by a democratic government. Why should we do all this, worthy as it is, for foreign nations? This work is not for us. It is for hundreds, thousands of people, across the ocean. They are nothing to us. We will

never see them, never hear from them, never know them. We cannot even visualize their daily lives as they must be lived under the present conditions. Yet we are willing to work hour after hour, knitting, raising money, rolling bandages.

But why do we do this? It is simply because we delight in the heroic, the spectacular, the unusual. A war is not a commonplace affair, it is chaos. It means bombs, tanks, submarines, shooting, groans, sirens shrieking, the clatter of fire engines, the cries of lost children, the wails of the homeless. It means hate, despair, patriotism, the merging of the individual into the state, the fall of thrones and governments.

We, in America, read each detail, decide that it is horrible, unbelievable, torture to read, and then we read some more. It is the vicarious craving for the unexperienced. We must do something; we must be part of this chaos. So we join an organization and work for long hours, hard work, more work than some of us have ever done.

People are starving in Europe and they mustn't starve. People are freezing in Europe and they mustn't freeze. People are homeless in Europe and they mustn't be homeless. People are starving in America and we allow them to starve. People are freezing in America and we allow them to freeze. People are homeless in America and we allow them to be without homes. There is nothing spectacular about these catastrophes in America they happen quietly, so quietly that only those immediately concerned know anything about them. The share croppers are often hungry; but little, comparatively, is done to feed them. Last winter, in the south during the unusually cold weather, people froze, and little was done. The records of the nightly attendance at places comparable to the Improvement of the Poor show us how many people must be homeless, unable even to find such a lodging.

But these things are ordinary, not accompanied by bombs or sirens or submarines.

We are not interested in ordinary things, we are thrilled only by the unique. The hungry, the cold, the homeless, in our own land, do not interest us vitally. We can forget them; we give money to various charitable organizations and forget the need. The war is impossible to forget; it is shouted over the radio, it is printed in the newspapers, every magazine in the country is searching for a new opinion as to the outcome. This impresses itself upon our minds.

America has been lauded as a charitable country. English statesmen mention frequently the generosity of Americans, praising our efforts to help.

America is a generous nation. She has always been ready to assist in any possible way. She will give until her coffers are empty. She will work until her people are exhausted. She will risk her international integrity to aid the suffering. The only pity of it is that it takes the mighty power, the tragedy of war to show her how to help.

TRIVIAM

Marian Lambie '43

The President of the United States was speaking. I listened, in thrilled silence. His voice was confident, sure. Here was a man poised, able to meet any situation.

He told of the efforts to keep us at peace. How he had worked to avoid economic entanglements. The way he tried to get our citizens home from abroad to avoid possible "incidents."

He revealed how short-sighted Republicans in Congress had been against preparedness. He showed how these turncoats not only now advocate arming, but blame him for his former slowness.

His speech was ended. I turned to my friend. "Wasn't it marvelous? Isn't he wonderful?" I said.

"I'm for Willkie," she answered.

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LITERATURE

BEFORE THE CONCERT by Betty Vernon

The dark-haired girl had nearly reached the top of the steps before she looked toward the group standing in the entrance to the first balcony. It was almost time for the concert to begin. Late-comers were streaming by. In the distance the musicians could be heard tuning their instruments. But all this noise and commotion held no reality for the girl. She only knew that Ronald, looking blessedly familiar, was standing talking to a group of friends. Her first impulse was to try to escape, but her common sense told her that evasion was impossible. As she reached the top step, Ronald turned slightly, his eyes following the startled gaze of one of their mutual friends in the group.

"Dear God, please make me say the right thing. Don't let me faint or do anything I shouldn't."

The girl mustered all the courage that her slight body contained and stepped toward the group. As she moved in their direction, her eyes met Ronald's. In that split second, she looked at her with unmasked eyes, with an expression that only she could catch, but which said more to her than all the eloquent words in the world. Her breath caught in her throat. She thought, "You can't look at me that way—not here. Ron, don't make this hard for me."

Her eyes plead with him to be kind, to be casual. As she reached the group, Ronald stepped away from his friends and extended his hand in greeting.

"Jane, how are you? I haven't seen you for ages."

"Hello, Ronald." She returned his handshake. "I'm fine, thank you. And you? You're looking well."

"I've been fine." He turned to his companions. "Helen and Larry, you know Jane, don't you?"

They smiled and spoke, obviously feeling the tension of the situation. Ronald introduced a pale young man with thick glasses and a light necktie who, Jane suspected, was probably another of Helen's "geniuses." They stood there a moment, the five of them, fumbling for words and wishing they were anywhere but here. Finally Helen came to the rescue.

"Jane, do tell me about your work. I haven't seen you for so long that

I'm afraid I'm awfully behind in the news. You must be doing some fine things now."

Jane smiled modestly. "Well, I'm trying. Still studying with Bonati, of course. But I know I have a long way to go before I'll be a real singer."

Helen protested ineffectively. "I don't think it will be so long now. I always said that we would be proud to know you someday. Right now we are getting practice in swelling our chests over Ronald. You've heard the news, haven't you?"

"No, tell me about it."

"Why Jane, he just received word that he will play in the first string section of the NBC next season. Isn't that thrilling?"

As Jane turned to congratulate Ronald, she saw that his face was inscrutable, that the wall which always separated them was between them once more. "It's better this way," she thought. "I mustn't try to break down this wall. What used to be can never be again. Perhaps someday I'll be able to see him and be casual and not have this horrible feeling."

Jane was barely aware of the short conversation which followed. The pale young man watched Helen with worshipful eyes while she went into rhapsodies over the wonderfully moving poetry that he wrote. Jane tried to seem attentive, although her mind was intent on only one thing: to get away as soon as possible.

She welcomed the ripple of applause that ran over the audience as the concert-master took his place on the stage. The friends all seemed relieved when Larry suggested that it was time to find their seats. As they turned to enter the balcony, Ronald and Jane found themselves walking together behind the others. He took her arm and slackened his pace, letting their friends get a little distance ahead of them.

"Jane, I should like to see you sometime. May I call?"

For a moment memories flashed through Jane's mind. It seemed only yesterday that they had gone horseback-riding out Laurel Road and got caught in a storm. She saw them sitting at a table in that quaint old Italian restaurant, lingering over a bottle of Chianti, discussing Spinoza. She remembered the hours they had

spent together listening to phonograph records, working over scores, going to concerts and art exhibits, talking, laughing, loving — always happy and contented. Perhaps if she were to let him call, they could have all that once more. It would be so easy to say "yes." But down deep in her heart she knew that it could never be the same again, that the old feeling could never be recaptured.

"I'm sorry, Ron, but Saturday I'm going to Cincinnati to be with Aunt Ruth. She's been very ill and we don't expect her to recover. I may have to be there quite a while."

"I'm sorry to hear about her. Well, maybe I'll see you when you return. Anyhow, I'm glad to have had this visit with you. Is this your aisle?"

As she slipped into her seat, she looked back and saw Ronald walking away from her, brushing back that unruly lock of hair that would never stay in place.

TRIVIAM By Betty Vernon

The lights in the whole building suddenly flickered and went out as though Nature had snuffed out all our lamps in one gesture . . . Many miles away men were speeding through wind and sleet toward a high-tension tower. They nimbly climbed up the tower, clinging to the girders, fighting the strong wind. They worked with utmost speed and deftness. One false move would cost them their lives. The "hot" wires held no fear for them. Quickly! Quickly! There must be light . . . The lamps flashed on in the building once more. "Well, it's about time," muttered the girl across the hall.

Patronize
Our Advertisers

RHYTHM

by Clare Stewart '42

One . . . two . . . one . . . two . . . back and forth . . . back and forth. His movements were definite, beautiful, rhythmic with the rhythm of the pottery factory where he worked, putting handles on teacups.

Put handles on teacups. That was all he did all day long, all week long, all year long. He swayed with grace first to the right to pick up a white, unglazed handle; then to the center to moisten a white, unglazed cup with a bit of liquid glue and press the handle to the spot. The swing to the center was so rapid that it blended with the previous swing to the right and the following swing to the left to place the cup on a continuous belt which carried his work to another part of the factory.

His rhythm—beautiful figure eight curve. Never did it waver, not for a second.

And the man himself became personless, a movement, another necessary part of a great machine. His eyes fixed ahead of him, his mind seemed far away from the swaying body.

What did his rhythm mean? Was it merely a convenience to enable him to finish his work faster? Or was it the rhythm of industry, the rhythm of great wheels spinning, of turbines and and dynamos turning, of railroad trains rumbling over the nation? Perhaps it was the rhythm of waterfalls, of mountains, ridge on ridge, or honey-bees in hollyhock.

It may be the rhythm of music, modern music like Shostakovich's "Steel Mill" or "Dnieper Water-Power Station." Or of a painting, a Grant Wood pastoral.

And—it could be the rhythm of monotony. One small action, continuous never-ending, offered little variety to the young man. It offered little to go home to—a squalid house in a squalid district with too many children and too much noise. It offered headaches, tired eyes, and deadened thinking powers. Nothing better. Little worse.

One . . . two . . . one . . . two . . . back and forth . . . back and forth. Rhythm of monotony—release from its own self. The swaying worker forgot his identity, lost himself in a movement of grace and beauty, escaping for a while the world to which he belonged.

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Home

Through the green poplars
When the white wind
Troubles them
I can see
The red tile roof
And white chimneys.

I can hear
The little rasping bark
Of the dogs;
And cook singing
In the pantry.
I can smell
Wild strawberries.

I am home.
—Marden Armstrong '42.

TELL HIM TO GET YOUR CORSAGE

—at—

JOHNSTON THE FLORIST

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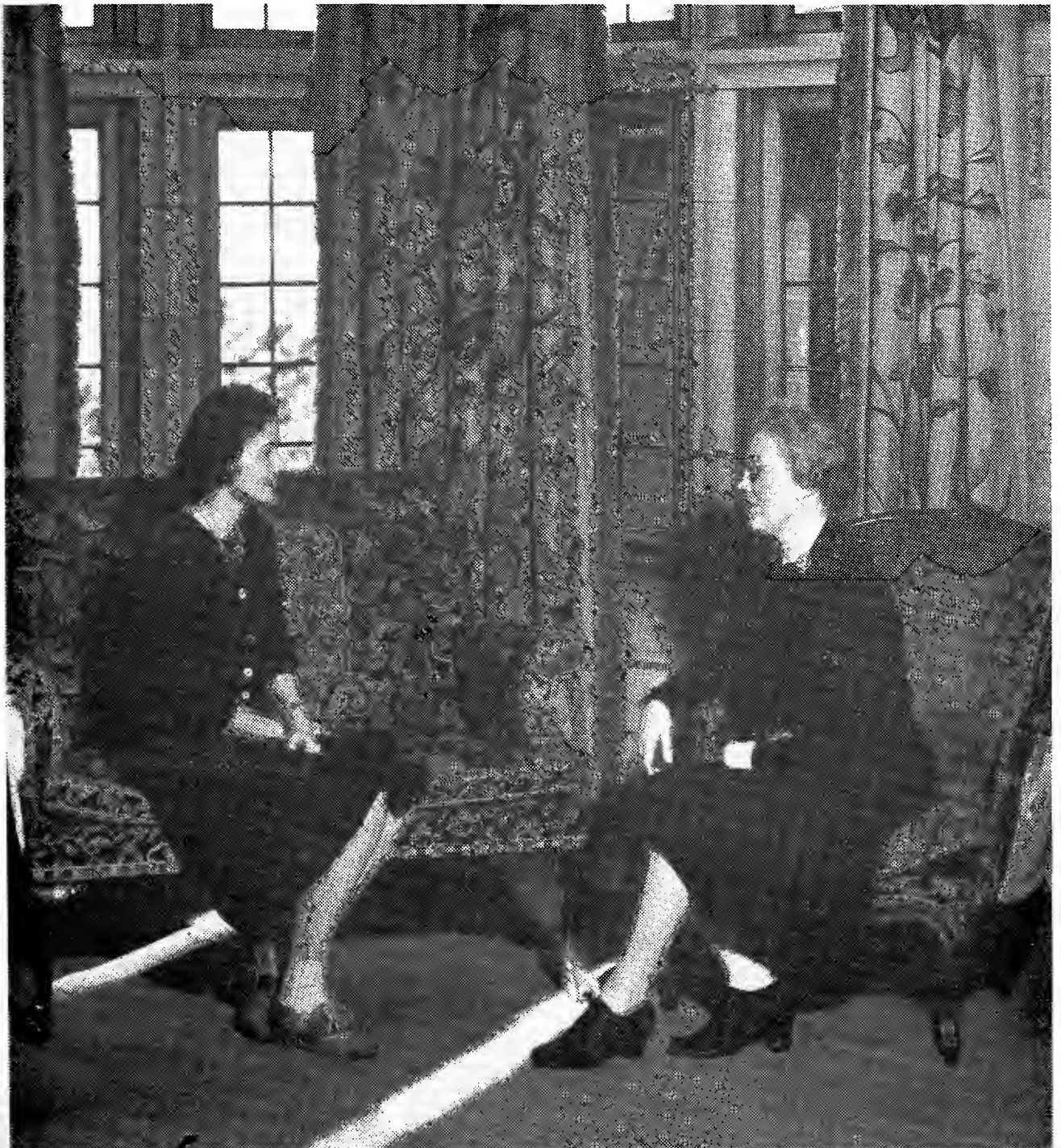
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The ARROW

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No. 3



ANDREW MELLON HALL

(See page 3)

THE ARROW

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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NOTICE

The Date Bureau takes this opportunity to announce that those girls who signed for the PCW-Kiski dance, and then withdrew without adequate notice, are permanently dropped from the Date Bureau list. Like any other student organization, the Date Bureau is based on the co-operation of its members; it exists for the benefit of all of its members. And although signing for the Date Bureau carries no obligation for accepting dates, let it now be plainly understood that any member accepting a date through the Date Bureau is obligated either to keep that date, or to give proper notice of a good reason why it shall not be kept. The Date Bureau does not wish again to suffer the embarrassment of explaining a contract which has been broken by its members.

THE CANDLE

Once upon a time there were two houses set on opposite sides of a deep gulf. One house was secure and beautiful, but the other was ravaged by fire and stripped bare of its furnishings. In the darkness of one Christmas Eve the people in the beautiful house could see across the gulf into the windows of the ugly house. They saw there people huddled close together, shivering, turning their eyes toward the dying light of one sputtering candle. And when the people in the beautiful house saw this they were ashamed of the brightness of their own light. They were afraid that the people whose candle had gone out would look across and, seeing the beauty of this other lamp, be sad. Then the people in the beautiful house took their candle and they hid it under a bushel. So that, when the people in the cold bare house across the gulf turned searching in their need for light, they found that there was only darkness everywhere.

Americans in their beautiful house are saying it is wrong to be joyful when so many are unhappy. Americans cannot bring themselves to believe in the angels singing, "Peace on Earth, Good Will To Men." So Americans are extinguishing the last remaining light of Christmas. It is strange because we can still see clearly that there is one kind of peace left to men—peace of mind and spirit that comes from faith in God, and even in angels and stars over mangers. It is felt for us to sing *Joy to the world* with all our voices, to keep the spirit of Christmas with all our hearts, to hold high our lighted candle in order that it may shine for all in the house to see.

ANDREW MELLON HALL

Andrew Mellon Hall is now an integral part of PCW. Already school organizations are bidding to be located there. It is apparent that in the future, student activity will tend to center around this new addition to PCW. But we as students, and you as alumnae, and you as faculty must realize that there are responsibilities that come with the pleasures of using Andrew Mellon Hall . . . pleasant responsibilities to be sure, but just as urgent as those which come with participation in any worthwhile organization. Andrew Mellon Hall, as it is now, is a building to be proud of—a place where spaciousness and beauty will make the carrying on of school affairs both dignified and gracious. And so it must remain, and can remain if each of us will assume an individual obligation to keep it so.

The spirit of Andrew Mellon Hall is as yet to be determined. But with the occupation of the house by the school as a whole, we may look forward to an even closer dorm and each day student relationship; to a wider acquaintance among the alumnae; to a more personal relationship with the faculty; to more closely-held unity between all branches of student and administrative organization.

EVENTS

NEW HALL

Moving Day

Chairs, lamps, boxes and bags piled in the halls outside their rooms, seniors moved last week to Andrew Mellon Hall, lost sleep and other things in the process. Chief among losses was Pat Kent's man who got mislaid while waiting for her. Searching through all the chests and tapping all the carved woodwork for secret panels, she finally discovered him on the diving board ready to take the leap. Unfortunately, the permit for swimming has not yet been granted and she was forced to restrain him. One man she hoped to lose trailed her to her new quarters, was not discouraged when told she was out, but hung around till she came in and followed her over to dinner. City authorities, supported by public opinion, demand she take out a dog license for him or else keep him off the street.

Casually telling the movers that a certain box was empty and could be thrown away, Jane Pierce almost lost the evening dress of the season, recovered it gratefully.

Telephone Trouble

Troubled over possible phone calls, seniors left precise and specific instructions with everyone they saw, discovered afterwards that there was a phone in their new dorm, heaved sighs of relief.

Jo Anne Healey, precariously balancing herself on a radiator while hanging drapes, turned to jump, discovered there was no bare spot on which to land. Giving the curious effect of flying, she executed some successful footwork, landed on one toe in the only available square inch.

Lost and Found

Suggested aid to new residents of Andrew Mellon Hall were maps or a system of wireless communication, by which they could contact a central office, find out position by describing surroundings. Record of lost residents to date has been good, was almost ruined by Miss Hayford (Secretary to the Dean) hunting for her garters which had been mislaid. Generous students rescued her, lent the necessary items, resolved in the future that such intimacy deserved first names. "Dottie" Hayford agreed, came to dinner with both stockings staying up.

Completely satisfied with change

of residence, seniors were particularly impressed by the soundproof rooms, tested them with no disturbing results.

Official Declaration

Just to make it legal, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer and Dean Marks entertained at a tea Thursday, December 12, for the Board of Trustees and the faculty. This made the "welcome" which replaced the "vacant" on the front doormat of Andrew Mellon Hall officially binding. Friday afternoon an informal open-house marked student approval. Last night Christmas carolers stopped for a spot of hot chocolate and cookies.

New Auditorium

New flooring turned the erstwhile ten-car garage into an auditorium seating a fair-sized audience quite comfortably. Here recitals, exhibits, modern dance groups will find a new home with all the conveniences necessary for the presentation of their programs.

New Student Quarters

Student Government and the YWCA are preparing to hang their shingles on Mellon oak-paneling, and at the same time the Music department is casting longing glances in the same direction, as the westward trek begins.

Faculty Club

Long cherished hopes of faculty members were rewarded last week by the formation of a Faculty Club. A suite of rooms on Andrew Mellon Hall's first floor composed of the "dining room," the pine-paneled "breakfast room," and the Blue Room will be the new organization's activity center. Serving as a lounge for reading, smoking, or relaxing, these rooms may occasionally even be used for individual parties.

One night a week (Tuesday according to latest reports) will be the time for important get-togethers. Swimming, bowling, bridge-playing, even perhaps billiards are on the list of amusements.

Appointed last week were President James Kinder, Vice-President Mary Shamburger, Secretary-Treasurer Dorothy Hayford. Acting as executive committee, they will appoint other smaller committees.

Beamed President Kinder, "We are highly pleased, in fact we're enthusiastic about it all!"

OFF CAMPUS

Report from London

Just back from England last month, Erika Mann granted PCW's **Arrow** a special interview Nov. 25. No longer known merely as "Thomas Mann's daughter," she is now a well-known author. Black eyes, dark hair, trimmed close to her head, a lithe figure heighten her striking personality. The gold embroidered henna dress and chain of rosettes she wore were handsome without belonging to any known style. As she spoke, her long fingers expressed great intensity of feeling.

Defies Hitler

In defiance of Hitler last summer she broadcast ten radio speeches from London, arousing loud denunciations from the dictator's official newspaper. In spite of Gestapo spying, a large number of Germans heard her with radios tuned low.

Tall, lean Miss Mann has been a voluntary exile from Germany for six years, still has enough information from the inside to reveal that there is little satisfaction in recent victories. People remember the sudden reversal of fortune in 1919. Underground whispers in Germany are wise-cracking that Hitler, Stalin, and the Japanese Emperor are "breaking bread and treaties together." Even the acquisition of countries has brought too little tangible improvement to excite people. In spite of all this, she believes, any revolution would start in Holland or Norway rather than Germany.

Bus Machine-Gunned

With nervous, expressive gestures she described the eight years of "poison" on which all of Germany's youth has been fed, declared that all under twenty-six know nothing but the gods, Force and Hitler. She saw one boy aviator whose plane was shot down over London, even in his last moment of life, machine-gun women and children crouched in a bus below him. When asked how this ingrained sense of "duty" can ever be corrected, she declared it was only possible through sudden defeat and complete wiping out of the principle of force. Only then will the young boys listen to anything else. And it will take much time to build on their disillusionment a faith in new principles. Thus, for the time being, her speeches were

EVENTS

directed only to those who can remember. Even their thinking is drugged by the "poison." They have been designed and passive, only now beginning to reflect or remember.

Bottomless Abyss

Authoress Mann described London as she found it, explaining later in a speech at the Twentieth Century Club that one of her reasons for going to England was to discover for herself if France's fall meant the destruction of all democracy. At the end of August there had been little bombing of the upper class West Side of London. There was resentment, a half-hearted patriotism, a desire among the lower classes even then for appeasement. There was, she said, "a bottomless abyss between the upper and lower classes."

"We Can Take It"

Then came the great Blitzkrieg and indiscriminate bombing. The East Side became as one with the West Side. For contrast Miss Mann told how she saw Churchill visiting bombed streets and being hailed with: "Hey Winnie! Stick to it! We can take it!" She saw "thick tears" rolling down the unsentimental Prime Minister's cheeks.

England is not, she emphasized, a plutocracy. Highest statesmen go unarmed, unguarded. Hitler, the "people's man," rides in armored cars to make secret pacts. The English people seem to know that this is their war, fighting for all the world's hopes and prayers.

Few Complaints

But there is little talk of "heroism" or "bravery." The people are calm and "unnervous," declaring:

"It's all pretty disgusting and annoying, but as it's got to be done we'll do it." Sympathizer Mann never heard one disgruntled word from even the subway sleepers.

On top of a London roof Miss Mann was broadcasting one day. Suddenly a bomb crashed into the house opposite. She and the radio man were knocked backwards and lay flat while their own building swayed back and forth. When they stood up the B.B. man looked at his stop watch and said calmly:

"Go ahead, please. We lost seven seconds."

Plans For Just Peace

Miss Mann believes firmly that there can be no prosperous, happy, peaceful country under Hitler. He

can't win a peace based on England's defeat. England must win not only the war, but also the peace to follow. Democracy must prove its worth by conquering its own weaknesses and outworn traditions, and by liberating enslaved Europe. Even now statesmen are working to formulate a just peace when it finally comes—a peace that will be unable to ignore Clarence Streit's **Union Now**; which will have in it something of a united force heretofore unknown in history.

J. A. A.

Elected

About fifty years ago, Phi Kappa Phi, National Honorary Scholastic Fraternity, was founded. Its Pittsburgh Chapter is located at Carnegie Tech. This year Tech's chapter deviated from its former policy, decided to include on its roll, Tech Alumni. First to be elected for outstanding achievements were PCW President Herbert Lincoln Spencer and Miss Jean Hartman.

Saturday night, December seventh, following his initiation ceremony, new Phi Kappa Phi member Spencer spoke at the fraternity's annual banquet. His subject: "Some Aspects of Education and National Defense."

Hostess

PCW was hostess to the second meeting of the Archeological Institute of America last Wednesday, December 11. Professor Lotham Johnson of the University of Pittsburgh spoke about "The Ancient World from the Air."

PCW has a special interest in the Archeological Institute because the secretary of the local chapter is George M. Swan, father of freshman Justine Swan. This organization maintained classical, oriental, biblical and American Indian schools previous to World War II.

Seeing Silk

Two of last year's graduates collected first hand information on cloth November 27. Gathering material for Dr. Wallace's book **Textiles and the Housewife**, Louise Lean and Eleanor Gangloff observed the actual weaving of cloth and the mak-

ing of ribbons at the Bethlehem Silk Company. With author Wallace, they also visited the R. K. Laros Company, saw the silk in its raw state as it arrives from China, Japan, or Italy, and followed it through to its emergence as a finished product. Shipped in bales, the silk sometimes has thread twenty-five miles long. The R. K. Laros Company is also known for its work in collaboration with Dupont in experiments with Nylon.

Jewish Council

Composed of students from the five city colleges and universities, the Jewish Student Council of the Y. M. & Y. W. H. A., has a large representation from PCW this year. For the past five years the council has served as a coordinating means among the Jewish students of various colleges who have common interests. Quite a spirit of rivalry exists at the meetings, with the delegation from Mount Mercy or Pitt trying to drown out Tech or PCW students in singing their respective school songs. Any who do not already belong to the organization are invited to attend the meetings, held every other Wednesday.

ON CAMPUS

Candlelight Ball

Started last year, the Candlelight Ball is becoming a Junior Prom tradition at PCW, will be held this year on Feb. 26, at the University Club.

Decorating the main room of the University Club has been given over entirely to the florist while the committee is giving their thoughts and resources completely to the ritual of PCW's Candlelight Ball.

Raffle

Particularly active in war relief at PCW is the Secours Franco-American, established to aid French refugees in England. Under its able director Madame Owens, Pittsburgh chapter president, and Mrs. Shupp, advisor to the group at PCW, the SFA has a very full program ahead.

Chief concern of the French relief group at present is a raffle scheduled to be held after vacation. Raffle

EVENTS

tickets will be sold at ten cents each and to the lucky winner will go a useful makeup kit.

Equally important on the SF-A agenda is the picture, *Mayerling*, which will come as a welcome relief from finals. Marjorie Noonan is in charge. However, the SF-A is not deserting its knitting and it looks as though there will be plenty of bright red mittens for Christmas. Penny banks have also been distributed under the management of Jane Blattner.

Under Discussion

Faculty and student representatives joined last week in the first SFA meeting of the year. Main points of discussion were PCW's dramatic program, disposal of profits from the Coca Cola machine.

The discussion of the dramatic program came in the form of a recommendation from the student representatives that an attempt be made to determine the reasons for the poor attendance and general lack of interest of the student body in PCW plays. It was suggested that the type of play given might be more popularly decided. When the question of late practice hours arose, it was decided that much of the problem has been due to faulty equipment. In the future, with the new stage equipment, it should be possible to schedule early rehearsals and start them on time.

Representative Committee

It was suggested that since tickets to the major dramatic productions are purchased by students automatically on payment of the Activities Fee, and since the dramatic group program is thus mainly supported by Student Government, SGA should be in charge of appointing a representative committee to help select plays designed to stimulate student interest.

Coca Cola Profits

Next under discussion by the SFA was the Coke machine. A report of the expenses and profits of the machine indicated that a net profit of at least \$22.00 a month might be expected.

It was suggested that after Christmas the machine be taken over by SGA, the three girls now operating it to be paid a flat rate per week until the end of the year. It was also

suggested that the excess profits be allowed to accrue toward a scholarship, or that the money be given to SGA for distribution as it saw fit.

Decision

Dec. 11. Discussing the question of Coke machine profits at their meeting today, Student Government Board members were unwilling to say where the profits will go until a more definite estimate can be made of the probable amount. Since the money comes from the entire student body, the board favored using the profits for something which would benefit the whole school rather than any one organization. It was decided to wait until spring to make a definite decision. If there are several equally good suggestions submitted then, a vote will be taken; otherwise the SGA board will decide upon the disposal of the funds.

CHRISTMAS

Dual Dance

"There will be a sound of revelry" tonight at the annual PCW Christmas dances. In the dorm a formal banquet for the girls only will precede the dance. Now planning for the big event are members of the House Board headed by president Jean McGowan '41, who has announced that the popular Jimmie Stewart Band will play for the dance. A big Christmas tree with holly, mistletoe and "all the trimmin's" will decorate Woodland Hall, according to President McGowan and staff.

While the dorm dwellers are dancing to the Stewart Band, the day students will be tripping to the tunes of Bob Mason's Orchestra playing in the chapel. Headed by Doris Dodds '43, the dance committee is made up entirely of Sophomores who promise a gay time for all plus a red and green disguise for the Chapel.

Carolers

"Come all ye faithful"—bring your mittens, mufflers, heavy coats and old sweaters! Come—come and sing! This was the cry made Tuesday evening when the student body of PCW turned out for the annual Christmas caroling along Woodland Road.

The caroling up and down the road, with frequent stops to hunt some-

one's mittens or to carol a favorite for some particular household, and the reception afterward in the new Andrew Mellon Hall were the high spots of the evening.

First Stop

Leader Gertrude N. Ayres, of the PCW music department, led the band of carolers. Starting from Berry Hall they wound up and down Woodland Road, singing lustily. First stop was the President's house.

The party in Andrew Mellon Hall afterward was in charge of Jean Hill '41 who had Mary Kinter '41, Barbara Maerker '42, and Nancy Lou Filer '44 on the refreshment committee.

The gathering broke up with the familiar comment; best yet.

Children's Party

Christmas parties at PCW aren't only for the students. Monday, December 16, found a lot of happy, excited kiddies from Kingsley House, Davis Home for Colored Children, and Sarah Heinz House having a gay time at the party in PCW's gym. Santa Claus (alias Elizabeth Frey and committee) had set up a tree which pleased the children no end. They helped to decorate it when they began to come about 4 o'clock.

Fun For All

Games provided much fun and laughter not only for the little people there but also for the hostesses. When everyone began to feel hungry, food was brought on the scene. What was more, a huge box of delightful gifts was brought in, too, and each child reached into the box, pulled out a package all wrapped up in Christmas style.

Eats and Carols

While the children ate, students from the Children's Literature Class told stories, and everyone sang Christmas carols. All sixty children were taken home again, loudly talking about their party.

Committee in charge of the festivities included Margaret Hibbs, Elizabeth Shipley, Mildred Rudinsky, Jean Miller, Mary K. Strathearn, and Mary Schweppe, who provided the tree, refreshments, and games. Other hostesses at the party were the girls who do volunteer work at the settlement houses.

EVENTS

"Nativity"

Two performances Sunday, December 15, marked grand finale of four weeks rehearsing for the annual Christmas Program. This year a modernized version of Chester's "Nativity" was presented in pageant form, combining efforts of Glee Club and Verse Speaking Choir.

Background music, directed by Mrs. Ayers, was very early music of the Church. In order of occurrence was heard Gregorian Chant, one verse of an old Medieval Christmas song, a modern version of Vene's "Balulalow," and Gloria, O Come, sung by Jane Hanauer, and Seven-fold Amen by Staner.

Modern Dance Group

Barbara Heinz, Marion Teichman, Barbara Shupp, Doris Hutcheson, and Jeanne Condit from Miss Jones' modern dance group formed background and accompaniment for pantomimes.

Pantomimes

In the pantomimes, directed by Miss Robb, were Joyce Wallis—Madonna, Janet McCormick—Joseph, Barbara Cooper—Elizabeth, and Ann Butler—Gabriel. Corresponding parts in Verse Speaking Choir were held by Lorraine Wolf as the Madonna, Helen Jane Taylor—Joseph, Elizabeth Warner—Elizabeth, and Aileen Chapman—Gabriel. Other parts were taken by Virginia Gray—Trowle, Elinor Keffer—Hankin, Elizabeth Rowse—Sym, Marion Lambie—Tud, Connie Meyer—Jaspar, Jean Hill—Melchior, and Claire Horowitz—Balthasar.

INNOVATIONS

New Postcards!

PCW will go modern! Miss Weigand's office will soon be decorated with new postcards. Instead of the old ones with '29 Fords we will be buying new 1940 views.

The six new postcards include such views as: the Illy pond at Mellon Hall; Mary Lou Henry and Nancy Doerr, sophomores, strolling up the beautiful hilltop campus on PCW; the natural amphitheatre of PCW; the Louise C. Buhl Hall of Science and the James Laughlin Library; a group of this year's freshmen in the gardens of the Andrew Mellon Hall; and the new Hall itself.

These cards may either be purchased in black and white or brown and white. They will sell at two for a nickel. The order placed Saturday, December 7, will be filled soon after Christmas vacation.

Contest

A few years ago, Pennsylvania's Swarthmore college initiated a new type of contest. Its purpose: to recognize the students who had accumulated personal libraries during their college years and to encourage others to do so. Its participants: college seniors. Its requirements: a library, gathered by the student, during his four college years, according to his own taste and judgment. Since neither the financial value, nor number of books was considered, the award was given solely on the basis of individual selection, originality of search, or thoroughness of scope in any one field.

PCW Takes It Up

Now for the first time PCW Faculty and Student Library Committees are jointly sponsoring such a contest, to be held after Spring Vacation. If there is an encouraging response of interest and number of contestants, the award will become an annual event. The Faculty Committee having as chairman PCW Librarian Harriet McCarty, also includes Dr. Carl W. Doxsee, Miss Effie L. Walker, Dr. Nita L. Butler, and Miss Margaret Kaeiser; Student, Jane O'Neill, chairman, Margaret Hibbs, Althea Lowe, Dale Kirsopp. The prize to be offered to the senior who enters the best personal library: ten dollars.

Chairman Explains

Wrote Chairman McCarty: "There are girls who like to dance, for them we have junior proms; there are girls who like tennis, for them we organize tournaments.

"There are girls who like books. For them we are arranging a Personal Library Contest. There are girls who are happy in owning MacLeish's *Conquistador*, in acquiring the large, illustrated edition of *Chartres and Mont San Michel* at a remainder sale. They haunt book sales as some girls haunt other bargain sales.

"For the first time on PCW campus, this kind of girls is to have recognition. The girl who is enthusiastic

about books, who at the end of her senior year has collected a library—maybe not more than a dozen titles—which expresses her taste and her judgment, may be awarded a prize. The Faculty and Student Library committee hope to discover some ardent bibliophiles."

Rules

I. A prize of \$10.00 will be given to the senior who has acquired the best personal library during her college years.

II. All books shall be the personal property of the contestant and shall bear a bookplate or other ownership inscription.

III. The libraries shall be judged on their evidence of discriminating judgment in selecting books and as forming a nucleus for a personal library after college.

IV. Neither the size of the library, nor its money value shall have weight in the judging, and titles of a distinctly text-book character shall be excluded.

V. The judges will be persons familiar with and interested in literature but not members of administration or faculty.

There will be a public exhibition of the libraries entered.

Mellon Gift

Among Mr. Paul Mellon's numerous gifts to PCW, is a 2 by 2 Eastman slide projector. This projector is new and in perfect working condition—perfect enough to be available for use by all departments. It may be reserved through the college Film Service Library and will take a 35-mm film. This of course means that those using the projector may use their own camera films if they so desire.

New Films

Recent additions to the PCW Film Service Library are five Vocational Guidance films. Secured at considerable cost, these films were produced under sponsorship of Dr. A. P. Twogood of Iowa State College. The titles which have been released to date are, FINDING YOUR LIFE WORK, AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE, JOURNALISM, RADIO AND TELEVISION, THE WOODWORKER.

PEOPLE

DEATHS

Treasurer

Miss Margaret Ann Stuart, secretary and assistant treasurer here at PCW, died suddenly of a heart attack, November 19, at her home, 1017 Lancaster Street, Regent Square.

Miss Stuart came to Pittsburgh from Springfield, Ohio, in 1909 as secretary to the president of the college. A few years later she was named to the post she held at the time of her death.

The daughter of the late Alexander and Mary Sloan Stuart, Miss Stuart took an active interest in civic affairs. She was a member of the Third Presbyterian Church, the Women's Civic Club, the Colloquium Club, and the Eastern Association of College and University Business Officials.

Miss Stuart is survived by her sister, Miss Sarah B. Stuart, with whom she lived, and her nieces, Miss Mary Stuart of Coraopolis and Mrs. John Muhlheiser of Somerset.

Funeral services were held in her home, November 21 at 4:30 o'clock. Burial was in Urbana, Ohio.

Trustee

Mrs. William N. Frew, since 1920 a member of the board of trustees, died last home at her home, 6516 Fifth Avenue, following a long illness.

Mrs. Frew, the former Emily Berry, was the daughter of James Berry who built Berry Hall. She was born in Berry Hall and lived there with her family until the property was turned over to the college.

Mrs. Frew is survived by a son, William N. Frew, who is an attorney in the city.

HONORS

New Degree

Ambitious young Dr. Robb, still known (by her own request) as "Miss Robb," has just received her Doctor's degree from Columbia University. Miss Robb wrote her thesis on "Historical Study of Methods Used in Oral Interpretations of Literature in American Colleges and Universities."

Amusing Gestures

Almost every afternoon last year found Miss Robb at Carnegie Library plowing through old text books, some of them rare editions, studying the methods of oral interpretation used from 1760 to the present day. Miss Robb said that the study of the gestures used in past years was the most amusing part of her study. Many photostats add an interesting touch to Miss Robb's thesis, which will go to press the first of the year.

Miss Robb, Assistant Professor of Speech, teaches—not oral interpretation of literature—but freshman classes in Fundamentals of Speech, classes in Public Discussion, Children's Literature, and Teaching of Speech in the Secondary School.

Visited Egypt

A member of the Student-Faculty Committee, the Scholarship Committee, the Activities Council, and a faculty member of the Young Women's Christian Association, Professor Robb has always taken interest in students and their activities. In 1939 Miss Robb directed the annual production with W & J, "You Can't Take It With You."

Receiving her Masters degree from Iowa University, Miss Robb later studied at Northwestern University. Before coming to PCW she taught at Huron College, Huron, South Dakota; American College, Cairo, Egypt; and Texas Woman's College, Fort Worth, Texas.

Permanent Gavel

For the last time on Dec. 11th, Dr. E. K. Wallace presided as chairman of the American Chemical Society. At this monthly meeting, held in Carnegie Music Hall, the society offered its first public lecture to be given in Pittsburgh, on "Glass: Today and Tomorrow" by Dr. Alexander Silverman. A tone poem, "The Legend of Glass," was played by Dr. Harvey Gaul. This tone poem, the first musical composition written on the theme of glass, was composed and played by Dr. Gaul especially for this meeting. The gavel which Dr. Wallace used during the past year as chairman of the society was presented to him at the close of the meeting as a gift from the society. He was elected as a counselor on retirement from the chairmanship.

COMMUNICATORS

Radio

For the past two months Aileen Chapman, '42, has been working as a member of the Wayside Theater, a dramatic group which presents a play every Monday evening at 8 o'clock over station WWSW. Directed by Mr. John Davis, the Wayside Theater group holds its only rehearsal the afternoon before the performance. Aileen, very enthusiastic about her dramatic work, is always anxious to see Monday afternoon roll around.

Telephone

Being with a school for thirty-one years certainly gives one an advantage over the poor students who usually stay for only four. One of the most interesting people in the college, Minerva rules her switchboard with an iron hand, knows more about the school, past and present, than she cares to tell. Born in Chambersburg, Pa., where she lived most of her life, Minerva came to PCW in 1909, at first ruled the dates in Berry Hall Dorm. "Too much suspense over late arrivals" was her verdict on that, though she enjoyed seeing the girls' dates. When the new dorm was built Minerva was transferred to the switchboard, now says she "knows the boy-friends' voices better than the girls'."

HERE AND THERE

Around Town

Christmas—the season of good cheer—When every heart is gay and songs verge on the Yule, And everyone is joyous and content as befits the time of year—Everyone that is except YOURS TRULY. We are sorry to say that on account of Xmas shopping, our feet are tired and with a little encouragement we could get hopping Mad, and besides people are too busy to do anything worth Writing about—and so there is a decided dearth of news, so just to be different, we'll wish you a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

Dedication—"Isn't that just like love"—to our friends who are leaving us for better things—Lois Wirth

PEOPLE

has announced her marriage and is now under the nom de plume of Lois Wolf. A. Chapman and M. Wood are ringed in; and membership in the P. P. U. has expanded to include Sally Thomas, Marjorie Harter. Jeannette Myers, and Barbara Cooper. Women about town—L. Painter, J. Strem, L. Haldeman, G. Gillespie, J. McClung, J. Baer, and B. Weil at the William Penn—D. L. Evans, C. Wolf, G. Cooper, B. Somers, M. Boileau, J. Burchinal, J. McGowan at Kahn's—J. Miller with "the" man and D. Minnici at the Balconades—M. Stewart, M. J. Daley and J. McCall at the Playhouse.

Just among we 3—hundred; A. Chattaway received a bottle of Pink Party as a peace offering from Billy. S. Birrell an orchid for the same. Dotty Carey met a policeman on the Boulevard of the Allies—when she appeared at court, he destroyed the ticket. R. Case is still trying to recover from her glorious week-end at Penn State. J. Pierce tried to make us believe she had returned her pin when she had merely lent it to the jeweler. The Winchester girls made a big mistake in giving up that Kiski week-end.

One for Mendel is Frosh Nancy Maxwell. One of a set of twins—she has a pair of younger twin brothers. Too bad—that they're younger, we mean.

And one for the books is Frosh Leona Painter receiving a telegram in the library.

Things we are waiting to see—those colored tank-suits the gals will wear, if and when the State permit comes; the night classes of soldiers soon to be invading our campus; more hamburgers on Tuesdays!

Underclass-women gave Shadyside Academy a break when P. Wright, N. P. Maxwell, P. Leonard and D. Dodds migrated to the Football-Soccer dance—Doris and her escort won the prize for the best dancers. When do the lessons start, Doris? And that's about all until Xmas vacation, which, by the way, will find Brazilian student, Yvonne da Silva and Rosemae Barck with The Spencer's; J. Pierce in Florida; J. Shook cabining in the Pennsylvania mountains; and J. Sweet visiting in Marietta. Ye Eds. will spend Xmas in the chimney—waiting for Santa Claus.

H. L. M.—M. H.

At The Zoo

"... troll the ancient Yuletide carol, fa la la la la la la la la . . ."

Lawrence, the kangaroo at Highland Park Zoo was humming as he twined the laurel chain in and out between the bars of his cage. He gave a little skip, then bowed to the right and left, and began again.

"Deck the halls with boughs of holly . . ."

"It's the only thing he knows," explained the keeper apologetically to your PCW Reporter, "he just sings it over and over, and never seems to get tired of it."

"He's very artistic," remarked Your Reporter.

Lawrence had tied the laurel chain into a neat bow at every fifth bar, and was now pinning red berries to the center of each one. Because his mouth was full of pins his version of the old song was somewhat burgled, sounding like,

"Glig gler glarls glig gloughs glog glolly . . ."

And the tone was slightly strained. But it had spirit nevertheless, and his little eyes twinkled.

"I'd very much like to interview him," said Your Reporter.

"Shhh," said the keeper, looking around cautiously, and with a secretive gesture he beckoned her closer, "Lawrence is very sensitive about publicity. Just pretend that you're a 'Friend of the Zoo' looking the place over. Thinking of giving an endowment perhaps."

Your Reporter nodded, and walked over to the cage.

"Good afternoon," she said sweetly.

"Glurg," was what Lawrence answered. His mouth was still full of pins.

These he soon removed with dignity, and looking your reporter up and down, said with a faint trace of an Oxford accent:

"You're a newspaper reporter, I presume?"

Your Astonished Reporter nodded blankly.

"And you'd like a statement for the press about how we spend Christmas here?"

Another nod from Your Speechless Reporter.

"Well," he said, a trifle superciliously, "we have the usual Christmas tree—lights and colored popcorn, you

know—routine stuff. And then there're always gingerbread men and chocolate in red and green tinfoil for the children."

Your Reporter made a note. Lawrence was warming to his subject.

"We also go carolling—carry a lantern and everything. Of course, there's only one really worth singing."

And he began to hum again.

"I don't hold with those new-fangled ones—'Joy to the World,' etc.—no sir, give me a good old fashioned one like 'Deck the Halls.' I'm a trifle partial to that one," he beamed cheerfully.

"I'm English, you know," he chortled, "on my father's side."

After a short pause he asked hopefully, "Would you like to hear me sing it?"

"Well," Your Reporter said hastily, "there were some other things . . ."

"Oh, you mean Santa Claus?"

Your Reporter nodded.

"Good old S. C.—great fellow, great fellow. We fought in the Boer War together."

And with this he launched into a long story, and refought the war from beginning to end. Your Reporter made several notes but has since lost them.

After ten minutes of this, she ventured to break in with a feeble,

"What about . . ."

"Decorations?" boomed Lawrence, "why we always have them. Laurel and holly, and of course mistletoe."

And he winked, and gave Your Reporter a poke through the bars.

"Ha, ha," he giggled, "mistletoe—get it?"

He simply melted away into gales of laughter, and his face became quite purple. Your Reporter was about to get him a drink of water when he finally subsided.

He drew out of his pocket an enormous silver watch and held it upside down while he looked at it.

"Sorry," he said, "I allow only five minutes a day for press conferences. If you want any more information come back tomorrow."

He stalked away, and took up the laurel chain where he had left it. Remembering his good manners he turned and said,

"Have a merry Christmas."

And as Your Reporter walked away she could hear him singing,

"Deck the halls with boughs of holly, fa la la la la la la la la . . ."

FEATURES

Letter To Santa

This seems to be the season for letters-to-old-Saint-Nick-departments, so before it's too late, we of PCW would like to get our bids in. When Kris Kringle comes leaping down the chimney come December 25, we hope he has tucked away in his pack some small items to make life happier for our PCW girls.

Attention Santa Claus

For example: we think the girls in room 210 in the dorm should have some much-needed illumination, and please, dear Santa, more ashtrays.

For Miss Graham, we ask a lock for the ping-pong room to keep her 9:30 class in 'till the bell rings.

For Mary Linn, a singing alarm clock, requested by room mate McGoon who, incidentally, has expressed a wish for an automatic shusher for the dorm during study hours.

Lady Without A Lamp

Speaking of study hours, Peg Schar would please like something done about her study lamp, lost by the dance committee way back in the night of the fall formal.

For Gladys Patton, a frigid physiognomy to be 'donned for chapel court; for Beth Howard, a new, improved, and unabridged shorthand manual.

Jo Healey needs some form of perpetual ARROW cover, one that could be varied slightly with the changing seasons.

For the residents of Andrew Mellon Hall, some new furniture, so they may begin all over again. Also concerning A.M.H.—a red-tape eliminator, so we may try that swimming pool.

And Milton For The English Majors

And, dear Santa, please bring bigger and better masculine enrollment in the date bureau. Also bring Milton to the "Milton and 17th Century" class in Eng. Lit.

For all of us, from Jean Sweet, a dissertation on how to tell love at first sight. For all of us, from Burchi, a new before-breakfast personality.

Janet Murray pleads for more bandage-makers for the British War Relief . . . Mary Singer's plea: "No more sea-boots, please!"

Tuesday Hamburgers

General requests: (1) a dividend for all those girls who put three nickels in and get two cokes out of

the coke machine. (2) Two or more hamburgers to a customer at the 10:30-on-Tuesday snack period.

Margaret Anderson and Petey McCall request no more speakers and no more symposia for Mrs. Shupp's journalism class.

Dotty Oliver wants to find someone who hasn't heard about her new niece.

Anna Betty Saylor and Alice McKain pray that, time and yarn permitting, they'll have those Argyle socks finished by Christmas. Skipper Clipson hopes she gets to Canada, also by Christmas.

Let's Be Specific

And now, Santa, we come to a list of specific items for specific people: Betty Bacon yearns for a live duck, Sis Weller has her heart set on an apartment, and Adelaide Mitchell wants Il Duce, too.

We hear that Phyll Keister is on the lookout for a new brownie recipe for Harvard, and Midge Norris wants a reduction in special delivery rates. Margie Graham needs sleep.

Sally Thomas wants a guaranteed, sure-fire guard for her Pi K.A. pin . . . Betty Sundberg wants Notre Dame.

On The Negative Side

To add to these heart-felt desires, we have several negative requests to make. PLEASE, Santa, no more surprise packages for Pat Kent, and equally as urgent, no more men in the draft.

With cries of "Tell him I want a man!" ringing in our ears, we find that it is time for us to close. Do what you can for us, dear Santa. We're depending on you to come through in your usual manner, making this the best Christmas ever.

Hopefully yours,

From Those Girls Up On
the Hill. J. U. W.

Shopping List

With Christmas only a snowy day in the future and your gift list still incomplete (if you're like us) here may lie your solution.

To your room-mate give a hand made pique bed spread with a large letter monogram in contrasting color or a musical alarm clock to help her make her 8:30 class.

Tricky Trays

In the lower price scale there are

the pig skin cigarette cases with the spring top that pop out your "fags." Also very tricky for your nicotine friends are the matchbox holders and ashtrays of silver plated copper. Or—there are always compacts which the modern glamour girl can't be without. Give her one of the stunning new crystalite compacts with scalloped edges, just the thing to carry in her new bisque felt evening bag, with jewelled clasp and mauve label.

Scents Are Appealing

For your best friend (that problem child who has everything) Harriet Hubbarb Ayer has found the solution in a set of Pink Clover scented articles. There is a generous size bottle of cologne to make her smell sweet, and a large box of powder to last her a lifetime—or be the first to introduce the new candy cane lipsticks that come all wrapped up in a large red and white can, accompanied by a box of fragrant talcum.

If she's a ski enthusiast, hand knit "skeepers" will keep her feet warm while she sips that cup of hot chocolate.

A set of three perfumes which look like a castle and goes by the same name "Le Castle" is the product of Lucien Le Long and ever so popular with the younger set.

The Male Element

That solves the female side of this problem, we hope, and we turn to a harder one—what to give the man or men in your life? There are always the age old stand-bys, gloves and socks—this year the gloves come all wrapped up in a brand new material—snake skin—that wears forever and always looks brand new. They say Mr. Esquire was wearing a pair at the Stork Club the other night. In the line of socks there's nothing snappier than the new Argyle socks that come in all kinds of plaids.

Something new in the line of men's gifts is the extension kev chain or perhaps a Ronson cigarette case and lighter. Both to be had for a mere pittance.

In the way of glamour for the play boy friend of yours, there is the new alligator skin wallet and key case to match.

Well, girls, here's to a very Merry Christmas for you and your friends and we'll be seeing you and Mr. Esquire at the Christmas Formal.

M. A., P. McC.

ARTS

MUSIC

New Workshop

Innovation in the music department is the workshop composed of various groups of students who meet once every two or three weeks, to perform before each other. Afterwards they have first chance to criticize themselves, then their classmates give helpful hints. Workshops have already been conducted for piano, voice, and organ. In the future other instruments will be featured, and several programs will consist of a combination of various instruments. Students composing music are given the opportunity to try it out on an audience. Various weaknesses and strengths are unearthed.

Lending Library

Tucked away in Room 4 in Music Hall is PCW's record library. Owing to the efforts of Miss Held, Miss Welker and the Music Department the library now numbers some 300 volumes. Almost every composer of any merit is represented from old to new. Scores and program notes from symphonies and operas are to be had for the asking.

New Record Series

Newest addition, gift of the Music Department, is the Sun-Telegraph Series featuring the music of Bach, Brahms, Debussy, Mozart, Schubert, Tchaikowsky, Wagner and Franck. Other volumes range from *Gregorian Chants*, *Early Choral Music* of 15th and 16th centuries to American ballads by Miles and Sandburg and quartettes and quintettes. Instrumental works are represented by Brahms, Beethoven, Gershwin, and Whiteman. The best music to be found is in the symphony selections.

Records are catalogued according to composition and composer, may be kept out one week. The library and victrola are open to all students from 1:30 to 3:30 week days.

Listening Group

Musically-interested students have formed a Metropolitan Opera Listening Group under the extraordinarily able direction of Pat Kent. Material sent by the opera company reveals the stories hitherto hidden in gutters and rolling r's. The haze of ignorance is somewhat lifted by informal talks given by minor musical authorities around campus.

RADIO

PCW Presents

On the air for PCW! By virtue of the recently adopted measure of the Pittsburgh radio stations to use as much local talent as possible, PCW has attained four programs on station WWSW. To initiate this series Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*, presented by Aileen Chapman, Jean Hill, Alice Chattaway, Alice Provost, Vance Hyde and Marjorie Wood, was given last Sunday, December 15, at 8:45 P. M. On Friday evening, December 20, at 8:45, the radio class, under the direction of Vanda E. Kerst, assisted by Mr. Stickley, will present *Bird's Christmas Carol*, dramatized from Kate Douglas Wiggin's story by the advanced composition class under the direction of Mrs. Hazel Cole Shupp.

Christmas Program

Drama student Jean Hill will present the third program in the series on Saturday morning, December 21, at 11 o'clock. She will tell a children's Christmas story. And the fourth and final program, a half hour presentation on Sunday evening, December 22, at 8:45, will consist of Christmas poetry and carols old and new and two Bible stories. In this presentation the Verse Speaking Choir, under the direction of Miss Kerst, a chorus of six voices directed by Mrs. Ayres will participate. Mr. Collins will play a musical background which he arranged.

PLAY CONTESTS

Freshman

February 21 lurks closely around the corner, with the ominous class play contest scheduled for that night. Right in there pitching will be the class of '44, committees as yet undecided upon the relative merits of original and experienced dramas. Calling a meeting Dec. 2, the freshman chose committee heads, upon whom will rest responsibility. Chairmen are: Writing—Suzanne McLean; Stage Crew—Tillie Wilcox; Make-up—Justine Evans; Costumes—Charlotte Schultz; and Casting—Martha McCullough. Probable director and major domo Jeanne Condit played the Fairy Queen in "The Prince of Pantouffa."

Sophomore

Under the general chairmanship of Catherine Watson, the sophomores are busy with their play. The writing committee, headed by Janet McCormick and Betty Vernon, has decided upon the plot and title of their production. The situation concerns a group of sophomore girls who decide to bury their past, but run into tremendous difficulties when they realize that they need the objects so carelessly disposed of. Giving it the title "A Grave Situation," chairmen Vernon and McCormick promise that it will be funny, are confident of success in the contest.

In charge of costumes for the production is Marion Lambie, who anticipates little trouble since the clothes are those worn by modern college girls. Casting will be managed by Marjorie Newman, and Jane McCall is in charge of scenery.

No director has been named as yet.

Junior

Returning to the nineties by the back door, the Juniors will burlesque the old-fashioned hero-always-wins-villain-always-loses melodrama. Writing committee for the play consists of Jean Faris, Jean Miller, Peg Matheny, Sunny Croft, Mary K. Strathearn, Marjorie Wood, Jane Chantler, Marden Armstrong, and Chairman Jean Burchinal. Only definite things as yet are the plot (a jealously-guarded secret) and the title: *Virtue Is Its Own Reward*, or *What A Million Bucks Can Do For You*.

Co-chairman of Production Mahany and Chapman, helped by Barbara Maerker, Margie Graham, Midge Morris, Sunny Croft, Betsy Conover and Virginia Crouch, anticipate no trouble.

Blond Hero

Chairman of Acting Committee McKain is worried chiefly about casting the tall blond hero Harry, but predicts the villain's mustache-curling role will be almost as popular. On the committee are Joyce Wallis, Jane McClung, Ellen Copeland, Ruth Patton, Dottie Lou Evans, and Emma Hirsh. Busy season starts after Xmas with try-outs en masse.

OPINION

LETTERS

Editors' note:

This page from now on is for letters from **you**. If you desire to give an opinion, suggest a constructive change or if you just feel like writing to us, sit down and do it. We are printing your paper and we'd like to hear from you.

Please put your letters in the **Arrow** mail box in the day students' den.

Smoking Room

To Those Concerned:

We are unable to ignore any longer the disgraceful state of the smoking room. Last year, in answer to student requests, this room was entirely redecorated. Today, to quote a prominent PCW official, "it looks like a pig pen."

It is our opinion that the shocking lack of respect for student property is due in part, but only in part, to the fact that the location of this smoking room has never been popular. We would like to suggest, therefore, that the location be changed. One possibility that we would like to advance for consideration is that the smoking room be transferred to the former dorm smoker in the basement of Woodland Hall. This room, now occupied by Dr. Holbrook, is centrally located and has an entrance through the basement so that it can be reached without going through the dorm. We suggest that possibly Dr. Holbrook's office could be transferred to one of the rooms being vacated by organizations moving to Andrew Mellon Hall.

We realize that we cannot get this, or any smoking room in the same good faith on which we got the other. Some guarantee must be given, and rightly so, that students will not neglect, deface or otherwise abuse school property. Therefore, before we can make any attempt to investigate the possibility of a new smoking room, it is necessary that the students show their desire for it by improving the condition of the present one.

GLADYS PATTON,
President SGA.

ELAINE FITZWILSON,
President Senior Class.

Empty Wednesdays

Dear Editor:

Wednesday afternoons have, as you know, been set aside for activities. This sounded very nice to the incoming Freshmen—to have a whole afternoon in which to go to meetings, get to know everyone, and relax from the supposed ardors of studying. But now, several months later, we find ourselves, every Wednesday afternoon, tearing madly to and fro, from Berry to Woodland and back again, from class meeting to rehearsals to YW meetings, **all scheduled at 1:30**. A friend of mine just gives up and spends Wednesday afternoon in bed, and I am tempted to join her. Seriously, couldn't we have each Wednesday afternoon planned so that meetings wouldn't overlap? It is true that someone may feel it a waste of time to spend an hour waiting for a meeting, but hasn't she studying which could be done, and isn't it better to get the full value of one meeting at a time?

JEAN GRAY.

Chair Hangers

To Those Who Use The Den:

You know, methinks it would be a good idea if all members of the society - who - use - den-chairs-as-coat hangers would get a swift and happy inspiration to put their coats in the cloak room which, I believe, is the place designated for that fine and noble purpose.

Every time we want to sit comfortably (well, semi-comfortably) in one of the infrequent chairs in said den, we find that only two or three of them are devoid of coats, scarfs, etc., and even these are occupied by people, which is all right of course, only sometimes these people are using two chairs—one per se and one per her wraps.

Seems as though a share-the-chair program would be welcome, don't you think? Since we have to use the den with all its inadequacies for so many things and so many people, this unfortunate habit is very disconcerting to a would-be chair sitter.

So, I'm casting my vote for Socialism in the den—or else, a new room in Andrew Mellon Hall.

CLAIRE STEWART.

Talking Down

Concerning Chapel Speakers

Would it be possible to form a society for protecting and instructing chapel speakers?

They need protection because they really are in a hard place, poor dears. On whatever subject they speak, there are, though they may not know it, some persons in their audience who are pretty thoroughly informed in the subject and therefore pretty much inclined to be critical, in a nice way, of course. The speaker on a scientific subject is being critically scanned by our science experts—faculty and students; the political speaker has the economics and history and government majors hanging on his words, not only—as he doubtless fondly imagines—to drink in his wisdom but also to spot inaccuracies to which he may carelessly or blithely give utterance; Mr. Sam Pearce, though he did not know it, was used as the bright example of diction and dramatic presentation for many ensuing classes; and Rabbi Lieberman, who spoke the other day, had among a universally enthusiastic audience some few rare souls who actually practice the sort of reading he was recommending rather more than do the club women whom he was apparently addressing.

The question is, can we do anything about it? Would it be possible to instruct them? Probably not. They will continue to think of us as bright-eyed and open-eyed, and they will continue to think that they're saying something new when they announce that they will not talk over time because they know that we do not want to be kept from our classes. They will continue to be unaware of carping critics. Perhaps it is just as well.

FACULTY MEMBER.

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SPORTS

Indoors

If there are any unsuspecting and naive people in PCW who read this page, let me tell them that most of it is filled with "blah" and there is little actual sports news. Being a good soul and willing to save you time, and energy, we will put this at the beginning! We could be nasty and put it at the end.

Ping Pong

Are you among the 266 people who didn't know the ping-pong and badminton tournaments are going on, so you didn't sign up? Yes? Well, you ought to be spanked! They really are playing, and if you're not participating the least you can do is go and see some of the matches. You could watch your roommate, or maybe some of your pals whip off a game, and you should be a spectator at the finals. We are wondering at this point if Midge Norris who won the ping-pong cup last spring will come through again, or if Jane O'Neill, who put up such a battle in the finals of the badminton tourney will, with her partner Jane McClung run away with that contest. Maybe Yehudi knows. We don't.

Swimming!

Flash! Swimming and life saving classes will definitely be in full swing immediately after Christmas. The delay was due to miles of red tape involved in getting the permit, and the tank suits. According to Miss Graham these suits are not too bad. Dubonnett and Cadet blue cotton, "sort of neat looking." (She saw a sample, so we'll take her word.)

Volley Ball

Volleyball starts today at 2.30 with the Red, meeting the Green. If you have signed up to play, **please** make every effort to come. One-sided games are never any fun, and as they stand now, the teams are divided as evenly as possible to make for spirited competition that will bring fun to all.

Who Shot Cock Robin?

Rifery at PCW is progressing with leaps and bounds. Plans for a fifty foot range are being made by Dr. Spencer and Mr. Charlton and tournaments with other colleges are being arranged to start in December. Last year's marksmen get first place on the team and the other members will be chosen from the group of fifteen freshmen who tried out. Members of the team to date are: Brice

Black, June Hunker, Barbara Browne, Betty Gahagan, Ruth Notz, Marion Rowell, and Phyllis Keister.

About Badminton

Badminton had its origin in India and the first special court was constructed in 1873. About that same year the sport was introduced in England, from there to Canada and thence to the United States.

Any number of players many play the game, but not more than four on the same court at one time. It is played with racquets, a net, and a white object called a bird. This bird consists of half a small rubber or leather ball with feathers attached at one end. The purpose of these feathers is to keep the bird from moving too quickly from player to player, falling too quickly to the floor and being lost sight of while in flight.

"Having chosen sides in any one of the accented manners, dice casting being barred, the contestants arrange themselves in two's on either side of the net which bisects the court at or near the middle and consists of a two and one half gill net attached to upright stakes. The net should not be too high for the shortest contestant to shake hands over it. This is very important, for, as the game goes on, the handshaking becomes more and more frequent. Until, at the close of the game, all four contestants are at the net at the same instant, all shaking hands with each other.

Before serving, the finishing touches to the toilet, forgotten in the haste of reaching the court, are completed by the players. The ladies rearrange their hair and adjust the hang of their kilts, while the gentlemen effect a more happy compromise between shirt and trousers than was possible in the dressing room.

The knee and ankle muscles are then flexed in a personal experimental way, to assure each player that he or she is all there.

The bird is now to be served. The

side serving the bird assumes the simpler poses of the classic dance, while their opponents crouch expectantly on their side of the net waiting for play to begin. The breath comes faster through the parted lips; and the player about to receive the serve, whose pose is something like that of the Discobolus statue, tries to dig a foothold for his hind foot in the hardwood floor. He is thwarted in his attempt, and the game begins again. The kilts and trousers are readjusted in the light of the new experience and better poses are assumed and play actually commences.

The server drops the bird from his left hand, and just before it reaches the floor he gives it a gentle scoop which sends it across the net." (From "Description of Badminton by Peter Paterson in **Toronto Star Weekly**").

Suggestions To Players

Keep "On your toes" always.

Make your placement as far as possible from you.

Make your placement in the portion of the court where it will be least advantageous to your opponent.

Vary your strokes. Do not depend upon one good stroke to make your game.

Remember that it is easy to "poach" in badminton. Play in your own portion of the court.

Take time on your backcourt returns. Remember that a long flight means a slow bird.

Do not over-use the smash.

Remember that a bird flying straight at one is most difficult to return. Use this placement occasionally, and if your opponent uses it, be ready to get to one side of it.

Vary your pace. A slow drop in the midst of a swift rally is disconcerting.

Do not predetermine that a shot is going to be out of court. Remember that a bird on a long return will drop almost perpendicularly.

Learn to return the bird from any angle and height.

Keep your eye on the bird constantly!

*There's joy in the giving and joy in the getting of
flowers for Christmas*

HIGHLAND FLORAL CO.

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MO-2144

LITERATURE

CHRISTMAS COMES TO OSCAR. by Jo Anne Healey

Oscar was a Mouse, just a little Mouse, and he lived with his Momma and Poppa, and his Brothers and Sisters in the walls of a House. Now Oscar's Brothers and Sisters were big and strong, but Oscar, from the time he was very, very little, had refused to eat his bread crusts. And so he was small, and not very strong, and a great favorite of his Momma, who made him eat Roquefort cheese on Cambric tea-leaves, to build up his constitution. Every day, Oscar's Brothers and Sisters went to school to learn their A B Cheese, and the hypotenuse of a loaded trap, but Oscar, being rather frail, was kept at home by his Momma, and allowed to play around the House. He was never lonely, though, because the third Hole in the Wall from the left opened into Jeremy Jr.'s room, and Oscar and Jeremy Jr. were very good friends. Every morning Jeremy Jr. was in his Play Pen by the window, and Oscar and Jeremy Jr. would have the most amazing conversations. They understood each other perfectly, and it was a great source of amazement to Jeremy Jr. that his Ma-Ma and Da-Da were unable to understand a word he said.

"I suppose," he told Oscar, "it's because I don't have any teeth, and as a result my consonants are a bit blurred."

One morning, when Oscar came to visit Jeremy Jr., he found him very excited. He began to talk as soon as he saw the tips of Oscar's whiskers at the Hole in the Wall.

"I heard Ma-Ma talking to Da-Da last night," he said, "and they were discussing something which is to happen next week, and it is called Christmas, and it sounds very nice."

Oscar came out of the Hole, and sat in a sunny place. His whiskers twitched inquisitively. "Christmas? What is that, Jeremy Jr.?"

Jeremy Jr. rolled over on his back, and reached for his toes. "I don't know, exactly," he said. "Ma-Ma told Da-Da that it was too bad I wasn't old enough so he could play Santa Claus, and she hoped Cousin Will would add something to my bank account, since I was second-named for him."

"Well," said Oscar, wrinkling his nose doubtfully, "I shouldn't say that was very interesting."

"Oh," said Jeremy Jr. as he rolled back over on his tummy and smiled at Oscar, "that isn't all. I am to get lots of Presents, and Aunt Prue is sending me a lovely, soft fluffy Persian Kitten."

Now Oscar, as I have explained, was very uneducated, and he had no knowledge of Biology, Schiller or Natural History. And besides that, he had led a very Sheltered Life. So his ignorance is excusable. "What," he asked, "what is a Kitten?" But Jeremy Jr. had fallen asleep and did not answer, so after awhile Oscar went quietly home.

That evening, While Oscar's Brothers and Sisters were doing their Home Work, which consisted of a difficult problem in trigaGNAWmetry, Oscar went up to his Parents. "Parents," he said, "do you know what next week is?"

Oscar's Poppa looked up from the paper on which he was comparing the rate of cheese export with the rate of import. "Why no," he said, "unless it's when we go to the Opera to see the Waltzing Mice."

"No," said Oscar proudly, "it's Christmas!"

Oscar's Momma looked up from the Nest she was mending. "Why, so it is, my dear," she said. And she called all of Oscar's Brothers and Sisters to her. "We almost forgot," she said. "Next week is Christmas, and you must all tell me what you want, and I will send the list to Santa Rodentia Claus."

So all of Oscar's Brothers and Sisters told Oscar's Momma and Poppa what they wanted for Christmas. Oscar's Sisters wanted Cheddar and Edam and Gorgonzola tartlets, and Oscar's Brothers wanted Cheshire and Camembert, and some of the bigger ones even wanted Limburger!

Finally it was Oscar's turn. "What would you like, dear?" asked his Momma. "Some Cream Cheese? Or maybe some Gruyere Aigrettes?"

But Oscar squeaked disdainfully at these. "No," he said, "I want a Kitten."

Oscar's Poppa squeaked with rage, and Oscar's Momma bit her lip, and Oscar's Brothers and Sisters curled up in horrified silence. Then his Momma spoke. "Some nice sharp Banbury cheese, or may even some Essex?" But Oscar twirled his tail and stamped on his whiskers and

made angry noises. "No," he said. "No, NO, NO! I want a Kitten—a nice soft fluffy Kitten, and that's all I want for Christmas!"

Long after Oscar and his Brothers and Sisters had gone to bed, Oscar's Momma and Poppa talked. Oscar's Poppa was very angry indeed. "A kitten indeed!" he said. "Is he a man or is he a mouse?"

And Oscar's Momma was also very upset. "But he's so little," she wept, "and I don't want him to grow up so fast. I just can't tell him the Facts of Life!"

Then indeed was Oscar's Poppa angry! "This all comes of your coddling him, and not letting him go to school, as any upstanding mouse should. I'm going out!" And he scampered away into the corridor. Oscar's Momma followed him. "Oscar Senior," she squeaked, "don't you dare go down to the wine cellar, or I'll take the children and go home to Mother!"

The next day, as soon as Oscar had eaten his Oatmeal, he hurried to see Jeremy Jr. He found him fuming over his fingers, which were taped. "It's very annoying," Jeremy Jr. began, on seeing Oscar—"to have one's thumbs covered in this manner. The constitution guarantees everyone the right to the Pursuit of Happiness, and when I get a voice, I intend to declare this thumb-guard business unconstitutional."

Oscar scampered into the room. "Guess what, Jeremy Jr.? I told my Parents I want a Kitten for Christmas. Did yours come yet?"

"No," said Jeremy, Jr., "but something came for it. It's over there on the floor." And he pointed with the offending thumb.

Oscar followed the direction. "Oh," he said, "why, it's a mouse."

Jeremy Jr. took his mouth away from his bandaged thumb. "Just wait till I get my teeth—I'll show 'em. What's that you say, Oscar? A mouse? I don't think so. Ma-Ma said it was a Cat-Nip."

Oscar approached the Thing on the floor. "It looks like a mouse," he said. "It's grey . . ." he began to circle the Thing—"it has two ears—and a nose—and a tail."

Jeremy Jr. peered interestedly between the bars of his Play Pen.

"It hasn't moved," he said, "since

LITERATURE

Ma-Ma put it there." He beat his fists against the bars. "If I had my teeth, I'd bite it!"

Oscar shivered. He was a very timid mouse, but the implication behind Jeremy Jr.'s words was too plain to be ignored. So, on shaking legs, he approached the Thing, and nipped. Then he scampered back to the Hole. In a few minutes, he peeked out. The Thing hadn't moved. But in Oscar's mouth there was the loveliest taste—like cracker crumbs and dew. He came out of the Hole, and it seemed as though he were floating.

Jeremy Jr. was chasing a sunbeam. "What did you run for, Oscar?" he asked. "Were you scared?"

"Me, scared?" said Oscar. "Why I'm the bravest mouse—I'm braver than any mouse—I'm as brave as a R-A-T, and a great big one at that!" And he jumped on the Thing, and nipped it again and again. Now his head felt as a big and empty as Jeremy Jr.'s rattle, and he wanted to dance. His whiskers went up and down, and he ran around and around after his tail.

"I say, old fellow," Jeremy Jr. remarked, "You're acting most peculiar!"

The Truth was that Oscar was drunk on Catnip! There was a buzzing in his ears, and he leaped high in the air again and again. He didn't even hear the sound of approaching footsteps. Closer and closer they came, and it was Jeremy Jr.'s Ma-Ma and Da-Da.

"My God!" said Da-Da. "IT'S a rat!"

Jeremy Jr. began to weep with shame at the ignorance of Da-Da, who didn't know the difference between a rat and a mouse. His Ma-Ma began to weep too. "My Baby," she sobbed, "did od gettum fwightened?" This double ignomy was more than Jeremy Jr. could bear, and he held his ears and howled. In the midst of the confusion, Oscar staggered through the Hole in the Wall, and went weaving home.

Oscar's Brothers saw him first—and they were Horrified! Then Oscar's Sisters saw him—and they were Horrified! Then Oscar's Momma saw him—and she was very Horrified! She wept and wailed and gnashed her tail. "It comes from your Poppa's side of the family," she said. "Ever since Prof. Valentine made those alcoholic aptitude tests on your

Great Great Great Great Great Great Great Grandfather Oscar Sr., the Oscars have all been toppers!" She dissolved in tears.

Just then Oscar Sr. came in. "What's all the commotion?" he asked. "You'd think from the noise that someone had invented a better mousetrap!"

"Don't you speak to me, you Arch Rodent!" said Oscar's Momma. "Look where your example has led my Oscar. He's been to the wine cellar!"

Oscar's Poppa looked at Oscar, who by now was a very sick mouse. "Curds and Whey," said Oscar's Poppa, being by nature a profane mouse. "To the wine-cellar you say?" He meditated a moment. "It's funny I didn't see him."

Oscar's Momma bristled. "What?" she said.

Oscar's Poppa became very confused. "Now m'dear," he said, "I was just passing by, and I thought I'd look in and see if anyone had dropped some caviar—or something."

Oscar's Momma began to cry. "You ingrate . . ." she said; "you—you cheesecake!"

"Now, now," said Oscar's Poppa. "Don't let's have a scene before the litter."

"How dare you!" said Oscar's momma. "I'll have you know my house is as clean as anyone's."

"I wasn't referring to your house, Madam," said Oscar's Poppa, "I was referring to your offspring!"

And sure enough, Oscar's Brothers and Sisters were listening wide-eared, to their Poppa and Momma—but Oscar was asleep in the corner, with a peaceful expression around his whiskers. So Oscar's Momma and Poppa went out into the hall and talked quietly long into the night.

The next day, Oscar's Momma told Oscar that they were moving next door to the Parsonage. "The atmosphere will be very uplifting," she said.

So Oscar went to say good-bye to Jeremy Jr.—but the Hole in the Wall was stopped up. But Oscar

could hear Jeremy Jr. talking.

"Yes," Jeremy Jr. was saying—"my friend Oscar should be here now. I'm quite anxious for you to meet him."

Then Oscar heard another Voice—a low and purry Voice—a deep and rumbling Voice, which caused the hairs on Oscar's neck to rise.

"Yes," said the Voice, "I'm quite anxious to Eat him!"

"What did you say, Kitten?" asked Jeremy Jr.

"I said," repeated the Voice, "I'll be very glad to Meat him."

"Oh," said Jeremy Jr.

Oscar hurried home—and he was very frightened. "Momma," he said, "oh, Momma."

"Yes, dear," said Oscar's Momma, who had decided that Oscar wasn't to be blamed for his Paternal Ancestors' inbreeding.

"Momma, have you bought my Christmas present yet?"

"No, dear," said Oscar's Momma, her whiskers trembling.

"Well," said Oscar, "if you don't care, I think I'll change my mind."

Oscar's Momma smiled. "Thank Goodness," she breathed to herself, "now he'll never Know."

So Oscar and his Momma and Poppa and Brothers and Sisters moved to the Parsonage, and became up-standing Churchmice. On Christmas Eve they all squeaked the carols from behind the organ loft, and everything was very lovely except Oscar's Poppa, who had found the Communion wine, and squeaked "Drink to Me Only" while everyone else was doing "Noel." On Christmas day Oscar's Sisters were very happy with their Edam and Gorgonzola tartlets, and Oscar's Brothers were very happy with their Cheshire and Camembert (they didn't get any Limburger because the Parson didn't keep anything that strong). And Oscar was very happy, too, because his Poppa had given him Robert Browning's. "To a Mousie" and after he had digested this he felt very learned indeed.

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LITERATURE

A FAIRY TALE.....by Marden Armstrong

Once long ago, when the mistletoe covered the hills like snow, and the song of the cricket was sweet music, a happy child lived with his mother in a thatched cottage, and played on the village green with the other children. He was fair to look upon, with skin as pale as the moon, and his eyes were like dark sapphires. His hair was the color of liquid honey from the hive of the bee. And his name was Arion.

To this child was given much understanding, and the leaders of the village marvelled at his wisdom. He knew why the pale asters grew on the hillside in the autumn, and where the great stars went when they fell burning across the sky in thin ribbons of light. He knew the calls of the birds, and was a brother to the wild beasts, and the little green green turtles were his friends.

The good people of the village wondered at him, but the children loved him, and they played long games together, and he taught them many curious things.

Now the child Arion grew, and waxed strong until his twelfth year, and it happened upon a day that the sun was shining bright, that he and his comrades were racing on the green, laughing at one another and making much noise. In the midst of the merriment the boy Arion stopped, and a puzzled look crept over his face.

"See," he said to his comrades, "Is it not strange? I have no shadow like the rest of you."

And the boys ceased their play and came to look at him. Most surely it was true. He stood tall and supple as a young hemlock in the sunlight, but no grey shadow did he cast like the others. The boys began to murmur quietly among themselves and wonder at such a curious thing. For with them always in the sun were their own shadows, now as wide as a peasant's cart, and now as slim as a twig.

"Surely this is a most terrible thing," said one boy.

"Perhaps he is bewitched," said another.

And they ran away from him, and would not come near to him even though he called to them. The boy Arion was very sad, for his friends had deserted him.

So it happened that he remembered old Hedi, the wise man of the village, who knew many things, and could prophesy of the future, and tell many old stories of the past, and he sought him to ask his counsel. Straight forward he made his way to the cottage where the may tree bloomed and each stone in the yard had a wrinkled face. There he found the old man tending a geranium plant.

"Old Hedi," said Arion, "you are wise and I am in sore distress and in need of counsel. For I am not like the other boys. I have no shadow, and they say that I am bewitched and run away from me. What shall I do?"

The old man peered at him intently, and the bright red blossom in his fingers quivered as in a great wind. His faded eyes grew bright with wonder, for he knew the meaning of this.

"Ah, child," he answered, and his thin voice cracked, "be content as you are, for surely you will find happiness."

"I shall never find happiness until I can again play with my comrades," declared the boy.

And a long, low pleading was in his voice, and his dark eyes glowed with it.

"I beg of you, old Hedi, tell me where I can find my shadow, for I shall never rest until it is beside me always."

"Then," said Hedi, "you must travel far, into the land of the Dark Forest, where the caves are many and deep, and the wind is always cold. The long branches of the trees there are like impatient fingers ever tugging at your coat. Here glide brown snakes and the deer is afraid and runs away, and the nights are long with the strange calling of owls.

"At the end of this great wood you will come to the home of the Great Dark One, you will know it because of the strange symbols on the door, painted in the scarlet of the fire. The Great Dark One will tell you what things you must do to find your shadow."

Thus old Hedi spoke, and ceased. He turned into his cottage and closed the door. The boy Arion stood alone in the sunset.

It would take high courage to penetrate this land, but the desire for a shadow overcame all fear, and the child walked down the road toward the Dark Forest.

Night came swiftly, like a soft still lady on a black horse, and all around him night things whispered and chanted strange songs, and the moon rose and hung in the sky like a forgotten melody.

But still the fair young boy went on, battling with the tendrils of the vines that sought to trap him, and clambering over the rocks which hid the treacherous deep caves, and when the morning broke he stood before the home of the Great Dark One, and marvelled at the secret symbols glowing livid in the sun's full rays.

With his hand he beat upon the door, and when it opened the Great Dark One saw him standing there like a pale anemone in the sun, and was dazzled, and drew back.

But Arion was unafraid, and in a loud clear voice he called,

"Oh Great Dark One help me, for I have need of you."

And the Great Dark One being called upon, stepped out from his cave and answered.

"What would you have me say?"

"I am indeed the most unhappy among youth, for I possess no shadow," said Arion, "what must I do to gain one?"

The Great Dark One was silent for a long while, and the hawks flew screaming about his head. And then he answered.

"It will be difficult indeed for you, for many things must you do. You must snatch the coin from the ragged pockets of the blind beggar and crush the shells of the little green turtles under your foot. The loveliest flowers you must tear from the tulip tree and cast before the swine, and you must mock at the maimed and the poor. These things and many more you do to gain a shadow."

And the child was sick at heart for he knew that he could not do these things, and he turned away sorrowing.

But he thought again of the merry friendship of his comrades, and turned back. Approaching, he called,

"Oh Great Dark One, I have come back. I will do as you bid, for my

PEOPLE

longing for a shadow is beyond all reason."

The Great Dark One reached out and touched him with thin dry fingers and said,

"Go then, and when you have done these things, then shall you have a shadow."

The boy Arion left, and when he met a blind beggar on the road, he snatched the copper from his pocket, and ran away laughing. And the little green turtles who had been his friends he trampled under foot, and cast the lovely blooms of the tulip tree before the swine. And all the while he laughed.

When he came again to the village green he ran up to his comrades who were playing then and cried,

"See, now I am one with you, for I too have a shadow."

And beside him danced his impish gray shadow.

The boys laughed, and welcomed him as one of them again, but as he played with them, he often struck the little ones, and the weak ones he sent rolling to the ground, and pelted them with stones.

Soon the other boys ran and hid because they were afraid of him, and one called loudly.

"We will not play with you for you are so evil. Your shadow is nothing but all the wicked things which you have done and it will always follow close beside you. No, we will not play with you, for you have changed."

And so saying he and the others ran away.

The boy Arion stood in the middle of the green and he knew that he had changed. His face was still as fair, and his dark sapphire eyes were the same. But his great wisdom was gone, and his sight was blurred. And he stood alone in the sunlight with his shadow close beside him.

EIRE

The long sigh of the wind among the ferns

Is like the wail of a fairy changeling At Tara's gates.

And below on the rocks

The sea and the gulls

Are keening gently for the dead;

While here beneath the rose-tree in the dooryard

A dark-haired woman sits

Plucking at the harp-strings of Sor-row.

MARDEN ARMSTRONG.



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OPEN EVENINGS

LITERATURE

Christmas Horses

I like Christmas. In fact, I love Christmas. But there is one thing about it that worries me every year, and I never get around to finding out about it.

What happens to the police horses that have to work on Christmas Day? Do they get time and a half for overtime? Do they have the right of collective bargaining? Does somebody slip in an extra handful of oats or corn or sugar or whatever it is that is necessary to make the equine Christmas merry? Or do the grooms go callously on their way, indifferent to the finer things in a horse's life?

I have often thought that some time I shall get around to making a startling expose of conditions in police stables. I shall walk in pretending to visit one of the horses, but all the time, my sharp eyes will be making a complete survey of conditions.

"How've you been, old man?" I will say to the horse, casting a questioning glance in the direction of the feed box. "Getting enough to eat these days?" I'll ask to throw the groom off the track. It doesn't matter what he may say, those babies are too tough to squeal anyway, but I'll have found out all I want to know, and I will stalk out of the stall with all the dignity I can muster.

"See here," I will snarl angrily to the stable boy (preferring to practice my technique on the small fry before on the Man Behind It All). "see here, do you know what day this is?"

"So what?" he'll say, not even bothering to fix me with a glassy stare.

"Think," I will say eloquently, 'of the traditions of Christmas! Think of the horses that used to draw our grandfathers' carriages. Were they forgotten when it came around to passing out tasty tidbits at Christmas time? No! They could even have had a bite of the turkey if they had wanted it. Are we less charitable than our grandfathers? Have we become decadent? Do we no longer consider the comfort of others? I ask you," I will boom forth coming to the climax, "has our civilization come to **this**? Not even a red bow?"

"Listen, Bud," the boy will answer,

"that horse is gettin' more than I'm gettin' this Christmas, and if things get any tougher, that stall's goin' to be the place that I call home. Now, get the hell out of here, I've got work to do."

On second thought I think I'll make a survey of what happens to stable boys on Christmas Day. The horse wouldn't appreciate my efforts anyway. And besides I may soon be moving in with the stable boy—and the horse.

J. S. B.

A Christmas Song

Red lies the rose on the white, white snow,

Gold lay the curls on the little Lord's head.

Sweet was the smile on Mary's lips
As she sang to her child in his little straw bed.

Awed at the sight of the shepherds bowed

To kneel in the light of the glorious son.

Laden with gifts the wise kings came
And left silently, one by one.

Red lies the rose on the white, white snow,

Blue glowed the stars in the little Lord's eyes.

Sweet was the song that Mary sang,
As she looked on her child so pure and wise.

All the night through the angels came

And spread their wings so soft and warm

Above His head to keep Him safe,
To keep our precious Lord from harm.

Red lies the rose in the white, white snow,

Bright was the light at the little Lord's head

Sweet was the joy His Mother knew

To see her child sleep in his little straw bed.

And all the good folk will kneel to-day,

For blessed are they that live in love,

To thank God for His lovely son,
Sent down to us from heaven above.

ANNE BUTLER.

No Crib . . .

The pageant was coming along beautifully. The first two scenes had been enacted with only minor mishaps. Miss McConnell, the Children's Sunday School teachers, had held her breath as Tommy Anderson had recited his lines about frankincense and myrrh. He had mispronounced frankincense and had needed to be prompted once, but he had really done better than she had dared to hope. The children's singing was not everything that could be asked for, but after all, isn't that part of the charm of such performances? The cheesecloth robes seemed to bother Martha and Sally Lou, for they kept fussing with them, but thank goodness they hadn't tripped.

"I certainly hope this next scene goes well," whispered Miss McConnell to Miss Davis, another teacher. "There can't be anything amusing about the manger scene . . . Here, Jimmy, let me tie your sash. Now remember, don't drop that staff."

Miss McConnell hurried off to see what was keeping Joan, the "Virgin Mary." It was really time to begin, for the scene was set and everyone else was ready. Joan, plus another safety-pin, ran quickly to her place on the stage. "Don't they look lovely?" whispered Miss Davis. "I think Joan makes a beautiful 'Mary.'"

But what was the trouble? As the curtain opened, a few people tittered. The undercurrent of amusement spread. The whole audience was suppressing laughter. Miss McConnell glanced frantically over the stage. From her position in the wings everything looked all right, everyone's costume was on straight. Billy Stone, unaware of the reaction of the audience, had started his lines. But the commotion was continuing. One older boy laughed aloud. Miss McConnell kept scanning the stage. What could be the matter? . . . Oh, the manger, the manger! The soap box covered with crepe-paper. It was turned with the back toward the audience. In large bold letters were: "99 44/100% PURE."

BETTY VERNON.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

LITERATURE

THE ORANGE LIGHT by Jane Zacharias

The large Gulf sign blinked into her room, vivid, glaring, orange. It was the only touch she had with the world outside her window. She was too high to hear the noises from the street. The walls of her room were too thick to admit any sound from the corridor or from the rooms on either side. The nurse would be back in ten minutes. She was alone.

Upstairs there would be the huge, white lights, and doctors and nurses wearing sterilized gowns, their faces covered with masks, their hands red and inhumanly smooth in rubber gloves. There would be the operating table, long, hard, narrow. The instrument table would be covered with a painfully clean cloth hiding the shining, sharp steel instruments. There would be the heavy air of importance as each person meticulously performed his duty.

She would be laid on the table, her arms and legs fastened down by muslin bands. Her face would be covered with the ether mask. The operation would be begun.

The Gulf light annoyed her as it flashed into her eyes every other minute. She would have her room changed after the operation. She didn't want to spend the next two or three weeks automatically counting the flashes from an orange light. She would ask for a room on the other side of the hospital, one with a western exposure so she could have the afternoon sun.

Panic - stricken, she suddenly thought that she might never see the afternoon sun again. People died on the operating table. Sometimes they died after the operation. She turned her head toward the wall as she tried not to think about that. She wouldn't die; that couldn't happen to her.

But other people died on the operating table; other people no better, no worse than she; people who had more reason to live than she, people who had less reason to live. People who enjoyed living, who enjoyed dancing, riding, reading, as she did. They died on operating tables. The surgeon had looked very grave as he made his examination. Perhaps she would die, too.

She twisted her feet and jerked the bedding from its secure holding at the foot of the bed. She had to do something, she couldn't just lie there while the operating room was being

prepared. She would die up there; they couldn't operate. She had to live.

She stared in front of her, seeing again the flashing of the hideous orange light. On and off, on and off, at regular intervals. Exactly like a life, she thought. A moment of life, then death and an eternity. It mustn't be like that with her. She mustn't die; she didn't know anything about dying. She had never considered death as anything but the inevitable for the aged. When preachers had spoken of the glories of heaven, she had looked at the old people in the congregation and wondered how they must feel. It had never occurred to her to apply the feeling to herself.

That light, blinking impertinently, upset her. She tried to turn so she could bury her face in the pillow and shut out the light. The movement hurt so much that she gave a tiny scream and rolled over on her back again.

She wished the nurse had not gone out of the room. She had boasted that she was not frightened and would be glad of a few minutes alone. She glanced at her watch, they hadn't taken it from her yet. It had been only five minutes since the nurse had left her. Her nerves must be getting the better of her if she objected to a little solitude.

The light reflected the cream colored door, which was carefully closed. Perhaps they had forgotten her. Perhaps they had decided her condition was not so serious and would not operate until morning. That would give her time to compose herself.

The door was isolating her from the world outside in the corridor. When it opened, the nurse would come in to wheel her up to the operating room. She looked at the door steadily for a minute. Did it

seem to move? No, it was just a shadow. But weren't there voices outside, the nurse and the interne coming in for her?

She couldn't allow them to take her upstairs, put her on a hard table, hide her face with an ether mask. She couldn't die that way. She would rather die suddenly, quickly, without any fuss.

She was seven stories from the ground. The fall should kill her instantly. The window was open as far as the ventilator. She could easily lift out the ventilator and push the window higher. A quick movement and she would be on the sill. A last thought and she would relax her hold. In the space of a minute it would all be over. That was the way. Why should she die on an operating table, cut open, bleeding, smothered in ether? But she would have to act quickly the nurse might come back to take her upstairs. Then she would be powerless.

She sat up in bed and tried to swing her feet out over the edge. That biting pain, not as bad as it had been before they brought her to the hospital, was still bad enough to make a black mist in front of her eyes. She would rest a minute and try again. Nothing must stop her; it was the only way. It was quick, voluntary, effective.

She must try again. This time she would be prepared against the pain; she would not allow herself to weaken. She must be brave, only for a moment.

The orange light glared into the room. She listened to make certain that there was no one outside the door. She had only a few moments.

She lay flat on her back while she counted up to twenty-five. That would give the pain time to subside.

She was up to twenty-one now; it was almost time. She tried to sit up as the orange light flashed into the room, outlining the figure of the nurse as she opened the door.

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NO GREATER JOY

If I had been a shepherd child that night
 And knelt to see the holy starlight fill
 The sky, and sparkle down on every hill
 To wake the world with joy at the sight
 And sound of angels singing, then
 I might
 Have seen the birth of wondrous
 love that still
 Burns white and bright and pure
 and warm until
 It sheds abroad from Christian
 heights its light.
 Yet when I hear sweet carol verses
 ring
 At Christmas time through white
 and silent snow,
 Remembering the little Lord so
 mild,
 My heart would with the radiant an-
 gels sing,
 And I am filled with joy as great, I
 know,
 As that of any raptured shepherd
 child.

ANNE BUTLER.

CITY OF STEEL

City of steel;
 Pittsburgh.
 Child of three rivers;
 Pittsburgh.
 Filthy, with the dust of two cen-
 turies on your buildings.
 Brutal, with the look of hunger and
 bitterness on the faces of the men
 who linger on your river banks.
 Gay,—your huge hotels, theaters,
 night clubs tell that.
 Pittsburgh—
 Elemental as the sun.
 Pittsburgh—
 Some think you a cultured critic
 with your conservatory, museum,
 art gallery, colleges, ivy-covered
 mansions, your Syrian concert hall.
 But they are false fronts:
 You are not cultured,
 Pittsburgh.
 You are brawny and coarse, like the
 men who labor in your roaring
 mills; live as they who think you
 are a cultured critic are wrong,
 Pittsburgh—
 City of steel ,
 Child of three rivers.

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The ARROW

Vol. XX

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., February 19, 1941

No. 4



ICE SKATING ON MELLON POND

. . . More romantic than the tennis courts

(See Sports)

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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THE AYES HAVE IT

If polls mean anything, PCW votes a resounding, three-to-one "Aye!" in favor of the Activities Council. There are still inevitable objections of course, but agreement that one year's trial is not enough, was almost unanimous. Some believe that important appointments revolve too much within certain groups. Others miss the feeling of importance and secure status that was possible within a small club. But most criticisms were minor, and mentioned points like overbalance of social activity—points which the Council is struggling at the moment to

smooth out. As drastic a change in program as PCW has faced this year involves much experimenting, many mistakes and weaknesses. But on the whole there are certain obvious advantages which students feel have resulted from our new system. Unity such as supported the Mock Election is a new thing for PCW. Not broken up into tiny groups, we throw our energy into a larger organization and can even, as some suggested, develop more unity and activity within our classes. Also, if the Council continues next year it will be possible to expand its actions more and more into Andrew Mellon Hall.

OUT-OF-DATE?

Organization	Yearly Grant	Your Share
Student Government	\$ 750	\$ 2.48
Pennsylvanian	700	2.32
Class Activities	625	2.05
Arrow	600	1.99
Play Production	400	1.34
Athletic Association	250	.81
Student Activity Council.....	200	.67
Fund for Contingencies.....	150	.51
Glee Club	100	.33
YWCA	100	.33
Debating Activities	50	.17
	\$3,925	\$13.00

Above, penny for penny, is the budget committee's tabulation of where your thirteen dollars goes when it is paid to Student Government.

It would seem, on glancing at the budget, that there are several questions concerning the allotment. For instance, why should Glee Club with its limited membership receive an amount equal to that given YWCA which is a school-wide organization?

Considering the size of the budget, is the **Arrow** too expensive a publication for PCW?

Can the present state of AA be explained by the inadequacy of its grant?

What is the contingency fund?

Is there any possibility that some of the above organizations could be wholly or partially self-supporting?

Student Government, feeling that perhaps the present budget is out date, is conducting an investigation of the separate allotments to the various organizations. An account can be obtained from the Budget Committee giving the expenditures of all the above organizations except Play Production, whose account is not submitted to the committee.

Each unit will be given a chance to justify the size of its appropriation—these justifications to be printed by the **Arrow**. We urge that when and if a reapportionment is made, personal bias be set aside in order to view the situation in its entirety. Since these budget funds come from the entire student body, we feel that apportionments should be made with a view to their worth to the school as a whole.

EVENTS

FACULTY

Thespians

Students gathered last Friday night to watch faculty let down their hair, were shocked to see them order potent alcoholic beverages in a tropical night club, without so much as batting a doctor's degree. Students refused to worry about Saturday classes, decided that unaccustomed hangovers would keep most of the savants in bed. Surprised with two boxes of aspirins, Mrs. Shupp confirmed this belief, gasped "Oh my head." Dr. Andrew lectured on the alcoholic psychoses. Miss Kerst exchanged her champagne for an ice pack, her twenty-inch cigaret holder for a thermometer.

Need a Prom Date?

Students decided that faculty's satire concerning Date Bureau was mere outgrowth of jealousy, will apply nevertheless to Dr. Doxsee and Dr. Wallace if in need of a prom date. Not being as fussy as Miss Robb, students will take sixty-four-year-old-brunette or even one of the Tall Intellectual Corporals.

Walter and Mr. O'Neill almost stole the show from the faculty, though Miss Shamburger's headgear, rumored to be a hat, had the audience fascinated.

Humble Beginnings

Belief was expressed that Miss Gunderman had at last found her metier as bellhop, had perhaps risen to the status of college professor from same humble beginning. In reference to the telegrams delivered by Miss Gunderman, the **Arrow** wishes to emphasize that all reference to characters living or dead was purely coincidental.

The Night Life

Gasps of amazement greeted Mrs. Shupp and Dr. Spencer who arrived late to the night club party, attired in paper hats and an air of extreme well-being. Dr. Spencer was not very well disguised as an Eagle Scout sporting two lethal weapons.

Greeted with cheers and whistles was Mrs. Ayars' rendition of "So You're the One." Faculty Conga, led by Miss Jones and Mr. Collins, carried off all the honors, even surpassing Miss Robb's bathing suit and Dr. Ferguson's sand pile.

Dancers in the second scene flashed diamond rings that caused many a be-diamonded student to gasp with envy. Particularly noted in the

dance were grace and attractiveness of performers.

"Mr. Beta"

Songs of the play, including an excellent parody of "Mr. Beta," were suggested by the students as material for Tommy Dorsey's song contest. Students feel sure that if faculty enter songs, ASCAP will be forced to retrench.

Still aching with laughter and delighted that the faculty had decided to let their annual show become a full-fledged tradition, students were nevertheless slightly bitter that they had not been allowed to join their mentors in Florida.

Valentine Dinner

Preceding the main event was the Valentine Dinner. Day students dined in Berry Hall, making the theme of their dinner Cupid, his victims and his missiles. Alison Myer, Mary Ann Mackey, Dorothy Minnici, Barbara Shupp and Winifred Watson were members of the committee in charge.

Faculty joined the dorm students for dinner in Woodland Hall, later joined the day students for dessert.

WAR ECHOES

Training Men

PCW has gone temporarily co-ed—of course after the manner of a Quaker church—keeping the student body divided between the dark and the daylight.

Just before the first of the year, Pennsylvania State College, the Defense Office, Engineering Of All Kinds, Production Control, Preforemanship, and over a thousand masculine students and instructors began to invade the campus, causing a transformation which amazed feminine Christmas vacationists upon their return to classes.

PCW's Engineers

Said Karl, "Here I am a student at PCW at last!" and so say several hundred other young engineers enrolled in night courses taught for the Pennsylvania State College Engineering Defense Training Program in our Buhl Hall of Science. In addition to the classes at PCW ten courses, some with as many as 12 sections, are being offered in high schools throughout the city and in the Buhl Planetarium. Supplementary laboratory periods have been scheduled in the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories, and numerous class field trips are to be made through Pittsburgh plants.

Instructors are men of industry holding degrees from over thirty different colleges—Columbia, Lehigh, Cornell, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a Technical Institute in Scotland, and the Universities of Wales and Toronto. Keep awake, girls! To be found in the midst of our Defense faculty are a Captain in the Army and several Lieutenants (R. O. T. C.).

Ranging in ages from 18 to 55; in positions, from W. P. A. workers to responsible industrialists, we find some 1,500 students eager to obtain additional knowledge to help their country surmount the present world crisis by producing superior machinery and war materials for protective purposes.

Program Headed by Dr. Spencer

Administrative head of this tremendous 20th century program is farsighted PCW president, Dr. Herbert Lincoln Spencer.

His busy young assistant, whose desk is a new feature in the President's office, is Miss Dorothy J. Moyer. Besides being a student of international affairs, Miss Moyer has worked in ten major industries to learn as she says, "how a system of business which made this country prosperous and great may continue to keep it prosperous and great for all time." She is a former student of Wellesley, Carnegie Tech, and the University of Chicago—and in spare moments is a pianist, composer, sculptress, journalist, and actress. Last year in New York City, she handled contracts and scripts for such famous entertainers as Fanny Brice, Claudette Colbert, Dick Powell, and Mary Martin, while working for one of the largest radio advertising firms in the world. She came to PCW's campus direct from the steel business, and is highly enthusiastic about our 'up-to-the-minute college program and student body.

Helping Uncle Sam

By sharing our buildings, our campus, PCW girls feel they are helping Uncle Sam keep war and destruction from our shores and make America more "safe for democracy."

"We can expect in the near future to have a defense program for women," said President Spencer. He and Dr. P. C. Martin, of the Biology Department, attended a meeting last week in Washington, D. C., where discussion centered around the contributions a women's college can make towards defense training. Says

EVENTS



MRS. CRAWSHAY distributing milk to the refugee children in London.

President Spencer, "By summer, we may expect an announcement of such a program."

News from London

Members of the PCW unit of the Secours-Franco-Americain will be hostesses at a tea to be given in the Conover Room, February 26 from two until four P. M. The feature of the tea, which culminates in the raffle being conducted by SFA members, will be the drawing for the Helena Rubenstein make-up kit, chances for which are now being sold by the SFA.

Dean Helen Mark: will preside at the tea, aided by chairman of the raffle, Marjorie Noonan, and Claire Horowitz, chairman of the tea.

Cooperation Brings Results

Madame Marguerite Mainssonnat Owens, president of the Secours-Franco-Americain in the Pittsburgh district, expressed her appreciation for the work that has been done by the PCW group. Said she: "Splendid

cooperation on the part of faculty, alumnae, and students has brought noteworthy results."

From the sale of mittens at Christmas, a profit of \$32 was realized. In addition the PCW unit made monthly shipments of clothing, and twenty-one pairs of socks knitted by students have been sent to England for distribution by the society known as "Refugees of England," headed by Mrs. Crawshaw in London.

Pittsburghers' Efforts Appreciated

"It is heartening to know," said Madame Owens, "that our supplies are actually reaching London. We have received several letters of thanks from Mrs. Crawshaw expressing her gratitude for the contributions sent from Pittsburgh."

From General de Gaulle, commander of the Free French Forces in England, has come a letter telling of the arrival of the ambulance purchased by PCW and expressing his appreciation for the gift.

New Campaign For Old Clothes

Meanwhile the Secours-Franco-Americain is continuing with renewed efforts its plans for increased contributions. To prepare for the next ship of clothing to England, the SFA, under the faculty supervision of Mrs. Hazel Cole Shupp, will conduct an old-clothing campaign on Tuesday, February 20. Boxes will be placed in the den and in the dormitory to receive contributions of shoes and wearing apparel. According to Julie Wheldon, in charge of the campaign, "It is necessary to have the cooperation of all students in order to make our next shipment of clothing worthwhile."

SOCIAL

Benefit

To furnish their newly acquired office in Andrew Mellon Hall, alert PCW Alumnae are energetically organizing a benefit. Date of the affair is Saturday, February 22.

Paul Mellon's aluminum office has been assigned to the group, also the adjoining oak-panelled room with its many windows (this to be furnished as a lounge).

Fashion Show Models

Afternoon entertainment, scheduled from now until five, will be a tea and fashion show in Andrew Mellon Hall. Modeling will be two PCW students, blond Betsy Colbaugh, and vivacious Alice Chattaway. Among the Alumnae taking part in the show will be Peggy Christy, PCW '40, and former SGA President. Mrs. R. A. McLaughlin is in charge of the models.

Music and Dancing

Main feature of the evening of the twenty-second will be a dance from eight to eleven, also in the Mellon home. The bowling alleys will be open, and refreshments will be served. Horwitz, chairman of the tea.

Furnished by the PCW ensemble, popular music will be played during the fashion show.

Among those who will play are musicians Fay Cubbler, Miles Janouch, Mary Kay Eisenberg, Ruth Patton, and Betty Gahagan.

Committees at Work

Enthusiastic committees are working hard for this event. Mrs. Roy W. Walters is Chairman, with Mrs. James A. Bell as her co-chairman. Woodland Hall house mother Miss

EVENTS



PAUL PENDARVIS

Sweet Music

From Betsy Colbaugh, chairman of the Junior Prom, comes the announcement that the traditional Candlelight Ball this year will feature Paul Pendarvis and his band. Noted for its polish and the violin solos of its famous leader, this sweet band is one of the most popular in the country.

University Club

The dance will be held February 28, from nine till one at the University Club, which will be decorated with ferns and long tapering candles. For the thirsty dancers there will be a Milk Bar, and all kinds of soft drinks will be served.

Tea Dance

Following the Prom, on the 29th will be the Tea Dance, featuring Alexander and his band. The Prom committees include Ann Baker, Ann Butler, Ethel Herrod and Patty Leonard.

Tea for Finland

From four to six on January 29, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer gave a tea in Andrew Mellon Hall to honor Madam Gripenberg, wife of the Finnish Ambassador to London. Madam Gripenberg, here to start a Pittsburgh branch of the Finnish relief organization known as **For Finland, Incorporated**, gave a stirring plea for Finland.

The tea, which was attended by many prominent Pittsburghers, was the largest entertainment to date in Andrew Mellon Hall. Music was provided by trios from the PCW ensemble.

PUGILISTIC*Glamor-Boxer*

Turning to the boxing arena, enthusiastic **Arrow** representatives enticed No. 1 Glamor-Boxer, Pittsburgh's Billy Conn, to PCW campus the other day. Conn arrived complete with black Cadillac and beard, the latter because "I didn't have time to shave." Contrary to the popular conception of prize fighters, handsome Billy Conn was most grammatical, a little shy and not at all anxious to talk about himself.

Not Afraid of Joe Louis

Reporters' first question concerned his rumored bout with Louis, which Conn stated was definitely set for June and will probably be fought in

New York's Yankee Stadium. "Aren't you afraid of Joe Louis?" questioned reporters. "No," laughed Conn, "I can lick him." Noting doubtful glances of **Arrow** reporters remembering Baer, Braddock, Galento and Farr, Conn added, "He's a man; he can be beaten like anybody else. Most of the fighters who have gone up against him were beaten before they started because they were scared."

Billy's Toughest Fight

"Aren't you ever worried before a fight?" asked the wide-eyed interviewers. "No, I'm never worried," answered Conn. Then seeing that journalists had exhausted their store of pugilistic knowledge, he helpfully asked, "Do you want to know the toughest fight I ever had?" Reporters nodded. "Freddy Apostoli. I fought him in Madison Square Garden—you know, that's the dream of every fighter, to fight in the Garden. Nobody knew me and the odds were three to one on Apostoli." In answer to naive reporters' inquiring looks he smiled and nodded. "Yes, I won."

Question which elicited most response was "How did you get into the fighting game?"

"I used to hang around a gym in East Liberty where all the fighters trained. My first fight was in West Virginia. I lost, but I got two and a half bucks." Conn laughed. "After that I fought a lot and I got a little more each time. One fight I got one hundred and fifty dollars—I thought I was a big shot and got a Chevro-



BILLY CONN

Ethel Bair is in charge of the tea. The ticket committee is chairmaned by Mrs. George A. Markell, and music is in charge of Mrs. A. S. F. Keister. Mrs. C. Marshall Muir is in charge of the hostesses, and Miss Mary Jane Seaton is managing the aides. Publicity is in the hands of Mrs. George M. Swan. Working on the publicity committee is former **Arrow** Editor Rachel Kirk, PCW '40. President of PCW's Alumnae Association is Mrs. Earle A. Brown.

Quadrille

For the second successive year, students of Pennsylvania College for Women and those of Washington and Jefferson join in the intricate measures of the Quadrille.

J-Men Go To Dearborn

Earlier, the Glee Club of W&J was entertained by Henry Ford in Dearborn, where the J-men learned the dances. Now, during rehearsals on their own campus, one of the boys acts as caller, and the college orchestra provides the music. Two nights before the performance, Mr. Ford will send an old-time orchestra, expert instructors, from Dearborn.

60 PCWites To Dance

This year, PCW sends sixty girls to W&J as compared to the thirty who went last year. A group of the best dancers will be chosen to dance in period costumes.

Five more rehearsals are scheduled before the formal event, May 2, in the Ball Room of the George Washington Hotel, in Washington.

EVENTS

let." Reporters sitting in the roomy Cadillac chuckled.

The Boxer Goes Bowling

Conn terminated the interview with, "I don't want to talk about myself anymore." Anxious to see the boxer apart from his Cadillac, journalists invited him to go bowling at Andrew Mellon Hall, first showed him the swimming pool. Conn admired the pool, regretted lack of swimmers.

Eagerly setting up tenpins in the bowling alley for Conn to knock down, reporters were joined by residents anxious to view the much-publicized Conn dimples. By request Conn was introduced as Mr. Smith.

Punching Bag . . . Too Slow

Asked to demonstrate on the punching bag, Conn obliged, complained that it was too slow.

Later, outside, reporters took more pictures than were necessary, ignored effusive greetings of friends hanging from various windows. Regretfully watching tall good-looking Billy Conn drive away, reporters realized they had forgotten to get his draft and phone numbers.

J. A. H., J. S. B.

DISCUSSION

PCW Entertains

On February 5, PCW's Discussion Group, under Miss Robb, entertained students from five other colleges. Led by Jeanne-Anne Ayres, the panel discussion, centering on the possibilities of a union between the nations of the Western Hemisphere, was held in Andrew Mellon Hall's Conover Room.

Differing Viewpoints

PCW history teacher Effie L. Walker summed up the background of Latin America. Peggy Griffen of Mt. Mercy advocated an economic union. But Alan Martin of Carnegie Tech, and Dorothy Bash of Geneva College, felt a union would only result in disorganization.

Blitz-Union

Arguments became more intense when PCW exchange student Yvonne da Silva pled for immediate military unity against the Nazis, with an economic solution to come later. Hailing from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, flashing-eyed Yvonne coined the phrase "Blitz-Union," used all through the discussion afterwards.

Surprise treat came from West-

minster's representative, Mr. Obstler, a transfer student from France. Pointing out the strange combinations of races in Europe, he confessed he saw little reason to emphasize cultural differences between the United States and Latin America. With impassioned gestures, Frenchman Obstler stressed the importance of a union to fight the Nazi propaganda menace from within as well as dangers from without. During the discussion that followed, he and Yvonne da Silva revealed many different attitudes on the question of a union which are found outside of the United States. Later the audience joined in firing questions at the "experts." Treat of the afternoon was hearing PCW's Madame Owens and Westminster's Obstler bursting into a rapid-fire conversation of delighted French. The meeting ended with the refreshments arranged by chairman Mary Kinter.

Chapel Plans

PCW will have four outstanding chapel programs during the latter part of February and the first week in March. YW sponsored, the first of these will be on February 24th when internationally-famed Dr. T. Z. Koo will speak. His subject: the *World Student Service Fund* (an organization made up of the European and Far Eastern Student Service Funds.) Its aim: to raise money to purchase books, food, and clothing for students in Europe and China. Its goal: \$100,000. PCW will raise \$600 by means of a person-to-person campaign. Subscribers may pledge amounts or give cash.

Movies on Latin America

On February 28th world traveler Major James Sawders will lecture on *Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia*. Movies and photographs of his travels will be shown. Major Sawders lectured at PCW a few years ago when he presented an illustrated lecture on the *Scandinavian Countries*.

From the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, on March 3rd, will come Dr. F. S. Onderdonk. Dr. Onderdonk will speak on *America's Role in the World Crisis*.

Professor From India

The last program on the list will be on March 11th. On that date lecturer and editor Dr. Bhaskar Pandurang Hivale from the University of Bom-

bay, India, will speak. Dr. Hivale, also a professor of philosophy and psychology in the graduate school at Bombay, has come to the United States under the auspices of Phi Beta Kappa. Subject of his speech will be *The Art and Life of India*. A forum for questions and discussions will follow immediately after the lecture.

Choosing Jobs

Results of the PCW vocational poll show greatest number of girls interested in personnel work, next greatest in business careers. Some even plan to sell insurance and work in real estate.

Vocational conferences are already being planned. Arrangements for speakers are being made by Chairman Alice Steinmark and committee members Ruth Strickland, Anna Betty Saylor, Marian Kieffer, Mary Lou Reiber.

Surprise conferences are in the offing on marriage as a career, and a career, or a career.

Success

Coca-cola has invaded the PCW campus, with the machine in the day-students' den becoming one of the main attractions of the college. Under the excellent management of Jean Archer, Amy McKay and Nancy Doer, the machine has become a profitable business. The proceeds given to the Student Government Association at the end of January amounted to \$15.

3,000 Cokes a Month

Last month students drank 3,795 cokes—so many that a bigger and better machine had to be installed. This new machine holds 100 bottles, and is kept busy cooling 36 bottles at a time.

Incidentally, coca-cola is the only soft drink that was able to pass the health laws, and that has been accepted in all of the 48 states, and in all the foreign countries.

"Pause That Refreshes" to Stay

Contrary to Administration predictions, bottles have not been found in the drawing room, classrooms, or chapel. Coke-drinkers have cooperated in the matter of returning the "empty" to the containers, and it would appear that the "pause that refreshes" is here to stay.

PEOPLE

Guest Poet

Sunday night came a guest to the Spencer's home. Robert P. Tristram Coffin is already personally known to some PCWites from his visit two years ago. Others know him as the author of the Pulitzer prize-winning book of verses, **Strange Holiness**. Writer of poems, novels, biographies, and essays, he is best liked among members of Miss Shamburger's seventeenth century literature class as the editor of their anthology. Tuesday morning at nine-thirty he talked to the class members and friends who were interested.

Discusses Honors System

A guest of the Spencers during his visit, poet Coffin was kept busy lecturing at the Twentieth Century Club Monday morning, discussing the Honors system at a PCW faculty tea Monday afternoon. He was the guest of honor at a small dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Spencer at the University Club Monday night.

An authority on the Oxford University honors system, he was largely responsible for its establishment at Wells College, even influenced its adoption at PCW when he visited here in 1938. He has lectured in many universities, at present holds an English professorship at Bowdoin College, Maine.

Short, stocky, bushy-haired writer Coffin is remembered by PCWites for his Maine English and artistic reading of his poetry.

Newcomers

Entering PCW in the second semester is Kae Barrie, freshman and graduate of Peabody High School. Hailing from Nova Scotia in 1938, she attended Miss Pinkerton's Secretarial School for a year. She likes to ice skate and is partial to flying—that is, when the flying is done by the Royal Canadian Air Force.

New Arrival From The South

Ever-smiling Mary Virginia Bolton comes from Wheeling, West Virginia, where she was graduated from Triadelphia High, has also spent a semester at Bethany College. Transfer Mary Virginia has many hobbies including music and books, but she is most interested in the theater. At college, it will probably be a toss-up between speech and journalism.

Science Major-To-Be

Dark, petite Ann Joyce Cowan enters PCW as a transfer from Principia College. Ann lives in Pittsburgh, attended Ellis School. Fond of most sports, she still has swimming for her favorite. She hopes to major in some science.

Vivacious Martha Hutchinson who transferred from the University of Michigan was thrilled this Christmas when she found Mr. Willkie and Senator Vandenberg as fellow plane passengers. Martha loves archery—and also West Point.

Mrs. Gilmore

"Parties? I love them," says charming Mrs. Mary Gilmore, as she pauses in the midst of her preparations for one of the numerous teas which she supervises in her capacity as house-mother of Andrew Mellon Hall. Immediately popular with the the girls, vital Mrs. Gilmore is as ready for a walk in the snow as she is for a game of bridge, or a discussion by the fire. With her easy friendliness and her ever-ready "my dear," she already seems an essential part of PCW, and especially of Andrew Mellon Hall.

Originally from Uniontown, Mrs. Gilmore has resided in Pittsburgh for thirty years, has three daughters, two of whom attended PCW. She herself graduated from National Park Seminary after attending Washington Park Seminary.

Here and There

Feb. 14th is done, and all hearts are lost or one. The gals are gaining weight from the candy that they ate, and the frosh recall with glee, the antics of their faculty, and here we are again, back from the censors, to give you the news on who is whose.

As usual PCW hit W&J with a bang. Some of the girls who snared themselves a J-man are Dorothy Brooks, Betsy Conover, Barbara Shupp, and Marion Rowell, the latter going Delt. Dorothy Vale and Clare Horowitz and Louise Wallace refused to comment on their dates, just say it's all in the Quadrille. Meanwhile the Date Bureau, under new management, is lining up the J-frats, and one might say it's open

season and we wish you all luck.

Carol Bostwick is the talk of the music world these days. Rumor says she actually danced with Ray Nobel's son. (Yah, yah, it was more fun bowling with Billy Conn. Ye eds.)

Among those ringing in are Dottie Oliver, Sally Frick, Mary Turney, and Ruth Gilson. The settings are LOVELY.

The PPU opens its lists to welcome Julie Wells, Betty Bacon, Fran Pollick, Rosella Wayne, and last but not least, Pat Patton, who pledged Phi Gamma Delta at Pitt after listening to Paul's entreating version of "How'd you like to be a pal of mine?"

A BMOC at State College is carrying the torch and also the imprint of Mary Evelyn Ducey's front door.

Even though this bit of news is not exclusive it will bear repeating. Jane Fitzpatrick, Mary Schwalb and Elaine Fitzwilson had a lovely time on that week-end at Cornell, and Betty Hazeltine expects to have same at Yale.

Explanation: That Arabic ring Jean Gray is wearing merely signifies a beautiful friendship.

Tragedy: The Junior Prom falls on the same week-end with Pitt's Interfraternity Ball, and Penn State's big celebration which includes Tommy Dorsey.

Welcome: To Martha Hutchinson, Kay Barry, Ann Cowan, Mary Balton, and Dottie Horn.

Tribute: To the splendid, constant, interesting and original publicity which has been presented by the Publicity Committee for the Junior Prom, under prom chairman Betsy Colbaugh.

PCW sent envoys Jean Sweet, Libby Esler, June Hunker, Ann McClymonds, Jeanne Condit, Barbara Caldwell etc. etc. to the Tech Prom. Diplomatic relations are proceeding smoothly!

Mary Lou Rieber is dating the smoothest Beta this side of the Mississippi, and Mary Balmer and Jack Flinn are also a snappy combination.

We enter upon the finale with a reference to Alice McKain, Joyce Wallis and Ellen Copeland, who really took a fling at old New York. Mammy, that Harlem!

That's all till next time, when it will be almost Spring, and who knows what might happen by then?

M. H.

FEATURES

Fashion

We could say that spring is definitely here and that the crocuses are poking up their heads and the sun is beaming. We could say that, but you wouldn't believe us, we know, so we'll simply give you some new ideas and hope we can jolt you out of this smog-laden lethargy.

We are living in a military age, girls, and the fashion designers, realizing this, have produced some elegant things along the military line. There is nothing more stunning for your spring outfit than a navy blue reefer coat with a large gold navy emblem on the sleeve. We can't say enough about capes this spring. Wear them over a dress or fling one over your light wool suit. They come with emblems emblazoned on the shoulder.

Anchors Aweigh

Along this same line are the new spring dresses that are almost exact copies of your midshipman's outfit. They are showing these in navy blue silk with large sailor collars and even the important red bow that definitely makes the outfit.

While speaking along the lines of war, we might call attention to the new pins designed to aid the relief work in Greece. They are blue and white enameled emblems, perfect to wear as a lapel pin and even on a waist. There certainly could be no better way to spend your pennies even if you aren't particularly in need of a pin.

Sweet-Potato Tan

Are you looking for a bag that will go with all your various colors this spring? Why not try the new sweet-potato tan that is so definitely smart looking? This bag is really pigskin in a new shade and there are belts and gloves to match. Excellent for your town outfit and just the thing for your tweed suits.

Now that your dressy outfit for spring is settled, let's return to the campus and see what there is in the way of new campus styles—if there are such things as campus styles. Of course, in the line of footwear it's hard to tell what "ye coed" will think up next. The latest is the new version of the moccasin which is neat to look at and so very comfortable. They have a heavy sole that takes forever to wear out and the soft calfskin they are made of keeps

them from scuffing. Try a pair—you'll love them!

Pleats and Broomsticks

Who'd have thunk it—or so the saying goes—that college girls would be wearing skirts they pleated with a broomstick? Well, that's just what they're doing. The new skirts are made of a soft non-crushable silk, and what's better—all you do when the pleats begin to muss is to wet it and wrap it around a broomstick. Presto! As the skirt dries so the pleats are made and there you have a perfectly pressed skirt—with little or no trouble. No wonder the college girls are crazy about it.

Shirts for Spring

Perhaps one of the very best bits of news we have for you this month is the new "ship and shore" shirts that simply cannot be beaten when it comes to neatness. If you're one of those people who love the tailored things in life—here's just the thing. And what could be better to brighten up your spirits on one of those dark dreary mornings than a slick-looking white pique with long sleeves and those so mannish cuff links?

We'll consider our duty done if we have helped you decide what you'll come out with this spring. So we take ourselves now to revel in the new spring clothes and dream up some more snappy ideas for next month.

M. A., J. McC.

About Town

The exam grind is forgotten, PCW parents know the best or worst about their offspring, and idle hours can again be spent loafing about town. A good start for an afternoon's entertainment would be to see Fanny Hurst's dramatic "Back Street," starring Margaret Sullivan and Charles Boyer, at the Fulton, or Ginger Rogers as "Kitty Foyle" at the Penn. On the more amusing side, Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery take the parts of "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" at the Stanley.

Gustatory Delights

Milk shakes follow a show as naturally as men follow blondes, and for a rich, generous shake—any flavor—the dairy store across from Kaufmann's advertising "The Milk Shake With a New Taste" is the best place in town. For a real dinner, both Stauffer's and the B/G Restau-

rant serves delicious food at prices which are kind to collegiate budgets. The B/G's new special—the Chicken Basket dinner—is worth trying. If prepared to splurge, go to the Royal York Restaurant in Oakland; the prices are high, but the food is excellent and the dining room itself, opened less than two months ago, is light and very attractively decorated.

Inexpensive Fun

For late dates, you might return to the ever-popular Chatterbox in the William Penn Hotel, now featuring Baron Elliott's orchestra. The dollar-per-person minimum is not excessive for appetizing snacks and danceable music. Joe Salvo's "El Chico," featuring the best Spanish and Cuban orchestras, and the comparatively new "Merry-go-round," on Washington Boulevard, are among the most popular night clubs in town. Both have minimums as well as high cover charges. The familiar Kahn's, however, in Squirrel Hill, is the place to go for an inexpensive evening; there is no minimum, and cokes and potato chips can last indefinitely, if necessary! Anyone should be able to entertain herself in Pittsburgh, with so many places offering fun and food at all times, all prices.

A. L. M.

"Six Lessons"

The Reporter walked to the mailbox in the den one smoggy morning—and the impossible happened! There was a slip of paper in her box with her name on it. An indescribable thrill coursed through her; her whole body tingled; her mind soared to infinite heights with delectable imaginings. A note. O infinite joy!

With trembling fingers and racing heart she opened it. Gloom fell. It was only an **Arrow** assignment. The idiotically happy look faded from her face.

Shucks!

"Oh, well," she murmured, as she slipped the paper into her pocket and promptly and cheerfully forgot it, "life is like that."

(Your Reporter is something of a philosopher in her spare time.)

But she was not so easily rid of the plagued little thing. Three days later when she had gotten home from a hard day at school, and was contemplating an evening beside her portable phonograph, the telephone

(Continued on page 16)

SPORTS

Basketball

Basketball. Yep, that old demon winter has brought around basketball season once again. Color games are well under way with five teams, and just as few people as ever showing up to play, battling for a mythical championship. Do you realize what an advantage participating in these games gives you? Five teams, that means four games you should play. Four games, that provides you with your four hours of practice. Four times to practice formations, plays, shots, guarding, and brainstorming. Much better than running madly around the gym, shooting frantically all by yourself if you are a guard. How to play basketball in four easy lessons. This is the opportunity we are permitted to offer for a limited time only!

Basketball Schedule

The schedule of remaining games is as follows:

TEAM	DATE	TIME
Blue vs. Yellow....	Wed., Feb. 19.....	1:30
Green vs. Brown....	Wed., Feb. 19.....	3:00
Red vs. Yellow.....	Fri., Feb. 21.....	3:30
Blue vs. Brown.....	Wed., Feb. 26.....	1:30
Green vs. Red.....	Wed., Feb. 26.....	3:00
Blue vs. Green.....	Thurs., Feb. 27.....	3:30
Yellow vs. Brown...	Mon., Mar. 3.....	3:30

Class games at night (7:30). Thrilling competition. Lots of spectators—we hope. Honorary game. Your favorite stars in action. Outside floor. Probably East Lib. Presbyterian Church. Duel unto death. Purple vs. White. ASCAP vs. BMI.

Class Game Schedule

Here is the schedule of class games so there will be no excuse for missing them. Cut it out and paste it on the mirror. You'll be sure to see it there.

TEAM	DATE	Time
Freshmen vs. Sophs..	Tues., Mar. 4.....	7:30
Juniors vs. Seniors...	Tues., Mar. 4.....	8:30
Fresh. vs. Juniors....	Thurs., Mar. 13...	7:30
Sophs. vs. Seniors....	Thurs., Mar. 13...	8:30
Fresh. vs. Seniors....	Tues., Mar. 18...	7:30
Juniors vs. Sophs....	Tues., Mar. 18...	8:30

Hoping Hole

Year—1940. Victors, class of '40. Followed closely by the fighting Freshmen. Sophomores slapping solid stuff. Juniors, jumpin', jiving, but trailing.

Eight-ball, come to papa. Here we go again, picking the Sophomores, class of '43, to whip the class tourney to victory. Prejudice or class feeling does not enter this decision, only

facts garnered from last year's files. Defeated only by the Seniors of the past year, the Rose and White gave them a hard battle. Two of their number were placed on the Honorary, Black and Rose. The team is slightly weak in the defense positions but the addition of some new guards should bolster this problem. The most promising factor in their favor is the spirit of the class. Why last year they even had substitutes, a truly remarkable event. The Juniors should have a strong team and give the Sophomores quite a skirmish. With Anderson, practically a sure-shot, Hazeltine, the dashing lay-up artist, and Murray, a hard-fighting guard, this team would be a killer if they had more spirit and help from the guard positions. The Freshmen have, as usual, a team of unknown quantity. Another Mauky Anderson is seen in Betty Hunt, the tall forward, and Jean Rigaumont makes up for lack of size with sheer fighting spirit and determination. A good team **could** be had by the Seniors if they could get enough girls to play. But they have always had trouble and are forced to fall back on those two hard-working long shots, Patton and Fitzwilson.

Seniors

Patton: Best of good sports—long accurate shots her specialty—good on defense—shoots like a boy.

Fitzwilson: Another senior long-shot—works a nice passing attack with Patton—plays a fast game.

Juniors

Anderson: Mauky's favorite is a close lay-up shot. Aided by height, she is accurate and difficult to guard.

Hazeltine: Fast, snappy team player—reminiscent of Peggy Dunseath—tiny, but just try to guard her!

Sophomores

Black: Most versatile of all forwards—long or short shots make no difference. Play for the team.

Brown: A fighting guard. Cagy but spends too much time on the floor. Remedy this and Barb is the best guard in the school.

Freshman

Betty Hunt: Tall and fast—a star forward. She will help make the frosh potential champs.

Micky McCulough: Inexperienced but able—a thorough guard with a snappy pass and teamwork.

Jean Rigaumont: The Tiny Terror

is afraid of no one and surprises many larger foes with brilliant interceptions.

Winter Carnival

The week-end of the 8th, four of PCW's winter sports addicts shoved off to Allegheny College for their annual Winter Carnival sponsored by the Outing Club. About twelve colleges were represented, ours by Julie Wells, Dottie Carey, Ann Baker and Jean Bacon. Zero weather met them so every one decided it would be much more fun to sit around the open fire in the cabin and sing. Later a movie on skiing was shown.

Contrary to the rules of our local Board of Prevention of Everything, the girls slept in their ski-suits, in sleeping bags, with at least two additional blankets and still they were cold. Sunday morning the sun came out and thawed the local icicles out of their sleeping bags for an ideal day of skiing. After breakfast everyone shot off on a cross-country ski trek. The crisp weather had given the lake permanent waves, so there was no skating, but in spite of this, the gals returned with glowing tales of the fun.

Campus Sports

PCW now has a full sports program, so come on out and play. The tennis courts are frozen but the Mellon swan-pond has a more romantic setting. There's skiing and sledding on the campus hill, and for the less hardy, Andrew Mellon Hall has swimming and bowling indoors.

PATRONIZE
OUR
BASKETBALL
GAMES

DON'T MISS THE
PING-PONG FINALS

OPINION

LETTERS

Editor's Note:

This page from now on is for letters from **you**. If you desire to give an opinion, suggest a constructive change or if you just feel like writing to us, sit down and do it. We are printing your paper and we'd like to hear from you.

Please put your letters in the **Arrow** mail box in the day students' den.

"Intellectual Honesty"

To Certain Members of the Faculty:

I smile now, when some of you discuss "intellectual honesty." When I was a freshman, the words inspired me—they were a kind of symbol of what I wanted from a college education—a chance for the best in rational thinking—a kind of ethics of education.

But then came the problem of grades, and though almost as a body, you said grades were not important, the facts belied your statement. Without good grades, certain offices were not available, somehow one wasn't chosen for committees, one's parents objected, and if the grades got too low, one was asked to leave school. With good grades any number of privileges were extended, the most obvious being the Dean's list. This is as it should be—only your attitude on the value of grades seems rather silly in the face of the actual practice. And so, since good grades are so important, I found it behooved me to try for them. In most classes I worked for them. But in others, to get good grades, I had to sacrifice some of the "intellectual honesty" which, strangely enough is most highly vaunted by those faculty members to whom I address this letter.

In class discussions, I agreed with opinions which normally I might have cared to question. On tests, I gave back word for word the ideas found in my class notes. I handed back as nearly as I could the words of the writer of the text approved by my professors, though often their views differed widely from my own, or from other writers I had read whose interpretation seemed more worthy to me.

I heard a professor tell of docking a girl's grades because on a final she questioned the opinion of the author of her book. I realized that grading after all is not a mechanical process, but is rather based on the discretion of the professor. Such being the case, I should like to ask the faculty, the entire faculty to consider carefully what they would like those grades to represent.

I feel that some of you without realizing it, have slipped into habits of "easy" teaching, or have become so used to the respect paid your opinions that you have come to regard them as facts. True, you are better versed in your fields than we. Possibly your opinions are more sound. But don't force them on us. Teach them if you will—prove them if you can—but remember please that the aim of the college is "to prepare its students for intelligent participation in the social order." And the worth of your course toward this achievement lies not in how much we memorize of your teachings, or those of any author, but in how well we learn to think, how correctly we can interpret, how clearly we can reason.

A STUDENT.

New Plans

To Student Government

The Valentine dinner is over. And I admit, the entertainment was wonderful. I am sorry I can not say as much for the dinner. I don't mean the food, which was excellent—but rather the atmosphere, which, while normally quite pleasant, suffered somewhat by comparison with the atmosphere of the dormitory, where formally dressed students and faculty dined from white cloths, by candlelight.

As I say, the entertainment was excellent. It has to be, else many of us would not yearly attend a dinner where we felt slightly country-cousinish; a feeling which is not lessened when our officers, in street dresses, enter the dorm to escort the resplendent faculty to the cafeteria for dessert.

I have two plans to suggest which might lead to a more "democratic" dinner, though I have not fully examined the possibilities of either.

1. That the division be made between classes, so that the juniors and seniors can dine together in one hall

—the freshmen and sophomores in another.

2. That an investigation be made to see if it would be possible in succeeding years, to serve the entire school and faculty a buffet supper in Andrew Mellon Hall.

We day students realize that either plan would necessitate the dorm girls' giving up a formal party for something which would probably be much less so. Would it not be worth this sacrifice, if such it be, to have one more means of getting our dormitory and day students together?

BARBARA MAERKER,

Junior Class President.

Juke-Box

As everyone knows the SGA had a party at Andrew Mellon Hall on January 15. We are sure a good time was had by all. Those of you who didn't attend really missed something, for besides swimming there was (to the great joy of others as well as the writer) a JUKE-BOX. It was grand. We were held spellbound by all those simply marvelous tunes. To get to the point we were wondering if it would be possible to buy or rent a JUKE-BOX to keep in the Conover Room? The machine could be used for many of the smaller dances held by the school. As we all know, orchestras are the main expense of our dances. If these were eliminated, we could have more and merrier dances. Many of the girls are greatly in favor of Sweater and Skirt Hops. If a JUKE-BOX were installed we could have Kay Kyser, Artie Shaw and Tommy Dorsey all at the same time. We would like to know if anything can be done, and if so, what?

A Group which is tired of "JEAN-NIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR.."

(See Jean McGowan, chairman of the Conover Room Committee. Ed.)

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ARTS

MUSIC

Festival

Students at PCW are going to have the annual good time at Grove City College, March 22, when the liberal arts colleges of Western Pennsylvania combine to have an Applied Music Meeting. The colleges all send their choral groups, each of which present several numbers separately, later sing together certain selected pieces for the finale of the evening's program.

Glee Club

Members of our college Glee Club enjoy the usually hilarious bus trip to Grove City. Tired after the long trip and subsequent rehearsal, they share an excellent dinner with the other college chorals at one of Grove City's churches. Then they all go back to the college where the evening performance is given before the public.

S. O. S.

Violins, violas, cellos, viols, flutes, oboes, clarinets—do you have any of these at home in your attic or stored away on the top shelf of the old cupboard in the music room? Miss Lillie B. Held, of the college music department, makes a plea this week for any instruments that the orchestral ensemble of PCW might need.

New Instruments Needed

Increasingly the ensemble is called upon to furnish music for the Christmas program, for plays, for chapel programs. But without new instruments, it is unable to expand further.

Many students who have learned to play orchestral instruments in preparatory school now have no opportunity to continue their work, through lack of the proper instruments.

Please Help

The music department of PCW is making this plea now: If you still have Great-Uncle Henry's viola and it is gathering dust at home, please donate it to the cause. And if you feel it is too valuable to be given away forever, the ensemble will guarantee to keep it in good order if it is only lent to them.

Particularly needed by the ensemble are: a flute, cello, viola, and French horn, but any other instruments will be welcome.

New Class

Accomplished pianist Bernice Austin has had much experience in the field of instructing teachers in piano. At present she is directing a new course for students who are interested in the teaching of music to beginners. Its title: *The Principles and Problems of Piano Teaching*. Points to be covered are: the fundamentals in elementary education, the child mind, and the laws of readiness, satisfaction, habit, and memory. Attention is to be given to the creative work of scale and chord building, presentation of teaching material, and making practice more creative through a variety of interpretations and composition.

Purpose of the course: to inspire in both teacher and pupils a courageous attitude toward the study and practice of music that will lead to a lasting love and understanding of good music.

DRAMA

Class Plays

Already in production, the Freshman play for the inter-class contest on February 21, is a modern take-off on classic *Romeo and Juliet*. Nancy Ritchey plays the young lover, and his beloved is Jeanne Condit. The family feuding is carried on by Jean Gray and Phylliss Jones as Mr. and Mrs. Montague, Mary Lou Reiber and Jerry Strem as Mr. and Mrs. Capulet. But there's where the similarity to Shakespeare ends, for a soda-jerker, Louise Love, appears along with a narrator, (remember *Our Town*?) Barbara Shupp. Agnes Connor takes on the job of street car conductor and Betsy Ann Gordon becomes a newsboy. Completing the cast are Miriam Rosenbloom and Anna Mae Devlin as workmen and M. D. Roberts and Evelyn Glick as passers-by.

Hiss The Villain

Virtue Is Its Own Reward or what A Million Bucks Can Do For You, the Junior entry, is a real old fashioned melodrama, furnishing opportunities for the usual hisses and applause. The "boos" will be for Jasper, Jean Burchinal, and the cheers for Harry, Marjorie Wood, who are at odds over Joyce Wallis, the heroine. Julia Wheldon and Mildred Stewart as grandfather and grandmother and Bea Dobson as mother, make up the rest of the family. A little less homelike and conservative are Carol Bostwick, barmaid, and "Can-Can" dancers, Peg Matheny and Jean Faris. Of course, they must be accompanied by censor Margaret Hibbs. Also in the skit are Kay Morse, Mary Singer, Alison Croft, Elizabeth Shipley, Alice Provost, Betsy Conover, Phyllis Keister, Ann Adams, Betty Sundberg, and Midge Morris as children. Believe it or not, the Juniors promise to have the phantom Yehudi in their cast. Who's Yehudi? Marjorie Higgins.

The Sophomore Situation

Directed by Lorraine Wolf and her assistant, Mary Evelyn Ducey. *A Grave Situation*, the Sophomore play, has quite a mixed cast of characters. Anthony is played by Jean Sweet, and his Cleopatra, Yvonne da Silva. Barbara Cooper becomes Octavius, while Caesar appears in the person of Dorothy Brooks. These ancients, in the hands of the Sophomores, arise from the past to join the "Communist" class. Eleanor Garrett and Janet Ross are Mrs. and Mr. Bags, while Claranne Von Fossen is Grandma. A southern girl, Marion Kieffer, and "Babe," Mary Louise Henry, are also around and of course, there must be a man to take care of them, so Mr. Elder, in the person of Barbara Browne, is also there. Completing the cast are Ruth Gilson, Elinor Keffer and Helen Jane Taylor.

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LITERATURE

ON THE STREET CAR Janet McCormick '43

Here she sat alone in a great station instead of beside him in a street car or movie as she had grown so used to doing. Such a cheerless station! Oh, there were plenty of people in it, but the mere pounding of feet on a scuffed tile floor didn't make it cheerful. Then there was the long row of double brown benches set so she couldn't miss seeing a clock at either end of the hall. They were clocks that reminded her, no matter which way she turned, how long she had been there, how long she had walked up and down and stared at newsstands and in the station restaurant windows. People bustled past, ran into her, finally sat down beside her as she took refuge, from sheer exhaustion, on one of those benches. After one more train she would leave, following slowly in the wake of a stream of people who really knew where they were going and cared. The next train from the South. That came in thirty-five minutes. She leaned back on the bench and stared dully at a redcap carrying two bags, coming toward her from the station platform. As far as she was concerned, though, he never got there. She had relaxed completely to become just another one of those interesting pieces of humanity that grace all street cars, lobbies and public places.

She had met him first on the street car in the morning when he used to wake her up for her stop. She never knew what made her head jerk up and her hands busily gather up the sliding pile of books, but she'd always supposed it was just a mental trick like setting your mind on a certain time and waking up then. And when people commented on her long daily trip and gasped at the time she got up each morning she had always said, "Oh, it isn't bad. I usually get my sleep on the street car. And," she interrupted the next question, "I've never ridden past my stop yet, either."

That was the fall of her sophomore year. And it wasn't till early in April . . . one of those blustery days when the wind drives pelting drops against even the most sheltered windows, and when a lighted street car pushing out of town against a lowering sky looks almost brave and somehow terribly safe and comfort-

able . . . that she found out. The street car was comfortable. At least on the second seat on the right side, over the heater where she sat that morning, it was comfortable. The dull flickering street lights outside lighted sheets of shiny pavements, and wet store windows crazily reflected the lights of the car as it went by. For a little while she kept trying to find her own silhouette in the maze of changing windows as the car hurried past. Then settling her shoulders deep in the plush back of the seat and stretching mentally, she holed in for the rest of the trip. It was an overwhelming combination—the bright lights, the warmth and the mingled buzz and drone of conversation. She slept soundly.

That morning she didn't wake so easily. Someone was rather gently but insistently shaking her shoulder. When her eyes focused she saw her own stop passing behind her. She collected her books, yanked the bell-cord and ran, with a red face down the aisle with only an astonished backward glance at a young man who had followed her up with "It was really a job to wake you this morning."

That had started it. For a few days afterwards she didn't trust herself to sleep on the car. Those days cinched it. Glancing around the next morning her eyes met his and she laughed, remembering her stupidity, and blushing a little at the thought of yesterday's crazy gallop up the aisle. Yes, those days did cinch it. At first they just said hello and smiled when he got on the car. The one day he sat beside her and rode out with her. The conversation wasn't much . . . about street cars and the people on them, about the Spring that was so slow in coming and, well, just things like that. It dragged a little but the silences weren't painful. After the first time, as she went up the aisle at her stop, they both resolved to be better stocked on conversational items the next time, and so they did better afterwards. He gradually came to ride with her always and she lost interest entirely in sleep.

When vacation came, she missed her morning ride and more . . . her morning companion. He was such a nice fellow, even nice looking. There

was really nothing particularly striking about him. He wore a blue coat and a grey hat with his grey suit and he didn't try to make up for their conversation by splurging in bright socks and ties. Brown eyes, brown hair, what is called an "honest grin," and a general quiet manner. "In fact, he's . . ." she thought for words to describe him, ". . . well, he's nice. That's all, I guess. Nice."

She remembered the straight face he kept when he told some of his wild tales, and how when they talked seriously he always seemed to make things clear in just a few words, find their weak spots and then take a few sly pokes at them. He teased her, too, gently, of course: about her "healthier" left cheek, her silly fuzzy hat, the huge suede purse that he declared he'd like to rummage through and clean out. He speculated on what he'd find and would heft it, one eye screwed calculatingly, to help him guess its weight.

But it ended all too soon, for, about a week before exams began he had said that starting June 16 he wouldn't be on their car. Then he went on to explain quite seriously that he was now elevated from brass-polisher to inkwell-filler at the office and was eligible to occupy a corner closet along with some heavy brown wrapping paper, twine, his old stiff polishing-cloths and a knobby-handled umbrella kept for emergencies. At least that's what he told her and added that it wasn't necessary for him to be at the office so early anymore. So the morning of her history exam was the last she had seen him or was ever likely to, again, she thought.

Early one late June evening when she was trying to get "Pertaining to a renewed manifestation of heredity" in the cross-word puzzle by filling in the words going across, she heard the steps coming up the walk. "Mr. Hack over to borrow the wheelbarrow. Their coal has come already." Mr. Hack would probably want to talk to her mother some, so she didn't bother to shift around on the glider to see who it was. When the footsteps came up on the porch she was just on the verge of saying, "The garage door is open now, I think, Mr. Hack, you can go right in and get the bar-

(Continued on page 13)

LITERATURE

WAR CONSCIENCE J. Anna Ayres '41

A Series of Imaginary Prayers

A PATRIOT

O Lord, prepare me for the day when my country will be at war. Send me strength, O Lord, when the time shall come, to lay aside my pity for the wounds of my enemies and my sorrow for the women and children who must also be stricken. O Lord, help me to remain steadfast and unswerving in this most difficult of all tasks thou hast set for mankind. Help me, O Lord, to protect thy very commandments that I must lay aside. When I stand face to face with my brother man, O Lord, and know that I must kill him, stand thou beside me and send strength to my arm to smite him down. O Lord, help me to forget all things I have been taught and give thou me word of comfort that I am right. But I would rather be condemned to eternal damnation than stand unmoving when others are destroying the ideals thou hast taught me to defend, and my neighbors are smitten on my right hand and on my left. O Lord, I must break thy commandments now in order that they may be saved for my children to know and my children's children down through all generations. Amen.

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

O God, help me in the day when my country shall be at war. Prepare me for the sights of horror and the sounds that will shake me to the depths of my faith; and let me never forget thy command that I shalt not kill. Let me have power to resist the enemy, O God, but still give me greater strength to resist the temptation to use that power. Make me strong in my belief when my child is taken from me and my wife falls beneath the enemy's sword. Help me, O God, even then to remember that in thy infinite greater wisdom it is thy right and thine alone to kill the man who murders. It were better, O God, that I prepare my wife and my child for calmness and courage in the face of the worst that may befall them.

But if it be in thy power, O God, to spare me from death that I may see all of these most terrible things come to pass and suffer accordingly, then my faith will be strong and my spirit will be armed to preach to

all other nations and people in order that war may someday be abolished from the face of thy earth. Amen.

A COWARD

O God, give me courage in war. Let me not hide my fear behind thy sacred words, declaring unto all that I will not fight because thou hast forbidden me. Let me not, O God, comfort the enemy by declaring him my neighbor, forgetting in my fear my own brother who is closer to me and is struggling for his life beside me. Let me not leave the defence of my wife and my children as a task for others to take up and carry.

O God, send me strength to be brave. But if I must ever be a coward, let me stand alone on the top of a hill and declare myself one, without seeking a hiding place and a refuge among those, O God, who would die to uphold their belief in peace. Amen.

A PIOUS MAN

O Lord our Father, prepare me for the day when my country will be at war. Gird my soul with the strongest of all armour in order that I may not fail thee and will be triumphant when the day comes. Help me, O Lord, to obey all thy commandments and uphold my soul above these things that may tempt or beset me. Close thou mine eyes against the burning of cities and the broken bodies of children; deafen thou mine ears against the weak cries of women and the bombs falling on my home and my neighbor's home. Make me always to remember thy supreme commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." Make me strong in obeying thy will, as Abraham, even to the sacrificing of my child, and my neighbor's child. If, in thy great wisdom and justice, even as thou savest Abraham's son, thou savest my child in the last hour, when my neighbor's child is being slain, then will I bow down before thee and extol thy goodness and mercy forever. Help me, O Lord, to do all this in thy name, that I may some day be raised in Heaven and sit before thy throne on high. Amen.

A SOLDIER

O Lord, prepare me for the time when my country is at war. Send me all power to protect those that depend on my strength for their lives and their ideals and the future that their children must face. Send me

new courage and endurance in the nights when I remember the faces of men I have had to kill and the cries of women when they fled from my bombs. These things must be, O Lord, for me to do when others have not the strength or courage to defend themselves and to defend their children. O Lord, forgive me for what I do, and stand thou by me when I am weakest and my courage fails me. Amen.

ON THE STREET CAR

(Continued from page 12)

row. And mother would like to ask you about the peonies. There are some bugs or something on them."

Instead there he was. And their whole affair started again. Of course, he must have remembered where she said she lived, that and a phone book would make it quite easy.

"I was so glad you weren't a Smith or a Jones when it came to looking you up. There might have been a lot of trial and error in my missing person's department," he said as he sat down on the glider and started in where he had left off. They saw each other frequently that summer.

When school started in the fall again she still had no chance to miss him, for he made up his lost morning time in the evenings and saw her even oftener as winter came on.

He was getting on splendidly now with his new job that he still called "ink-well-filling." He had been cautious at first, waiting until he knew he was making the grade, to let himself out, so that it was fully halfway through January before he even bought a new suit to celebrate. Brown this time, in a subdued sport plaid. Subdued or not, she said it was still a little gay for his type, but he answered: "It suits my frame . . . and mind perfectly." He was feeling rather gay that winter.

It didn't last again, though, for by February he was gone once more. They had had such good times together and then suddenly he had to leave her.

A whole empty year he had been gone.

She woke with a jerk and a sense
(Continued on page 15)

LITERATURE

FINLAND Rosemay Barck '41

I have often, since I came to this country, been met by the questions, "Were you in Helsinki when the Russians marched in?" and "Does Finland belong to Russia or Germany now?"

I have been surprised at these remarks. So much publicity was given the Russo-Finnish war in the American newspapers last winter, so much was written about "the heroic Finns."

And yet, after the 13th of March, 1940, when the foreign correspondents in Helsinki spread the news about our peace, we seem to have been put on the list of the conquered countries in Europe. In that peace we lost 8% of our territory, but when I left Finland the 11th of October, I left a country that is still independent, where the people are free and working hard, dealing with an enormous reconstruction problem.

Students And The War

I have also, being a student myself, been asked about the students in Finland. What did they do during the war and what are they doing now?

When something comes as suddenly as the war came to us, there is only one thing to do. To take it. My personal reaction on the first day of war I wrote down the same night, the 30th of November, 1939: "At 9:15 a. m. the first alarm was heard. It was hard to realize that that sound carried with it danger to our city and our people. But when at the second alarm at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, I felt the house shaking from an explosion nearby and I saw the clouds from the explosion rise against the sky, then war was no longer merely a word I had read in stories from Poland and Spain. People say the Technical High School has been destroyed. It must be true, but I do not think any bomb can destroy the spirit of that school!"

These words do not mean that I was not terrified by the bombardment and that I did not get that first unavoidable shock which strengthens the nerves. But when I said that a bomb could not destroy the spirit of a school I think I felt like any other Finnish student.

"We Were Still Fighting . . ."

Although our intellectual work and our striving towards individual ideals at that moment seemed to be

unimportant and remote, we were still fighting for those ideals by steeling our will to endure not only mental efforts but the things that Finland set us to endure. And as long as we did that no bomb could destroy the spirit of our educational institutions.

The boys had their place at the front or in training camps and we girls were needed too. Thousands of girl-students, belonging to the Lotta-Svard-organization, worked in hospitals and first-aid stations, in field-kitchens, in the evacuation service or as aerial observers.

As for myself, I worked as a translator and interpreter to the foreign correspondents who daily sent their stories all over the world about the war that was raging at the front, about bombs that were dropped over towns and villages and about the spirit of the Finnish people.

Was that spirit going to be the same also when the war was over, when thousands of people had lost their homes, their parents, their brothers, their sons, their friends? Should students, in the shadow of the past dark months, be able to go back to intellectual work, to listen to lectures, to read books, while the thunder of the European battlefield could be heard all over the world?

I got the answer from one of my friends when I met her a few days after the peace. I asked her what she was doing now that she was no longer needed in the first-aid station where she had been working all through the war.

The Answer

"Take my final examination in English," she said. "The university will be open for us this spring for examinations and I think it is our duty to take up our studies where we had to leave them last autumn."

Last September when a new se-

mester began at the University of Helsinki, we celebrated the 300th anniversary of its foundation. A marble relief "Youth Crowned by the Goddess of Liberty," a work by the sculptor Viano Aaltonen, was unveiled in the University Auditorium, and in his speech on the occasion the Vice-Rector of the university said:

"The relief is a memorial of both the armed and the spiritual struggle of our people for the achievement and protection of liberty. The youth crowned is a hero alike of our war of independence and our recent war. He may be a youth fallen on the field of battle who receives from the Goddess of Liberty the laurels of victory before his departure across the frontier of death into the great unknown. He may also symbolize those who have achieved victory in a battle of the spirit and gain spiritual freedom."

I saw a sign of that spiritual victory in the fact that when I left, the Technical High School was completely rebuilt and had begun its work. I saw it, living among my friends at the university.

But I also know the great difficulty the Finnish student has in preserving that feeling and in showing spiritual strength while living in a country where half a million people have to be given new homes and where he has not enough to eat.

Editor's Note:

This is the first of two articles on Finland, written by Rosemay Barck, a transfer student from the University of Helsinki.

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LITERATURE

ON THE STREET CAR

(Continued from page 13)

of dismay. Her purse! Even in her sleep she remembered or dreamed of its being gently loosened from her hand . . . and it was gone! She looked around wildly and started up . . . the clock! it had skipped almost forty-five minutes!

"That's some suitcase you carry, lady," said a young man with one eye screwed up calculatingly as he hefted the gently swinging purse two inches from her nose. "And say, do I always have to wake you up?"

She collapsed upward in his direction.

"Oh, you're back, you're back! You've finally finished with that draft business. You're back in civilian clothes, and that's still your new brown suit even if it is a year old. And now you can let your hair grow longer and get up as late as seven-thirty every morning and come and see me every night if you want to and . . ." A subdued brown plaid drowned her out.

"So she's finally grown up to be a mighty senior in college, has she?" he started on a more stable line as they rode home together . . . on the street car.

Le Coeur a ses Raisons

"Le coeur a ses raisons
Que le raison ne connait pas."
They read that to me
From a book bound in red leather
And tooled with gold
And I laughed at them
For their sentimentality.

And yet when they asked me
Why I ran after a pale moth
In the twilight
I could not answer them.

MARDEN ARMSTRONG.

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BATTLE HYMN OF PCW

By J. A. H., J. S. B.

Our eyes have seen the coming of
the National Defense;
We are ousted from our classes, we
are putting up pup tents,
They are drafting all our prom dates
to be military gents,
Our men have marched away.

The Army's in the science lab, and
on the tennis court,
The general's in the smoking room
and won't give up the fort,
The Navy's requisitioned Mellon pool
for Pittsburgh port,
Defense is here to stay.

Dr. Spencer's wearing epaulets and
gold braid on his sleeve,

The Dean's List all get croix de
guerres for honors they receive,
We used to ask for late permissions;
now we ask for leave
For that's the Army way.

We have sounded forth the trumpet
that will never call retreat,
Dr. Wallace sets off time bombs and
Mu Sigma raises wheat.
Mrs. Shupp writes propaganda, we
will never know defeat,
Preparedness wins the day.

We'll sound the taps at sunset, have
the bugle blow at dawn,
We will all salute the captain, drill
divisions on the lawn,
We'll camouflage our cars as tanks,
with weary feet march on,
March on into the fray.

"SIX LESSONS"

(Continued from page 8)

rang. It was the frantic voice of a harried **Arrow** editor.

Editorial Voice

"Where is your article?" the voice shrieked. "Get it in tomorrow morning at 8:30 or else."

The receiver clicked. Your Reporter shuddered. Then she passed quietly into a coma. Upon recovery a few minutes later, she began a frantic search for the assignment, finally locating it in the identical coat pocket where she had first put it, coyly hidden among bits of tinfoil and old theater stubs. It read (briefly and bitterly) "300 words on the 'swimmers'."

The long hand of panic clutched at the breast of your Reporter. She couldn't swim! She had seen the pool at Andrew Mellon Hall only from a safe distance. She was entirely unsympathetic toward the subject. What to do?

Observation Of Technique

Suddenly inspiration, like a great flood of light in a dark world, dawned upon her. She solemnly picked up her notebook and pencil and walked with a stately step toward the bathroom. She turned on the water in the tub, and sat ceremoniously on a stool, keeping her eyes rigidly fixed on the rising water. But still no idea came.

She remained in this cramped position pensively watching and chewing the end of her pencil to no avail. An hour passed. Still nothing.

"Perhaps if I got in . . ." she wondered vaguely, but after a few flaps and feeble kicks in the water, she took herself off to her room with an apple, some cheese (sharp), and much determination. The following is the result of five minutes of intensive work."

Data On Drowning

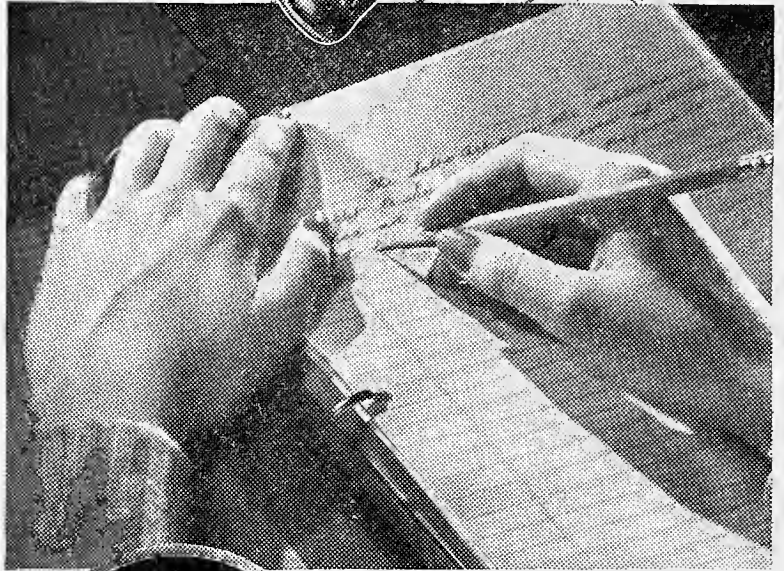
"Swimmers are an abnormal outgrowth of the human race—probably direct descendents of the Phyla Chordata, sub-phyla Vertebrata, class Amphibia. These creatures, while closely resembling humans, exhibit an unnatural tendency to remain in the water even when an 'all-out' whistle has been blown.

"They delight in long, exhaustive paddling from one side of the pool to the other, and take a fiendish pleasure from splashing innocent on-lookers. They are easily identified by the presence of high-cut red or blue tank suits.

"For further study, the author recommends a trip to Andrew Mellon pool any afternoon. Further information on request."
M. M. A.

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pause and

*Turn to
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The ARROW

Vol. XX

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., March 19, 1941

No. 5



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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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TO THE GAMBOLIER

We take this opportunity to present a boy-friend for the PCW girl recently pictured in the W. & J. publication, the Gambolier. We feel they make a charming, perhaps even a typical couple. The more the merrier.

Seriously though, on looking back over years it is with pleasure that we note the ever-growing spirit of co-operation between PCW and W. & J. Some day, if our respective campuses keep spreading, they may even meet and we can go to W. & J. without leaving school. Meanwhile the mounting success of those joint projects the Spring play, the Quadrille, and that innovation, the Date Bureau, is resulting in a new respect and admiration on the part of the students of one institution for the ideals and traditions and the students of the other.

W. AND J.



NEW VISTAS

An important idea has been spreading rapidly through PCW in the past few weeks. If we definitely do away with our old club system, then perhaps we can work to get chapters of national honorary societies here. Under them, one would get credit for the feverish extra-curricular activities that usually slip into oblivion after a few months. To become a member of the cherished Mortar Board, for instance, would be difficult; but it would be worth striving for. And if next year's senior class begins working out the idea it might be possible for PCW to start a club—a club that in a few years would be accepted by the Mortar Board Society as one of its chapters. It would take work. An impressive ritual and set of traditions would have to be planned. A program would have to be carefully mapped out. But in the end the society might become the sponsor of our highest functions and the heart of PCW's future college life.

EVENTS

W. AND J.

Unique Plot

Recognized as one of PCW's best entertainments is the annual Spring play. A joint production with W & J's Buskin Club, it used to be under former Dramatic Club monopoly, now takes in all students who have the time and interest. Long-haired with joy by play-goers who hate gals in trousers, the PCW-Jay partnership by now is almost tradition.

Horror and Mystery

This year's play is much-discussed **Kind Lady**. Played last year in New York, it was popular for its horrors and mystery. It deals with human interest, love, treachery, has for characters a sophisticated flapper, a common, vulgar woman, an insane girl. Greatest power: a unique plot.

One Night Only

Tomorrow evening, March 20, the premier production will be staged at Washington, Pa. According to custom, PCW sees it Friday. Not according to custom, it will run only one night here. Among expected celebrities in audience, will be PCW Alumnae Council, undrafted dates of PCW girls. Admission for students and dates requires only yellow cards from Louise Wallace, usually obtained through paying activities fee—required before credit is given at year's end.

Prompter Speaks Line

The cast includes: Mary Herries, Jean Hill; Lucy, Rose Mae Barck; Phylliss, Joyce Wallis; Peter, Hal Perkins; Henry, John McCowan; Rose, Barbara Shupp; Gustov, the art collector, Sam Robinson; Mrs. Edwards, Jean Grey; Mr. Edwards, Bob Castetter; Ada, Jean Archer; Aggie, Helen Jane Taylor; the doctor, John Boiris; Mr. Foster, Edwin G. Wallace; and the prompter, with one line (don't miss it), Nancy Ritchie.

Aside From Actors

Back of production, is all important staff of hard workers. For PCW are director Margaret Robb, stage manager Marianna Mahany, business manager Claire Horwitz, publicity directors Margie Hibbs and Amanda Harris, artist Marden Armstrong. In charge of properties: Eleanor Garrett, assisted by Sally Frick, Louise Love, and Martha Harlan. Working on costumes: Alice Horsfield, with Alice Provost and Jean DeWoody.

Cinderella Boys

PCW played hostess to eighty J-men March 11 at the second Quadrille rehearsal, held on campus in Berry Hall.

The J-men arrived fifteen minutes early, and after the shock of this novel occurrence had worn off, the dancing began, to the accompaniment of music furnished by W&J.

Midnight Hour

Quadrille exercises were led by Bob Cross—later the atmosphere grew less formal as students ignored the crowded floor and danced gaily. Punch and doughnuts were served at intermission, then like Cinderella the J-men departed at midnight.

Next rehearsal will be April 30, at W&J.

DISCUSSION

Student Problems

Students and faculty met recently in the Student Faculty Council to discuss student problems, air student grievances.

Cafeteria

First order of business concerned the criticism of the cafeteria. The Administration pointed out that before considering complaints it was necessary to remember that the cafeteria is maintained for student convenience, does not operate for profit. Rarely serving more than 100 people in a day, the cafeteria kitchen is serviced by one maid, kitchen facilities do not allow extensive cooking. The average lunch costs fifteen cents, despite the great rise in wholesale food prices.

Larger Quantities

It was suggested that since the 12:30 people get the pick of available food, perhaps the great variety could be sacrificed somewhat to allow larger amounts of the more popular items.

When the thinness of sandwich spread, lack of desserts was pointed out, the Administration promised immediate action. (It has been reported that such action was taken).

Student suggestions were asked

STUDENTS

You're Drafted for National
Defense—Appear Today—
2:00 Conover Room

for, and it was promised that any worthy suggestion would be acted upon so far as the physical and financial limitations of the cafeteria permit.

Student Swim Night

A student night for swimming was requested. Action was delayed pending investigation of the State laws concerning use of the pool.

Athletic Tournaments

The status of AA was discussed and it was decided to try to revive interests by sponsoring interclass bowling tournaments, swim meets. Inter-collegiate play-days were suggested and all suggestions were referred to AA board.

Goodwill

It was decided to continue the Arrow practice of giving free Arrows to the 60 faculty members and 48 alumnae representatives on the basis of goodwill.

YWCA and Defense

At two o'clock today, in the Conover Room, representatives from Seton Hill, Duquesne, Tech and Mt. Mercy will meet in open forum to discuss the role of college women in the National Defense.

Women and Defense

Sponsored by the YWCA, the meeting will be opened by PCW's Dr. Martin, who with Dr. Spencer recently attended a conference in Washington, pertaining to women's place in the National Defense. Dorothy Andrews is to be the representative from PCW in the round table discussion.

Snow-Plough Brigade

The imminence of plans for Women's Defense Work is shown by the fact the PCW faculty members are already viewing their schedules with a view toward possible changes to facilitate defense training. Many women's colleges already have a full defense program for women. Russel Sage, a pioneer in the field, demands that its students give four hours a week to defense work. They even have a snow-plough brigade.

New Classes for Women

So it is not impossible that in the future there will be women's classes in engineering, agriculture, draftsmanship, and mechanics, as well as an increased emphasis on the fields of nursing and stenography.

YWCA stresses the importance of

EVENTS

student participation in today's meeting, in order that they may help determine the course of PCW in women's defense work.

Government Conference

For the third successive year PCW will be represented at the Inter-Collegiate Conference on Government, held in Harrisburg. Made up of representatives from Pennsylvania colleges and universities, the conference has as its aim giving the student a practical knowledge of government so that he will be better able to achieve good government.

This year's conference will be modeled on a uni-cameral legislature. Delegates will present bills for consideration by various committees of local government, will vote on bills in the General Assembly.

Bills Passed

This year's delegation from PCW will probably be the largest to attend from this school. Last year's delegation, though small, earned itself quite an excellent reputation, especially in the Labor Committee, where its measures were passed almost intact.

PCW representatives are drawn mainly from economic and history classes.

Miss Dorothy Shields, faculty advisor for the delegation will be attending a political convention in Harrisburg at the same time as the ICG is being held.

Regional Meet

On March 3rd there will be a regional meeting of the eleven schools from the northwestern part of the state to discuss ICG plans at PCW.

FACULTY

Invitation

Gold letters engraved on white paper are the motif of the invitations issued by the Trustees of the National Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institute to Dr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Spencer, Dean M. Helen Marks, and Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg of PCW.

These invitations are for the opening of the new Gallery Building by Trustees of the Andrew Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust. The opening is scheduled for Monday evening, March 17, 1941, at 9:00 and calls for black tie.

The invitations sent out individu-



DEAN M. HELEN MARKS
Elected Chairman

ally are not transferable. Dr. and Mrs. Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg are planning to attend while Dean Marks is uncertain whether she will be able to make the trip.

"Facing the Future"

Over 500 Deans of Women gathered at Atlantic City February 18-22, for the National Association of Deans of Women. From PCW went Dean M. Helen Marks, along with deans from high schools, girls' colleges, universities, and teacher's colleges all over the United States.

Theme of this year's convention was "Facing the Future of Women's Education in a Reorganizing World." Speaking to the banqueting deans was the Honorable Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor. Her subject was "Women's Opportunity in Industry."

A Ride On the Boardwalk

Miss Marks was elected chairman of the Section for Academic Deans for the next year. Although meetings occupied most of her time, Miss Marks managed to take one ride in a chair on the Boardwalk.

Dean Hawkes of Columbia University, considered by Miss Marks to be the best speaker, discussed "The Democratic Way of Life." Said Miss Marks, "He reminded us that we are dealing entirely with a different type of youth who are more in-

dependent and are not guided by the mob in drinking and smoking and who carry this independence into their intellectual, religious and academic life."

What Is Right

He thinks that it is up to the college faculties and to the older people in general to believe that there is something in this country worth saving if we're to influence young people. The present situation demands emphasis on what is right in this country rather than on what is wrong.

Food and Science

A science convention is to be held in Pittsburgh this year, from June 12 to June 16. Dr. Wallace, elected a fellow of the American Institute of Food Technologists, the nation-wide institution for the application of science to food and food products, is chairman of the committee of hotels and hotel arrangements.

Flourishing Club

The PCW Branch of the American Association of University Professors had its first luncheon meeting at Andrew Mellon Hall, Wednesday, February 18, with the special features of creamed chicken by Miss Dysart and hot biscuits by Mrs. Rand. The association has been meeting in the past in the library of the Science Hall where luncheon-chairman Ruth Staples has evolved and administered lunches of a culinary superiority up to this time unannounced to the world in general, but greatly appreciated by a small and important part of it.

A. A. U. P. President Marian Griggs presided at the first Andrew Mellon Hall luncheon, and PCW President Herbert Spencer addressed some twenty members of the chapter.

The Faculty Club at Andrew Mellon Hall also flourishes. Tuesday evening, February 25, a group of intellectuals with assorted wives, guests, and husbands had dinner in the white dining room, with the assistance of McCann's and a committee composed of Miss Robb, Mrs. Douth, and Miss Kaeser. Bowling, swimming, cards, and knitting were the amusements of the evening, selected according to

EVENTS

the temperament and agility of individual participants.

The Faculty Club rooms were inspected, occupied, and viewed with pride. With the assistance of artist Rosenberg, the furnishing committee, consisting of Dr. Ferguson, Dean Marks, Miss McCarty and Miss Howell, has been buying rugs, chairs, end-tables, lamps, etc. On the advice of Mr. Rosenberg, who has loaned a picture of his own to hang over the fireplace, the committee chose rugs which repeated the gold of the curtains and the green of the marble outlining the fireplace, added tones of dull rose and dull blue. Chairs already bought repeat the rose and blue.

ENTERTAINMENT

Shakespeare

Generally agreed upon is the fact that Andrew Mellon Hall would make an impressive stage setting. Acting on this agreement, the Oral Interpretation of Literature Class is planning to make use of it, is rehearsing some Shakespearean scenes for presentation. Tentatively set for March 26th, the performance will be at 8:15 in the evening.

Appearing in the role of the fiery Katherine, Alice Provost will act in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Elizabeth Warner will do the famed sleep-walking scene from *Macbeth*. Arrow editor Jeanne-Anne Ayres will temporarily discard her typewriter to walk the boards as *Hamlet*, opposite Mary Evelyn Ducey's Queen. Other plays included in the selections are *Twelfth Night*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Director Kerst realizes she is initiating a new idea, is enthusiastic over the prospect.

Twelfth Night

Mr. Sam Pearce will again favor PCW with one of his amusing and informative lectures during the week of March 24th. Illustrating his lecture on *Twelfth Night* with colored slides, Mr. Pearce will discuss this play's stage history in terms of productions and interpretations by famous players. He is an advance "guard" for the Theater Guild pro-

duction of *Twelfth Night*, starring Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans who play the roles of Viola and Malvolio.

Many Lectures

In the last two years Mr. Pearce has delighted over a thousand audiences throughout the country with similar lectures on *Hamlet*, *The Time of Your Life* and *King Richard II*.

A graduate of Yale's Drama Department, Mr. Pearce is an actor who has devoted his leisure to doing research on Shakespearean productions through the centuries.

Revue

Last week two PCW girls took part in a new form of advertizing. Kaufmann's held a musical comedy revue, setting off their newest clothes, and Tech-PCW talent. In a "chorus" of eight, were Mary Evelyn Ducey, of *Prince of Pantoulla* fame and freshman-advisor Peggy Matheny. Polly Rowles Snyder had the lead, assisted by four Tech men and "The Chorus."

Songs were catchy, written by popular Charles Gaynor. Best-known for the musical comedies written for Pittsburgh Playhouse, he wrote words advertizing dresses, styles, etc. Dance routines were created by Louise Kelly, sister of famous Gene Kelly.

ALUMNAE

Reunion

The Alumnae of PCW will recall their years at the College and get a new understanding of the College as it is today when they return March 21 and 22 to participate in the annual Alumnae Council. The Council was born in 1925 under the guidance of Miss Coolidge. Then it was a two-day event, and this year they are again planning such a schedule.

Through the generosity of the College, classes and discussion groups for Alumnae will be conducted Friday morning and afternoon by members of the faculty. Miss Dorothy M. Andrew will speak on "Child Psychology;" Mrs. Margaret T. Douth, on "The Marriage Clinic;" Miss Vanda E. Kerst, on "The Radio Workhouse;" and Dr. Irene D. Ferguson, on "Health, Yesterday and Today." Following Miss Genevieve Jones' dis-

cussion on "The Modern Dance," there will be an exhibition of the modern dance class.

Exhibits will be on display at all times so the Alumnae can see the kind of work being done at the College today. Friday afternoon they will meet Miss Rose Mae Barck of Finland, and Miss Yvonne da Silva of Brazil, the foreign students at PCW, at a reception in Andrew Mellon Hall. They are also invited to see "*Kind Lady*," the play given by PCW and W. & J.

Saturday afternoon Miss Marks will welcome the visitors. At their request Dr. Spencer is going to tell of the progress for the Building Campaign, and what the Alumnae can do. Following this, Alumnae are invited to meet the faculty at tea.

Out-of-town guests are urged to attend, and are assured of having a most interesting time. The Saturday morning business is closed, for Council members only. But all other meetings are open to all those who will come, and we hope there will be many.

Parties

The Alumnae of PCW are giving a series of parties, in the Conover Room, for the seniors of the college, and for girls who were graduated in the class of '40. The girls are being divided into five interest groups, according to their major field. The purpose of these parties is to tell the students something about their major subject and the possibility of continuing their work when they enter business.

At each party there are eight or so women who have been out of college for a number of years and who are outstanding in their particular field. They tell the students of their experiences, and try to help them with their problems for the coming year when they will be looking for positions.

The science and English groups have already had their parties, and the other three will be held in the next week or two. They start at 7:30 and, after the discussions, refreshments are served. So far they have been a great success and have helped the girls with their problems.

PEOPLE

General

A few weeks ago a lucky *Arrow* reporter managed an exclusive interview with General Hugh S. Johnson. Let in by a small, unobtrusive secretary who calls him "General," reporter carefully picked her way across the room through a maze of cigarette stubs, ashes, Liberty magazines, and newspapers.

To the Point

"What are you after?" asked the General, always brief and to the point. As gruff as most people say he is, he still impressed the reporter as being gruff only on the outside. His handshake is hearty and his sense of humor shows through every now and then.

Motioned to an uncomfortable chair, hoping fervently columnist Johnson didn't think her a souvenir collector, *Arrow* reporter sat down and began asking questions.

Fantastic Nonsense

"Read my column tomorrow night," was his answer to the first three, as the General picked studiously at his left thumb nail. After the fourth question (about the Lease-Lend Bill), your reporter just listened. As he spoke General Johnson pleaded the right corner of his coat.

"This government by harangue and unofficial plebiscite is mostly fantastic nonsense," complained the columnist, adding that the result was not nonsense. "It is the stark national tragedy of the Lease-Lend Bill."

Startling Switch

"We shall have naval 'Union Now' with Britain and be in this war up to our eyebrows on both the Atlantic and Pacific." Mr. Johnson smoothed out his coat and started rubbing his left index finger. "We'll see one of the most startling switches of American and British naval equipment ever yet rumored or imagined."

He later admitted that Britain badly needs light swift ships, the U. S. needs heavy battleships. He predicted, such ships would be the ones to trade.

Need For Fair Peace

"America needs ships, not because of any threat of invasion, but merely to make her formidable enough that European powers will agree to make a fair peace after the war." Isolationist Johnson also confessed that a fair peace in Europe would be for America's advantage.

"Japan is not a naval threat to the

U. S.," boomed the General suddenly. "The only danger to the U. S. in the Orient is one of future trading difficulties if Japan builds up her Yellow Empire."

Crossing his legs and scowling, Johnson concluded that it's an all around tough situation for military experts, amateur or professional. *Arrow* reporter heartily agreed with him.

Forgotten Promise

Hugh Johnson lays claim to both amateur and professional military knowledge. Connected with the army from 1901 to 1919, he is better known as 1933's NRA administrator, lately as dogmatic, colorful columnist and speaker. Typical of his statements was famed promise to eat his hat if Gallup's prediction proved true at election time. *Arrow* reporter forgot to ask if he had kept the promise.

Local Yokel

Nationally known for his opposition to Third Terms, Columnist Johnson calls himself an "Oklahoma hick—just a local yokel," because he voted for Willkie. Roosevelt still wants too much power, complains the General, adding that Willkie has repudiated his commonsense doctrines and been blinded by campaign glamor. He admits he would have a hard time voting if he had the chance again.

"Socialism," he went on to say, quoting Al Smith, "no matter how you slice it, it's still baloney!" But we are marching toward a socialist economy. *Arrow* reporter, remembering PCW's mock convention, considered asking him if he would vote Prohibitionist next time, thought better of it.

D. E. V.

Comedienne

Blonde, comedienne Gracie Fields in a trim black street dress graciously received enthusiastic *Arrow* reporters in her suite at the Hotel Schenley last week, willingly answered questions concerning her tour of the United States for the British War Relief. Well-known in England since the last World War for her stage, screen, and radio work, Miss Fields, who has recently been conducting a campaign in the United States for the British War Relief, confided that her trip has been a success.

An actress to the nth degree, Miss Fields carried her dramatic ability

into the conversation by demonstrating each subject with pantomime. Proudly speaking of her nieces and nephews who are sharing her country home in England with London slum children, Miss Fields enacted their childish amazement when they realized that "Aunt Gracie" was the idol of English children.

England's Victory Certain

Speaking of conditions in war-torn England, Miss Fields read excerpts from a letter Mrs. J. B. Priestly had sent her telling of the need for more hospitals and places of refuge outside the cities. Miss Fields spoke of English morale which, she was sure, makes victory for England certain.

Describing her experiences in Hollywood, Miss Fields spoke primarily of Shirley Temple. Said she, "Shirley is treated as though she were a fragile piece of Dresden China, never to be disciplined. She should be treated as a normal child, regardless of her adult intelligence." Miss Fields imitated "one of our well-known English actresses" who gushed, "I have such a dreadful part in my next picture, I have to chastise dear little Shirley."

Tentative Broadway Production

Miss Fields' tour will be concluded in a few weeks and she confided that she may go to New York to appear in a Broadway production which as yet has not been chosen.

Miss Fields would make no answer to queries put to her concerning her ideas on the American situation in the present world crisis. Her only statement was, "I do not concern myself in American politics."

Miss Fields is better known in America as the wife of Monty Banks, a comedian of the Charlie Chaplin regime, who is now playing a bit part in Tyrone Powers' latest picture.

D. L. E.

Maestro

Dynamic director Dr. Vladimir Bakaleinakoff took time out to be interviewed by PCW *Arrow* reporter after his Wednesday evening rehearsal of the Pittsburgh Opera Society's forthcoming production, Tschaikowsky's **Eugene Onegin**.

"You may tell them that I come from a long line of musicians," he said when asked about his family. Dr. Bakaleinakoff has six brothers and sisters—all of them professional musicians. One of his sisters is a vio-

PEOPLE

linist, another a singer. Two of his brothers are now in Hollywood conducting musical scores for the Columbia and MGM studios. Dr. Bakaleinakoff, himself, spent two years in Hollywood, directing music and even taking dramatic roles in some movies. He played the role of conductor of a symphony orchestra in the picture *Wife, Husband and Friend* and a string quartet player in Jascha Heifetz' picture, *You Shall Have Music*.

Viola Soloist

Musician Bakaleinakoff, one of the world's rare viola soloists, was graduated from the Moscow Conservatory as a violinist. When asked why he has chosen to concentrate upon the viola rather than some other instrument with a more melodic and leading voice in the orchestra, he said sincerely:

"Because the viola is a very beautiful instrument to play and because there are so few viola soloists." He added, with a characteristic wave of his large, expressive hands, "There are so many violinists."

After finishing at the conservatory Dr. Bakaleinakoff joined the world-famous string quartet, *Grand Duke Mecklenburg Quartet*, in 1910. They toured all the world except the USA. They had a contract to tour America and were all ready to start when World War I broke out. Dr. Bakaleinakoff joined the army, fought all during the war.

"The Americans waited to come to help us," he said, adding significantly, "The Americans always wait."

Loyal Citizen

"Dr. Bak," as opera cast members fondly call their director, has been here for 14 years, is a very loyal citizen of the USA. To prove it, he said.

"I'd be the first to enlist for America if war comes and they would take me."

We asked him what he thought of the war situation today and of America's part in it. Very earnestly and with firm conviction the silver-haired, broad-shouldered American Russian said:

"If America wants the type of a world that a German victory would bring, then give no aid to Britain; if America does not want that kind of world, and I don't think she does, then give all possible aid to Britain."

Director in Moscow Theatre

During the 1920's before he came

over here, Dr. Bakaleinakoff headed the music divisions of that great institution, the Moscow Fine Arts Theatre. He knew the famous organizers of the Theatre very well, both Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko. His invaluable work with Nemirovich-Danchenko made him particularly able to direct our own Opera Society.

During rehearsals, "Dr. Bak" is a mixture of the serious director exacting subtleties of nuance from the orchestra and chorus, the comedian and the tragedien. He continually taps the music stand with the tip of his baton to keep time, sometimes interjecting a "One!" at the beginning of a measure, in his heavy, brusque, and individualistic voice. When he wants a particular effect the way the Russians would do it, he sings the phrase in loud, harsh grating tones, following that with soft, hushed, almost whispered tones, as a contrast.

"Please"

Sometimes in the middle of a song he will stop to say to a singer, "Excuse me, please, you forgot again the cut," or to an embarrassed cello player, "Have you something to play but why are you sleeping?"

Always his cryptic remarks are surrounded with "please."

"Please, will you be kind to mark it down so you will remember next time?" to a forgetful clarinetist.

Usually, after saying something that puts one in a poor light, Director Bakaleinakoff will add or do something funny and everyone forgets about the unfortunate one's embarrassment. After telling the above-mentioned clarinet player to mark his score, Dr. Bak said,

"You have a pencil? No, you have no pencil." Then he pulled from his vest pocket a big cigar, handed it to the musician and said, "You will have cigar?"

Often when the chorus or orchestra do not know their parts he will say, "Oh, my goodness!" and all have to smile because it sounds so odd coming from a big, strong, vehement man like Dr. Bakaleinakoff.

A great flatterer, he is yet sincere, as when he answered question: "What do you think of American college girls and PCW girls in particular?"

"I think they are all charming, and I regret that I do not know more of them personally," he said.

Suzannah

Suzannah is starring in the Pittsburgh Health Show now playing at the Buhl Planetarium. And who is Suzannah, you ask? She is PCW's biological dummy—a woman's figure that can be taken entirely apart for demonstration of how the human body "ticks." Furthermore, Suzannah is the only one of her kind in Pittsburgh and when Buhl Planetarium officials invited her to help them with their show, she very graciously accepted (via Dr. C. P. Martin).

A Very Popular Gal

To make Suzannah very appealing to curious spectators, she has been placed in a glass case with blue drapes as a background and fluorescent lights to cast off a pleasing glow. It seems that this young lady is very popular, having thus far attracted such distinguished visitors as Dr. Morris Fishbein, Chancellor Bowman of Pitt, Florence Fisher Parry, and the President of Buhl Foundation.

Besides PCW's contribution, there is a great deal of material from the Hall of Man at the New York World's Fair. Also adding to the show are displays from the University of Pittsburgh, the various hospitals, the Department of Public Health.

Sandra

New addition to PCW defense program is Sandra, now residing in Andrew Mellon Hall. No training school member, Sandra has been drafted to protect PCW seniors from prowlers, to date has a clear record.

Christened Brunhilde III in the American Kennel Club Annals, Sandra is a half-grown German Shepherd dog presented to the college by Elizabeth Warner '44. One of the elite in dogdom, Sandra boasts an International Champion in her grandmother, a rating equivalent to the D. A. R. and Colonial Dames combined.

Asked during the interview if she had any complaints to make, Sandra shook her head, amended her reply by saying that she was having a little trouble remembering the girls' dates, but that she had been careful to let no suspicious characters pass into AMH without carefully questioning and watching them.

ARTS

Beggar's Opera

Eagerly anticipated by local college students are the productions of Carnegie Tech's Little Theater. On Tuesday, March 11th, the Little Theater rang up its curtain for a week's run of John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*.

Later the same week, on March 18th, PCW Chapel Speaker S. Stephenson Smith, spoke on the famous eighteenth century ballad opera, later visited and lectured in a few classes, still later participated in an afternoon conference.

Milestone in Dramatic History

Professor Smith's particular interest in this opera develops from its importance as a milestone in the development of the stage as a powerful influence upon its contemporary social life. Discussed, along with a sprinkling of anecdotes of the current theater gleaned from his wide acquaintance among the creators of stage works, were the original form of the play, also its many revivals (of special interest the four-year run in London after World War I, and the pre-Hitler presentation to new music by Kurt Weill, the Viennese refugee now a contributor of music to current American musical plays). Pointed out were present day musical plays of social significance comparable in their sphere of influence to the famous old English work.

Rhodes Scholar

Educational counsellor for the recently much-publicized ASCAP, S. Stephenson Smith is a widely recognized critic of the drama, author of several books and reviews. (*The Craft of the Critic, The Command of Words, The Style Rule*). A Rhodes scholar, he is a member of the national council of the American Association of University Professors, the League of American Writers, Authors' League of America, and the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast.

Glee Club

Would-be Grove City-goers were thwarted in their hopes a few weeks ago when bad road conditions kept them at home. Now the Music Department is looking forward to the next big event on its calendar which is to occur this week end, on March 22.

Music Festival

Place: Geneva College in Beaver Falls. The Occasion: a Music Festival. Participants will be Liberal Arts Colleges of Western Pennsylvania, each one to contribute about eight minutes of music.

PCW's Glee Club will use the time to present two numbers. One, an eighteenth century French Bargette; the other, written by D'Indy, is entitled *Sur La Mer*. Soloing in the last number will be PCW's talented singers, Jane Hanauer and Gladys Cooper.

Workshop

At 8:30 P. M. on Sunday, March 9, PCW radio students joined the broadcast family at KQV with the presentation of the first in a series of dramas written at PCW.

All Phases

According to Miss Vanda E. Kerst, head of the speech department, "The radio workshop has been introduced at PCW to give each girl in the radio class practise in every phase of radio work."

An agreement has been reached with KQV broadcasting studio whereby student-written and enacted plays are to be presented each Sunday night from 8:30 to 9:00.

All Departments Involved

The programs as they are heard each week are the result of departmental cooperation. In addition to the actual presentation by the members of the radio class, the music department has undertaken the scores, the speech department has assumed responsibility of direction. Mr. Elmer Stickley, instructor in physics, lends technical assistance through lectures on the mechanics of play production.

Fresh Material Needed

The English department, drafted to provide original skits, invites anyone who is interested to submit scripts for consideration. "We need fresh, new material," states Miss Kerst, "and we invite all members of the student body to present material which is adaptable to radio presentation."

Inaugurating "PCW Presents" was an original play written by Alice Horsfield, directed by Miss Kerst, and enacted by members of the radio class working with boys from the Tech drama school.

"Bill the Burglar"

The following week brought the debut of "Bill the Burglar," adapted by Alice Provost, directed by Alice Chattaway and Betty Bacon. Marjorie Wood and Alice Horsfield handled sound effects and music, Vance Hyde and Alice Provost read the script.

Encouraged by KQV

With production being conducted in workshop style, each girl is given a particular task, rehearsals are held throughout the week, two final rehearsals are conducted at the studio an hour before the performance.

Highly encouraged by KQV the radio students are planning to receive studio authorities who will lecture in seminar on the writing, producing, and commercial phases of broadcasting.

Polish Tenor

Jan Kiepura, colorful Polish tenor, concluded his concert at Carnegie Music Hall on March 10 by singing the Polish National Anthem. He was accompanied by the audience, in Polish.

Students from PCW returned from the concert with enthusiastic reports of Mr. Kiepura's spontaneous stage personality, marvelous voice, and generous encores. Forced to tiptoe from the stage at the end of his first encore, "Be Mine Tonight," just before intermission, Mr. Kiepura enjoyed clowning as much as the audience enjoyed watching him.

Forced to choose between an encore from Puccini and one from Tosca at the end of the concert, the Tosca lovers attempted to shout down the Puccini supporters. Democratic Mr. Kiepura made the audience raise hands to determine which group was in the majority.

La Donne e Mobile from *Rigoletto*, Ai-yi, O Sole Mio, the Polish and American National Anthems, were among Mr. Kiepura's last encores. Students were disappointed that Mr. Kiepura had not learned The Star-Spangled Banner. They forgave him since he stood at attention while the audience sang.

Grandiloquent gestures, strange to staid Pittsburghers at first, gradually were accepted as merely part of Mr. Kiepura's way of singing. The unanimous opinion was "He was wonderful."

FEATURES

Campus Comments

We were looking over an old *Arrow* the other day (vintage 1929) and we discovered a column called Campus Comments, written by the "College Owl." Now while we feel that the College Owl is rather a naive title, we have decided to revive the column and see what happens. Because we are not sure just what will happen, we prefer to remain strictly anonymous.

* * *

Senior comments concerning comprehensives: -?/)%!!! It seems that the administration had not fully considered the implications and methods of comprehensives before dumping them upon the bent shoulders of the students. Perhaps experimentation is necessary so that the plan for comprehensives can be worked out more completely, but surely the students who are trying to study for them now deserve to know a little bit more about what they're doing. And exactly **when** they're doing it.

* * *

Our personal opinion concerning Sandra is that she's a charming character, but undoubtedly the sort of dog who would trot upstairs and bring down the valuables in her teeth to almost any burglar who happened to be around.

* * *

W&J Gambolier comment on the PCW girl was not entirely flattering, but we are inclined to be lenient. The Date Bureau will remedy that in its own good time.

* * *

There are twelve baby rats in the Science Lab.—At least when we went to press there were (it seems that Mother Rat is disappointed in her offspring). The reason for this comment is that we have heard much talk recently from scientists and pseudo-scientists who say that the insects and animals are going to take over the world. We have a credulous mind and we are fully prepared to believe this promise, so we think it rather suicidal of the science department to hasten the revolution by increasing the rodent population.

* * *

We have heard much comment on the mushroom growth of the Defense Program recently. They have overrun Berry Hall and the cafeteria—especially the latter since they ar-

rive at twelve-thirty. Confused students find their conferences interrupted by important defense problems, the outside telephone lines all in use. C'est la guerre.

* * *

Flashbacks: Campus Comment in 1929 begs students not to wear socks with high-heeled shoes and asks them not to call their parents by their first names. Ah, the Flaming Twenties!

* * *

Comment from the floor of the last SGA meeting would indicate that Mu Sigma, in student opinion, was the only club which really did something. Their scholarship requirements for membership, their science scholarships show that a club **can** do something. The other clubs were of the tea-and-creampuff variety compared with Mu Sigma, a fact which Mu Sigma members did not fail to mention, not once but many times.

* * *

While we're on the subject of clubs, the idea seems to be that if clubs are to be brought back they will be brought back under the direction of the Student Activities Council which has done such good work this year, and with a new policy of faculty non-intervention.

* * *

Comment-of-the-week: (a freshman leaving SGA meeting last Thursday) "I wouldn't mind coming to Student Government if we had something to fight about every week."

* * *

Add comment: Seems silly to fuss about clubs when we'll all be drafted next year anyway. (See page 3).

Here and There

So now the prom is far behind and spring vacation's on our mind. Quadrille night is yet to come, we hear "Kind Lady" 's not so dumb.

Midst memories made hazy by overindulgence at the Milk Bar, stand out Steinie's party after the tea dance. Shinee singing "Wagon Wheels", Fitzwilson murmuring "On Howard" on any occasion at all, Steinie herself contributing "Got a Date With An Angel" ably chorused by M. Longwell, F. Johnson, Skippy Clipson, E. Fitzwilson, A. Chattaway, J. Pierce, G. Patton. Dinner hour at the PAA saw Jinny Lappe, Mary Jane Hyland, Doris Dodds and Ethyl Herrod, plus dates, and eager eyes

at the prom finally glimpsed the men of those one-man girls Marden Armstrong, Peggy Dietz, and Mary Schewepe.

Off Campus

Add Snow White minus seven drafts: A. M. Devlin, M. K. Eisenberg, Connie Meyers, J. Condit, M. L. Marks, and Ye Ed.

Penn State's Senior Ball saw Kitty Watson, J. Baer and B. Weil making it merry—at Kisky: Martha Harlan, Jean Bacon, N. Maxwell, P. Leonard, etc. The Pan-American Conference at Oberlin College offered excuse to a smooth Pitt lad to chauffeur Yvonne da Silva there and back.

On Campus

New additions to the Quadrille: Janet Ross and Norma Bailey.

Miscellaneous:

Margie Snyder's frequent notes on the bulletin board—Lunch at twelve, signed Bud.

D. L. Evans wearing a cameo on that finger and a smile from ear to ear.

Kind Lady Fate play-casting J. Wallis and Perk as the principals of "In the spring a young man's," etc.

Returning men: M. Norris's Johnny and B. Conover's serenading Bob.

Fame and Fortune: Miles Janouch rating the Tech Tartan.

Jane Chantler elated because Ollie passes her house on two wheels—add a note on the man who misinterpreted "I won't be here much longer" and tried to talk her out of ending it all.

We hope by this issue that Ruth Jenkins got that fitting for the fashion show—that Jean Sweet and Naomi Lankford got redress for their double dresses.

J. Burchinal running competition with the Date Bureau with five dates scheduled for last Saturday night—a Lehigh man emerged victorious from the finals and a good time was had by all.

The Finals

Wedding Belles: Peggy Christy, Betty Sweeney, Mouch Shoemaker, Audrey Horton, Punky Cook, Jean Burry, Madge Medlock, Dottie Oliver, and Mary Kinter. Ringing out instead of in (at the prom) Ruth Brister.

Wease Caldwell still sticking to Nick—and now acting as proxy for Insurance Ltd.

That's all we have, there ain't no more, til Spring is knocking on the door, the **Arrow** retires to bed, ditto ye weary worn-out Ed.

M. I. H. and G. M. S.

SPORTS

Sportiscope

Prognosis Negative

It seems from the results of the first four games that your writer was the unfortunate victim of delirium tremens, commonly known as the D. T.'s, when she was so bold as to predict the Sophomores as the logical winner of the basketball championship. Ye honorable members of the class of '43 seem to have lost their grip and gone into a decline for at the time of this writing, they have lost not one but two games—one to the Flashy Frosh by the score of 20 to 10, and the other to the Sterling Seniors, 45 to 25. Although the relative scores may indicate otherwise, the second game was far better than the first. The battle between the Freshmen and Sophomores (and we do mean battle) was characterized by rough play, long erratic passes, frantic inaccurate shots, and a general lack of teamwork and good sportsmanship by both teams. As usual, the Sophomores showed up with only two guards (it's getting to be a habit) and four forwards, so the lineup went in with Black, Dodds, and Sweet as forwards and Fitzpatrick, Ross, and Browne in the defense positions. The Green and White showed up with millions of forwards and guards so that they could wear out their opponents if not out-score them. As the final score announced, they did both.

As the first quarter of the Sophomore-Senior combat closed, it looked as if the Rose and White had clicked and hit their stride of the '39-'40 campaign for they led 11 to 9. But try as they could no one could stop the Senior forwards with Patton and Fitzwilson starring in their always accurate, speedy, spectacular game and Jane O'Neill a welcome surprise as she scored five points in her initial effort at the forward post.

A real thriller was the Senior-Junior fracas with the Seniors finally winning out after a see-saw score with a pass from Patton to Fitzwilson who netted the ball as the whistle blew to close the game at 33-32. This clash was an absolute contrast to the preceding powerhouse. Clean, clever plays and a spirit of teamwork marked the upperclassmen's efforts with Patton scintillating as she drew out both the Junior guards to leave Fitzwilson who was definitely hot to swish the cords.

The Freshman-Junior game showed a big change in the yearlings' attitude. Their spirit of blood-thirsty competition was dimmed into a keen competitive demeanor which forbodes of the Frosh developing into one of the best teams darkening the halls of our noble institution in many years. If speed and enthusiasm were the only factors, the '44 team would be sure to come out on top, but as yet they are not sure of each other and their shots are lacking in that certain degree of accuracy needed to make a first-rate team.

Second guesses. The Seniors certainly should win their combat with the Freshmen and thus become the champions of 1941. The remarkable accuracy of Elaine Fitzwilson combined with Gladys Patton's spectacular shots form a duo that will not be duplicated for many years to come.

All the credit in winning these games, however, should not go to the forwards. The guards now have their day with Julia Wells of the Seniors, Ruth Patton of the Juniors, Virginia Alexander and Jean Rigamont of the first year team flashing brilliantly.

Annie Oakley's

Triumphs over the girl's rifle teams of Cornell University and Ripon, Wisconsin have attracted much attention to the PCW sharp-shooters. These matches are carried on through postal competition with the scores being carried by Uncle Sam and the boys. Although the girls have not reached their usual non-competition scores, they have suffered only two losses, one to Drexel Uni-

versity and the other to Beaver. Almost every woman's team in the United States has been contacted and the results of these matches will be published in the next issue of this paper.

The team has recently become affiliated with the National Rifle Association and hopes to fire in both the National Intercollegiate matches and the National Individual matches. The members of this team are: Brice Black, Barbara Browne, Yvonne da-Silva, Betty Gahagan, June Hunker, Ruth Jenkins, Ruth Notz, Ruth Patton, Marion Rowell, Louise Wallace and Phyllis Keister.

Keggler's Flashes

The bowling tourney was greeted with popular acclaim and forty-some girls will be punishing the alleys in an effort to be applauded as champion. The first round of this tournament must be played off by Friday, March 21, and no excuses for prolonging or putting off these matches will be tolerated. It cannot hang on and on like the badminton contest. You may play your match when you want until the dead-line is reached and if not played then, both members of the combination will be defaulted.

A. A. Bulletin

A change or addition has been made to the constitution of the Athletic Association to the extent that the members taking the Senior Life Saving Course will be awarded points inasmuch as they do not get credit scholastically for taking this class. Five points will be given to all girls taking this course and fifteen to the lucky ones who triumph and pass.

Our Monthly Reminder—

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OPINION

LETTERS

We regret that due to lack of space it was necessary to curtail the **Letters** page. We wish to acknowledge their receipt, however, and we shall print them in the next issue. Several letters were received concerning the cafeteria—which letters were referred to the Student Faculty Council, and immediate action was promised. (See page 3). If you still aren't satisfied, write in to the next issue, and we shall assure you of printing.—Ed.

Hop

To the Ed.

Wasn't the prom wonderful? And the tea dance swell? Well, let's have another dance—(on a smaller scale of course), a sweater and skirt dance.

I'm sure that there are juke boxes available—about \$5.00 to rent, I think.

Maybe we could have small class dances, one class at a time in the Conover Room. They certainly wouldn't be much work, and well worth the small effort.

Hopefully yours,

A SOPHOMORE RUG-CUTTER.

P. S.—Please, if we have a dance, let's have it before the next *Arrow* or before Spring Vacation, or before the next draft. In other words, soon!!

(Several letters on this theme were received by the *Arrow*. How about it Activities Council?)

Mrs. Shupp Sheared

Dear Editors:

I know where one pair of my scissors are. In the *Arrow* Office. But can you tell me where the other pair is?

I find myself without scissors. It is a difficult situation. Could you please help me find the other pair?

Most cordially yours,

HAZEL COLE SHUPP.

(As soon as the Budget Investigation is off the books we shall turn our sleuths loose on the trail of your second pair of scissors. We are holding the first to give the blood-hounds the scent. Ed).

BUDGET PROBE

Each year, from the Activities Fees paid by the students, SGA makes disbursements to the various organizations which it sponsors. Because this money is not repaid, nor is any of it necessarily to be returned to SGA but rather spent for the purpose for which it is given, it is necessary that these grants approximate as closely as possible the needs of the organization.

Budget Revision

For some time, SGA has felt that the present budget is out of date and so has asked the budget committee to investigate allotments to organizations with the view of recommending changes when and if such changes are needed. The budget committee wishes to remind all organizations that the money they receive from SGA is in reality only a grant, and that if at the end of the year the money has not all been spent for the purpose to which it was assigned, it is to be turned back to SGA for re-allotment. It is not to be transferred in the organization's name from one fiscal year to another.

Student Government

Below is printed an account of the expenditures of SGA, based on the record given the budget committee for the year 1940-'41.

Handicrafts	\$ 46.50
Address Books	39.00
Scholarships	300.00
NSFA	50.00
ICG dues	10.00
ICG Appropriation	40.00
Color Day	7.60
Flowers	21.80
Stationery and Stamps	18.15
Christmas cards and Stamps ..	5.29
Flowers for Valentine Dinner ..	7.40
Emblems	1.45
Book for Dr. Wallace	2.75
Chinese Film	5.00
Armbands (\$11.50 cost less \$1.50 sale)40
Colgate Conference	75.00
Retreat	25.00

Total\$655.34

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

The yearly grant to SGA is \$750.00.

Play Productions

A complete audit of the organization last year known as Dramatic Club was impossible. The speech major's play and the play with W&J jointly received \$400.00. Considering that each student on payment of her Activities Fee automatically receives two tickets for each performance, the grant was not deemed excessive.

However, upon investigation it was found that the disposal of the money was arranged in a most un-businesslike manner. Until *Kind Lady* there has been no business manager and money was cleared through Miss Weigand's office. Sometimes the Fall play exceeded its allotment, and SGA was forced to grant more money to the spring production.

It is suggested that in the future all plays must have a business manager who operates independent of Miss Weigand's office—and that accurate accounts of expenditures be kept; accounts which are open to the budget committee.

Pay Your Activities Fee

Thursday

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Kind Lady

LITERATURE

FINLAND *Rose Mae Barck*

The interest in America of today is growing among the students in Finland. It is now known to them not only from studies at school, but also from friends who have been over here and told them about this country, its life and customs, its literature and art.

Formerly we thought of it as a world of skyscrapers and cars, movie stars and gangsters, in fact, more New York, Chicago, and Hollywood than anything else. Now we see it as an interesting experiment, a melting pot of different nationalities that are not only adventurers but united in American citizenship, building up an educational system of their own, a nation among which you can find not only business men, but also musicians, painters and actors, and high-brow authors.

My personal knowledge of America up to the last year was limited to the contact I had had with American people in the Finnish Travel Bureau where I had worked for the last four years.

In the autumn 1939 Finland changed from a peaceful playground for tourists into a battlefield on which every Finnish man and woman fought for democracy, culture and freedom. And in that fight of three and a half months the new world seemed to draw closer to the old. America, with many other countries, showed its sympathy in thoughts, words, and actual help to a small nation that was defending the values in life which were also of importance to the American people. American reporters were writing in Finland and raising sympathy for the Finnish people in the hearts of their countrymen.

Working as a secretary to two English correspondents I came to know most of the foreign newspapermen in Helsinki at that time and among them Mr. Leland Stowe, a charming personality, the first non-tourist American I had met.

Although at that time I could not see any possibility for it, I hoped that Mr. Stowe was right when once, while we were talking about America, he said to me, "You will go there sometime to look for yourself, it would be an interesting experience for you. And remember to look me up when you come—if I am there."

Shortly after the peace he left with the other foreign correspondents for

new war-coverings in other parts of a chaotic Europe. Finland was not leading news any longer, it faced a peaceful summer of huge reconstruction problems.

One day in August my eyes fell on a notice in a paper about a scholarship offered by the Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburgh to a Finnish student interested in journalism and with English as main subject. I had studied English for four years at the University of Helsinki, I had some practice in journalistic work.

About the 20th of August I was the lucky winner of a scholarship for one year's study in the United States. Naturally I was very happy. But how should I get to the new world, the old one being so unsettled and not offering very many opportunities for traveling. Still, the Petsamo harbor in the north of Finland was open for shipping and suddenly the 2nd of October I was offered the opportunity of going with a freighter that was supposed to leave for New York within a week. The journey up to Petsamo takes two days so I had only five days' time to get ready for one year's stay in America. Those days were like a hectic dream and I could not convince myself that I really was going.

However, the 11th of October I left a rationed Finland in the process of reconstruction, and seeing the northern coast vanish out of sight, I wondered what I was going forward to and to what sort of Europe I would come back after a year. Twenty-five peaceful days I spent on the water before I saw the first strip of American soil.

"No matter how many pictures you may have seen of New York you will be impressed the first time you see it in reality," I had heard people say. They were right. It was a thrilling picture that came alive that early morning in November. The dim shapes of the skyscrapers seemed to form a town built of blocks by an ingenious child. It is not a beautiful town, but it is striking, perplexing in its greatness; it is an impressive architectural creation. I realize that New York is an international town, not a steady residence for average Americans.

From the first day of my stay in this country I noticed how kind and hospitable its people are, what a nice

smile they have, things I proved to be true of all Americans I have met since. It made me happy to be received in America by people who looked happy, who were free and open and considered anybody as good as anybody else.

I have often in discussion among friends at home heard the opinion expressed that the Americans live too fast, that they don't have time to stop the car in which they are driving through life and think things over, that they are not serious. Why should they care about anything else than having a good time since they have everything? I have found that opinion to be a generalization.

Naturally, coming to a strange country you make observations as to the customs and manners of that country compared to your own. My experience so far has been limited to college life and students, more closely to PCW. The girl here works for her degree regularly during four years and is led in her studies by teachers who are not only authorities but also friends taking a personal interest in the student's work. The Finnish student comes to a university where nobody tells her where and how to start or what lectures to attend, she has to find out for herself and decide for herself when to take the examinations required. No doubt, there are certain advantages in both these educational systems. The personal contact between teacher and student is important and inspiring and something we lack at home. On the other hand, to leave a student to her own judgment and let her find her way through the jungle of knowledge gives her greater responsibility and develops her mind and character.

I have always felt that if people go to a country and are disappointed in it, it is merely because they do not find it like home. Why should it be? You should not go to a strange country if you want to eat the same food and meet people with the same ideas as at home. You should gain experience and in doing so you would, as I am sure I will, find much to learn, especially in a time like this when America is one of the few countries that still has the necessary conditions for intellectual existence.

Editor's Note: This was written four weeks after Rose Mae arrived at PCW. She calls it her "first impression of America."

LITERATURE

BUT MY LAUGH IS BITTER Marden Armstrong '42

I am no writer. It was she who wrote. I am a plain fisherman. Ours is a simple story. But every time I think about her, I feel that I must put it down—something to keep her memory clear, for she eludes me. Too, the years have softened things.

It was whispered around the village that she was mad. But I do not believe that. I knew her. They did not. True, she was vital, vivid—but not mad. They did not understand her.

It was September when she came to the village—September, when all of the summer vacationists had gone, and the colony of cottages along the shoreline was deserted. She rented old Moll Burkitt's house, the last one on the street, an old, weather-worn place that had a face like a dirty rag, and three torn and banging shutters. She told me later that she picked it because the widow's walk on the roof reminded her of a pasteboard crown she had once made for her favorite doll.

The kitchen door banged that Saturday night, and Moll Burkitt shambled across the room and sat down on the bench by the sink.

"Mary," she panted, "the good God has favored me at last. I've just rented my house."

My wife turned from the stove where the sputtering fish lay in a warm, brown pool of grease.

"Why Moll," she exclaimed, "isn't that grand! Who took it?"

"A writer—woman from New York. She came in on this afternoon's train with all her bags and everything—and her without a place to stay even. Tom Ellsworth showed her all the cottages but she wouldn't have none of them. Said she wanted a house with a fireplace as she'd be here all winter. So he showed her my place and she took it—without even fussing about the price."

Moll paused for a moment.

"She isn't well," she explained in a hushed voice, "it's her lungs."

A pitying look came over Mary's face, and she nodded knowingly.

Moll looked at me.

"Nat, would you mind very much going over to the house once a day and pumping her a bucket of water? It wouldn't be much work for you, being so big and strong and living so handy and all. What with my rheumatism I'm just that bad I don't

think I could do it."

"Why, of course not, Moll," I answered, "I'd be glad to. Will she be wanting any tonight?"

"I 'spect she might. It's sure good of you Nat."

"Then I'll go over after supper."

"Why sure, Nat'll be glad to," said Mary, and her quiet eyes met mine tenderly.

I had a warm, glowing feeling just then—a comfortable feeling like I got when I felt Mary's plump, soft body curled up against mine in the cool darkness of the big bed. She was a good wife. She loved me. I had a sudden desire to kiss her. I wished Moll Burkitt would leave.

After supper I left Mary doing the dishes, and walked down the street to the old, gray, weather-worn house that was Moll's, picked my way up the worm-eaten steps, and gave a hearty thump on the door. What met my eyes when that door opened, I shall never forget.

A girl stood there, a girl as slim and supple as a blade of duna grass. Hair the color of a penny hung to her shoulders and level eyes as green as holly leaves looked at me openly. Her skin was as white as potato sprouts kept in the cellar all winter. She stood out as vividly against the dun background of Moll Burkitt's house as the sun does against a twilight sky.

"Who are you?" she asked.

Her voice was like a cloud.

Through the singing whirlpool that was my mind I heard my own voice, strange and far away, saying:

"I'm Nat Lippencott. I came over to pump some water for you. Moll—Mrs. Burkitt sent me."

I sounded like a stupid servant. She treated me as one.

"The bucket is hanging on the back porch. You may leave the water on the kitchen table."

With the physical action of pumping my brain cleared—became crystal clear. I was a fool. One look from a woman and I became a gawking puppet. I, Nathaniel Lippencott, 38 years old, a married man—yet that look had been glowing strange. Mary had never looked at me that way.

Women had never held much interest for me. I was happiest out on a fishing smack with the lonely sea, the white salt air, and the shrill-

ing gulls. True, I loved Mary. She was a good wife. She kept my house clean, cooked my meals, and was with me when I needed her. But I was happier on a boat deck—alone. My life was normal. Then I met this girl with penny-colored hair and eyes as green as holly leaves.

I walked back to the front of the house when I finished pumping the water. She was still there, standing on the end of the bare porch looking seaward. Without turning she said to me:

"Come here."

Like a dog, I obeyed.

"What are those rows of stakes like marching men out there in the water?"

"Those are poles holding the fishing nets," I answered. "We haul in the nets at dawn."

She was silent for awhile; then, without looking at me, asked:

"Are you a fisherman?"

"Yes."

Turning abruptly—

"Goodnight, Nat Lippencott."

She went into the house and closed the door.

I walked home slowly, with a curious singing in my heart. And when Mary laid her head on my shoulder that night as we sat on the porch swing, I did not kiss her hair, but instead looked out into the moon.

When I went the next day to pump water she was not there, nor the next, nor the next. Old Tom Hall who was at the house nailing the shutters fast said that she was out somewhere with her writing kit.

"She's a queer 'un," he said. "Doc Parsons say t'other night when he was comin' home from settin' up with Mrs. Headly, why he seen her standin' on the widow's walk, lookin' out to sea. Must have been about three in the mornin'."

A few days later when I went over she was just coming down the rickety steps. She had on a plain green cotton dress with square-cut neck and full skirt, and her white feet were bare. She carried a brown writing kit under her arm. She looked like nothing I had ever seen before—like nothing I had ever dreamed of.

"Good morning, Nat Lippencott," she called, "I've been wanting to see you."

My heart danced jerkily within me. It was not used to dancing.

LITERATURE

"Good morning, ma'am," I answered huskily.

She was direct.

"Nat Lippencott, you are a fisherman. I have a passionate desire to see fish hauled in—all white and wiggling, with starey eyes. Will you take me out on your boat with you?"

"Yes."

My heart was dancing again. Only this time not so jerkily.

"I leave about five in the morning, and haul in the fish at dawn."

"I'll be on the dock waiting for you, Nat Lippencott."

And she brushed by me quickly, and walked toward the beach. I stood still. Prickly little doubts like porcupines scuttling over dry leaves began running through my mind. Then they stopped. The dry leaves turned green. Nothing mattered but greeting dawn on the sea with her.

When I went out into the darkness of that early morning the doubts came back, only this time they were like shadows that faded into nothingness in the cool air. I saw her standing on the dock's edge. She looked so tiny and alone against the gray sky. So alone, that I had a wild desire to rush to her and hold her tightly, and tell her that she was not alone.

Sensing my presence, she turned.

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

That was all. We climbed aboard the boat silently, and as silently weighed anchor and slid into the bay. The motor gave a convulsive chug, then another and another, until they all melted smoothly together and were diffused in the stillness of the morning.

She sat cross-legged on the prow of the boat, oblivious of me, and from where I stood behind the wheel I could see her clearly—that salt wind tangling her hair.

When we had cleared the bay and the inlet and were out where the wave's rock was clean and free, I cast anchor. I would wait awhile before hauling in my nets. I clambered to the prow and sat down beside her. She smelled fresh like the morning, and her holly-green eyes were clear.

We talked then. I can't remember what we said. But I know that they were strange things—things that I had never talked about before. She told me of a wonderful white tomb in India; of her dead grandmother who wore ruby cherries in her ears; of tall tropical trees in the south.

She told me that life was like a great wooden bowl of white grapes: that you ate the grapes one by one, and that some were bitter and some were sweet: that when you finished there was nothing left but the bare skeleton of the stem.

The sun came up hot and red, the gulls called loud; the mottled fish struggled in the net, and still we talked. I am ordinarily a silent man. But with her it was different. Suddenly I seemed to have words for the things I had thought about for so long—for things I had not been able to say because I lacked form of expression. I told her of other dawns on the sea, of lying on the dunes and watching the ocean foam through the slender grass. And finally I told her that I loved her.

She was very still for a long time, then she turned to me and her eyes met mine.

"I'm sorry, Nat Lippencott."

Her head fell, and her penny-colored hair hid her face.

"God knows, I'm sorry."

I felt dead inside. Without a word I hauled in the nets, and stowed the flopping fish in baskets. I weighed anchor, started the engine, and the boat moved slowly toward the dock. When I took her hand to help her from the boat, I held it tightly, so tightly that she could not get away.

"I have to see you again," I whispered, almost fiercely.

"Tomorrow," was all she said, and left me.

Weeks followed. Weeks which are now wrapped in a sea mist for me. I know that they were glorious for they were weeks spent with her. Weeks spent on the dunes, wading at the ocean's edge hand in hand, the white foam swirling madly about our bare feet; long afternoons when I lay with my head in her lap, and she would say over and over:

"I love your sleepy eyes, Nat Lippencott, and your black, black hair."

There were days when she would read to me the strange verses she wrote.

Then there were those awful times when her rasping cough, so racked and horrible, would cut the still air. She was dying. She knew it and I knew it. We were snatching a brief happiness.

I knew that the whole village was talking. I knew that my name was being linked with hers behind closed doors in ominous gossip whispers. I saw people steal furtive glances at

me when I went to the general store for anchor rope, and look pityingly at Mary when she sat in our pew in church on Sunday morning. They say that kinfolk are the last to hear trouble, and it's true. Mary never knew till the last, thank God. I made up feeble excuses—weak, idiotic things—but Mary believed them.

Then came that stormy Sunday. I shall never forget it. Even when I am dying, and other clouds are forming I will see those scudding gray clouds; when other winds are singing, those winds will sing louder than all the rest; and when another weight is weighing down upon me, I shall feel the weight of her dead body.

That Saturday night when I left her she clung to me. It was storming then.

"Natty, I'm afraid," she whispered, "Natty, I'm going to die tonight!"

I buried my face in her penny-colored hair, and held her closer.

"Nonsense, darling," I said, "It's the wind. Don't listen to it—turn on the phonograph. I'll not leave if . . ."

She straightened up.

"You must leave. I'm not afraid anymore. Love me always, Nat Lippencott. Goodnight, my dear."

And she gently pushed me through the door, and closed it. I walked slowly home with the storm in my ears and heart. Mary was waiting for me.

"Nat dear, you're drenched!" she cried as I came in the door.

"It doesn't matter," I said, and pushed past her.

I climbed the stairs and went to bed. Mary came up later, undressed, and lay down beside me. But she did not come near me. She was hurt. But I did not care. I did not move near her.

That night I slept uneasily, tossing as the storm tossed the waves. I dreamed of her whom I had left behind—alone in the storm. I saw her white face tangled with seaweed, on the prow of my boat; her hollygreen eyes staring out to sea; her penny-colored hair wreathed in spray. I saw a great wall of water submerge her. I screamed. I awoke to a stormy dawn.

Later Mary got up and dressed for church. I lay quite still and watched her. She did not speak to me, nor I to her. The silence was awkward, but preferable to words which neither of us would have understood, and

both regretted. She left the room and quietly closed the door.

When Mary finally left for church, I got up, dressed quickly, and walked through the storm to Moll Burkitt's house. It looked like a great pile of dead ashes, and when I knocked the sound echoed hollowly. I don't know why—but I knew then that she was dead. Maybe it was the faintly mocking echo that jeered at me; maybe it was her words last night.

I tried the door. It was unlocked. Without hesitation I entered and walked up the narrow stairs as one asleep. The door to her room was open, and she was lying there, the white sheet drawn up to her chin, her holly-green eyes staring at the cracked plaster wall, yet seeing nothing. One candle was burning at the foot of the bed. She was dead.

I must have been struck with madness. I knew that she was dead. But I would not admit it. I would not admit it. A twisted little black-man within my brain kept shouting at me—

"Get Doc Parsons. Don't let her die . . . Get Doc Parsons. Don't let her die . . . Get Doc Parsons. Don't let her die . . ."

I knew that he was in church.

"Get Doc Parsons. Don't let her die . . ."

I couldn't leave her alone in the storm-beaten house.

"Get Doc Parsons . . .," screamed the little black-man.

I picked her up, and carried her body down the stairs and out into the storm. Gray clouds flew low; the wind sang madly in my ears; my heart became as dragging and dead as her body.

The church loomed mistily ahead through the rain. Without thinking I walked toward it. I opened the wide, white door, and entered. The minister was in the middle of his famous sermon on hell.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery," he thundered.

Then he saw us. His fat mouth fell open. Suddenly he looked like a dead oysterfish.

"Doc Parsons," I called loudly, my voice sounding in my own ears like the sea when it laughs, "Doc Parsons."

I felt the congregation turn. I felt knowing, yet horrified glances pass from one person to another. I felt

Mary's uncomprehending eyes upon me.

The doctor came running up the aisle from his pew in front, and took her body from me. I heard a murmur running through the crowd, swelling and swelling until I thought my head would burst with its sound. I heard the doctor say.

"She's dead all right."

That was all. It was over. It was final. I turned and walked out of

the church alone, into the wind, with a dead longing in my soul.

They had taken Mary home, and when I walked in she was sitting there sobbing quietly. She said nothing as I came in the door, and nothing as I went to the window and stood looking out. All that I could hear as I gazed with unseeing eyes into the gray rain was her soft sobbing, and the soft sobbing of the fading storm.



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GREYHOUND

LINES

LITERATURE

THE HEAVY NIGHT *Jean Burchinal '42*

Harry Hanna looked at the greasy yellow bit of egg on his fork and put the fork back down on his plate. He looked around the breakfast table and realized with very little shock that he hated his family. It was wrong, he felt, to feel nothing for these strangers except disgust, but he could find little room for even tolerance.

This pimply-faced boy of eighteen on his right, sitting round-shouldered over his breakfast, was his son. Harry could remember Sarah crying and raging because she had discovered she was going to have this child.

"I won't have it," she had screamed at him, her insignificantly pretty face flushed and distorted. "It'll ruin my figure. You men are all alike. Selfish, every one of you."

As a matter of fact, Harry had wanted the child, not because he loved his wife, but because he had felt the desire of every man for that which is part of him. He had coaxed and nursed his wife through a pregnancy which was disappointingly normal (as far as she was concerned), and he had felt a first shy delight when he realized that the red squalling piece of humanity was his son. He had felt as though the child was all his; he was later to discover that it was all Sarah's, and by that time Betty was on the way, Sarah having become used to motherhood and the adulation which surrounds a new mother. She had still been convinced, however, that she risking her life to have a child at all, and she never let Harry forget it.

Looking at Bud, Harry saw for a moment the thin unhappy little boy in the cheap Lord Fauntleroy suit his mother had thought suitable. Even then the boy had been Sarah's child, looking at him, Harry, as though he were a stranger. Bud had grown out of his thinness, indeed was almost fat now, with the weight which comes from soft, flabby muscles. His complexion was unhealthy sallow and the vaguely brown hair was black with strong-smelling hair tonic. Harry was never to think of family breakfast again without smelling for a minute the odors of greasy eggs, burned bacon and hair tonic. They were to remain to him a symbol, somehow, of family life.

With careful impartiality Harry judged his son and found no reason to continue being a father to him.

Bud didn't need a father except to provide him with money to buy the things he wanted. Right now it was a motorcycle.

Harry sipped the weak coffee slowly for fear it was hot. It wasn't. It probably never had been and now it wasn't even lukewarm.

"Sarah, is there any hot coffee?"

"I declare," she said as he had known she would, "if you wouldn't dawdle over it till it got cold . . . You'd think all I had to do was wait on you. If you went to work at a decent hour, you wouldn't have time . . ." Nevertheless she pushed her hair back from her damp forehead and brought him another cup of coffee. It was little warmer than the first.

It was harder for Harry to consider his daughter without bias. Even though he had never felt for her the pride of ownership and creation that he had felt in his son, still she had seemed more truly his as a child in her short pink dress and long yellow curls. Recently she had decided that her hair was not quite blond enough and she had tried a bleach which had left it a streaked artificial gold. Sarah had thought it "real pretty" and promised her that next time she could have the money to get it done in the beauty shop. Harry thought it looked terrible.

He decided that he could sense a certain vulnerability in the girl despite the hard self-assured air and the not-very-well-applied make-up which was far too thick for a sixteen-year-old face. It was a shame, he thought, that neither he nor Sarah could reach that vulnerability. Sarah because she didn't know it was there, he because with him Betty was immediately on the defensive. He wondered if anybody ever could and discounted the young pups who hung around her. They wore cheap loud suits and thought the height of fun was to drink and dance in one of the more notorious of the cheap night spots that covered Pittsburgh's North Side. With a sense of defeat Harry knew he could do nothing for her save give her the money for the training course she wanted so badly. She wanted to be a manicurist and was sure that she would not be one long; like so many others she cherished the Hollywood dream and saw a talent scout in every strange man. Harry had often wondered at the oddities of Hollywood; he realized

now that he would wonder even more if they chose this all too ordinary young girl. He had hoped that she would at least finish High School, but he knew that she never would have, even if he had asked her. She didn't like it.

Harry sighed and reached for the first section of the paper. He straightened it carefully, wishing that once, just once, he could read the paper before the children tore it up hunting for the funnies and the sports page. It was no use.

From behind the paper he surveyed the woman who was his wife. He had lived with her for twenty years, had shared the same room with her, and though he was unable to realize that she was his wife, she was no stranger to him. He knew every thought she had, knew always just what she was going to say next.

She had been attractive once, he recalled, and it was this physical attractiveness which had caught his interest. She had been a clerk in the furnishing store he worked in earning his way through college. He had taken her out only a few times before he realized that he wanted her, and he had mistaken this desire for love. He had married her, though it had meant quitting college, and since the first week of marriage she had used her sex to get what she wanted and she still did, not realizing that his desire for her had ceased with the experience. It was much easier and much less embarrassing for him to ignore her coy advances and grant her requests immediately when he could.

Harry who was personally extremely neat, recalled with distaste her lack of fastidiousness. Their room, despite his efforts to air it, smelled of heavily-perfumed powder and dirty clothes, which lay in heaps on the floor or hung dejectedly from the half-open bureau drawers. Hair pins were scattered on the dresser and he frequently found them in the wash basin clogging the drain, knots of wet hair clinging to them. He had never been able to persuade her to comb her hair and clean the comb over the waste basket. The bathroom, by the time he got to it, was a shamble. Wet bath towels were strewn about on the floor and, at night, there was always the grimy gray ring around the tub that either Sarah or one of the children had left. The air in there was close and

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stuffy, smelling of bath powder and hair tonic. Harry, who never used scent, could not stand it in the bathroom.

Looking at Sarah across the breakfast table Harry saw a woman who might have been fifty rather than forty-three. Her unkempt hair, of a faded yellow, hung in wisps about her face and straggled down her neck as though it just didn't care. Some strands were glued to her forehead with perspiration. Her face had a thick coating of powder over dirt. She was wearing what she called her "house dress"; it had once been a gay print, but it was now so faded and dirty that the print was indistinguishable. It was torn at one side and he could see the grayly pink material of her corset which she had not bothered to fasten.

It was years since Sarah had bothered to make herself presentable for him, except when she wanted something, yet she still dressed up for shopping or visiting with the other women on the street who were much the same. Dressed up, she looked no younger. She had a supreme faith in the ability of make-up to hide wrinkles, and she used it liberally. Her dresses were more suitable for Betty than for her, since she took no account of the fact that she had gained quite a few pounds in twenty years. They made her look as though she had draped herself in an awning, Harry thought.

Surely he owed least of all to this woman who had not even bothered to make their marriage a decent affair, who regarded him only as a source of money, and, at that, one to be constantly prodded and nagged.

Glancing at his watch, Hanna saw that it was almost ten. Time for his walk before he went to the cheap clothing store (Sternfeld's Klassy Klothes) where he was sales manager. He didn't want to go. Every day he expected to be either asked to leave or given an insignificant clerkship. Mr. Sternfeld believed in the efficacy of "new blood" and "the young outlook," phrases which he used almost constantly. Harry wondered if he would be able to stand, as he had stood so many times before, the manifold reproaches of this group of familiar strangers. He was afraid that this time even his old escape into the great literature to which he had been introduced in college, would be denied him. Sarah

had always resented his delight in reading, had felt that it was somehow an affront to her, and she had often threatened to "throw away those old books that clutter up the house." Harry clutched the thought to him that one of those old books, an insignificant green volume of Norman Douglas' *South Wind*, was worth two hundred dollars. He would never sell it.

As soon as he put down the paper and started to leave the table they started.

"Say, Dad, here's a motorcycle that's a beauty," said Bud, pointing out a red streamlined model in the mail-order catalogue that he kept constantly by him. "You only have to pay ten bucks down and then five a month. I'll bet we could do it easy, I could make some money if I had a motorcycle and then I could help you pay for it . . . You never let me have anything, why all the fellows . . ." His voice trailed away into a sulky silence as he saw his father's face.

"Shush, Bud, heaven knows we all need money—and for better things than a motorcycle. Harry, I don't see why you don't ask Mr. Sternfeld for a raise, God knows you've been there long enough. I have to have more money, food's going up so high these days."

Harry sighed.

"Sarah, you know I give you as much as I can. I'm sorry, but we'll just have to manage."

"Manage!" she shrilled half-heartedly—the breakfast argument was a habit—"I'm the one who has to manage. Fat lot you do, just standing around the store all day."

Harry didn't even bother to protest at her injustice. It was too much trouble to remind her that seldom did he finish at night until eleven. Often, by the time he finished, the racks of clothes swam before his tired eyes and merged into one indistinguishable mass. He knew he needed glasses; he couldn't afford them.

"Betty," he said, choosing his words carefully, "must you go out with that young Johnson boy? He drinks far too much and I think you're a little young for dates that last until twelve-thirty."

"What's the matter with you, Harry? Don't you want the girl to be popular? Though I do wish, Betty, you'd go out with somebody like Joe Wilson."

"Yeah," said Betty sullenly. "Joe's an old slowpoke. I like Bill Johnson

and we have fun. Can't you ever stop griping at me?" She threw her movie magazine on the floor and got up.

Sarah bridled.

"That's no way to talk to your mother. Just for that you'll stay in the rest of the week."

Betty yawned in her mother's face insultingly.

"Maybe, maybe not," she called indifferently from the hall.

Hastily grabbing his coat and hat, Harry left the house. Just to get away from the musty smell of dirt and old food mixed with the cloying scent of Betty's perfume was enough, though the smog of the city made his nostrils burn and left a taste like sulphur in his mouth.

He walked with long strides down Letsche Street, a street where the buildings were right on the sidewalk. He passed the vacant lot and the smell of rubbish assailed him. The heaps of rubbish were infested with rats, lean brown figures with venomous teeth. Sometimes they reminded him of his family, collectively. They had the same greedy look.

Hanna looked around him. The smog lay so thick upon the city it seemed to weigh it down. Even the jangle of street cars and the blare of horns were muffled.

Countless times Harry had wanted to leave Pittsburgh. He wanted to go south, to feel the earth under bare feet and the sun warm upon him. He wondered why he should continue to live with people who didn't want him in a city which didn't want him. Never before had he felt so intensely the need to escape from his drab little world of strident voices and gray faces. He wanted, oh, he wanted friendly people he could talk to about the things that really mattered. He wanted warmth and light and a place to be alone.

More than anything he wanted a place where he could be alone. His family crowded into every room in the double house, leaving him no place of retreat.

Hanna turned off Letsche Street. Ahead of him was the large billboard advertising Sun-Kist oranges. He always stopped to look at it. He liked to imagine how the oranges looked growing on trees. He wanted to see them. He wanted to reach up and pick an orange and eat it just as it was, still warm from the sun.

The things he wanted were so

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many and so few. He could not think of going to Sternfeld's without a sensation of nausea. Even smog was better than the odor of heated rooms, human beings, and new materials.

Harry saw his street car coming towards him and boarded it. Today he would go early and eat a small lunch in the little restaurant nearby. He felt that he could not stand another meal in his house, in spite of the talk on extravagance that he would hear from Sarah when he went home.

Harry settled himself on the street car, finding a small vacant space between a tired old man with a stained beard and a belligerent fat woman with glasses and stringy grey hair. The smell of unwashed human beings, stale air, and bad breath was more than he could bear. He tried breathing slowly, a little at a time. I'm going to be sick, he thought, and pushed the thought from him immediately because of the tide of nausea which arose. Desperately he ignored the smells and the swaying jangle of the street car that made his head ache. The people on the car were dirty, covered with a greasy film of soot, and their noses were black with its filth. He didn't like to look at them, they made him sick too.

Harry concentrated on his sign and the thought of Florida; clean Florida with white sand the sun so bright one had to turn away from it. White buildings and wide smooth streets filled with laughing people, happy people, friendly people. His people.

The next stop was his. After that the street car went downtown where there were buses which could take him to Florida. He had a little money. He could take the bus partway and hitch-hike the rest, where it was warmer. He watched the corner grow larger. Now the street car was slowing down, the people were moving up front. He sighed and moved up with them, getting pushed and stamped on in the crowd of hurried people wanting to get off. The large woman sitting next to him jostled her way in front of him. He was so close to her for a moment that he could smell the pungent unpleasant odor of the stringy fur around her neck and could see the streaks of dirt below the hairline. He could see the way the hairs grew out of her neck and he hated her passionately in

that moment. She reminded him of Sarah.

He got off the street car and went to the restaurant to make up for breakfast he hadn't eaten. He ordered a milkshake, a sandwich, and a cup of coffee from the little waitress who came over. She looked pale and tired he thought, and felt sorry for her. His stomach hurt with hunger and the food made it better. The coffee was hot and strong and he drank it black almost scalding his throat.

He paid the check and left the restaurant. Perhaps if he went to work early they would let him leave earlier.

Mr. Sternfeld breathed through his nose audibly, as though he had been running hard. Harry always had to turn his head aside while talking to him so that Mr. Sternfeld's breath would not hit his face. Mr. Sternfeld's breath smelled like cigars and onions. Harry wondered how anyone could eat onions as often as Mr. Sternfeld seemed to.

"Well, Hanna, here early," breathed Sternfeld in his hoarse voice. Harry turned his head away and concentrated on taking his coat off.

"Yes. I thought I'd come early and look over some of the stock," he said.

"Well, I'm glad you did, Hanna, I want to talk to you. Better come back to my office," Sternfeld added, indicating the cubicle which was his office. Harry followed him in and Sternfeld shut the door of the stuffy little room.

". . . And so, Hanna, we feel that you would do better in some other organization. We need new blood, youth, the young outlook. And I'm afraid you just haven't kept up with the times . . ." Mr. Sternfeld's voice went on and on mouthing slogans. Harry didn't listen to it all, he was trying to avoid the breath that soared toward him with every word Mr. Sternfeld said. Mr. Sternfeld must have had garlic with the onions, was Harry's thought, and then he realized that Sternfeld was waiting for him to say something.

"Oh, yes, of course, I realize," Harry's voice trailed away. "I'd like to leave right away," he added.

Mr. Sternfeld was displeased.

"Hanna, I didn't expect you to take it like this—you can't leave today when the man who's going to replace you isn't here."

Harry rose. "I'll leave right away, Mr. Sternfeld. I have to—I

have to catch the bus for Florida."

"Florida!" spluttered Mr. Sternfeld staring. Harry felt a sudden pleasure in Sternfeld's surprise. He laughed at himself. Wish-fulfilment. It was like the old feeling he had had in childhood. If you spoke your dream it would come true, but he had never spoken it, fearful that perhaps it wouldn't. He had spoken it now. Children clutch their illusions with open eyes he thought, and smiled at Sternfeld gently. He felt sorry for the man.

Harry turned to leave the office, then stopped a minute by the door.

"By the way, Sternfeld," he added, savoring the feel of the name with no formal prefix, "if I were you I'd try drinking milk. It will help you get rid of your onion breath." Mr. Sternfeld's jaw dropped ludicrously and Harry smiled again, and went to get his coat.

His sudden elation left him as soon as he got outside. There was his family to think of, and he knew just what each of them would say. He could see their scorn deepening into contempt for him and fear for themselves. He could hear their harsh voices filled with self-pity, accusing him. He could see himself bowed beneath the weight of their reproaches and their hate.

Hanna stopped and got on the street car. It was the wrong car. This one didn't go toward his home, but went downtown. Downtown where the buses were and he could get away from the dirt of Pittsburgh and the selfishness of his family. He laughed at the enormity of his delusion. For a minute he had almost convinced himself. Then he stopped laughing. It wasn't funny and it wasn't imagination and he was headed downtown where the buses were. It was strange that in this moment he could not worry about his family. He could not feel that he owed them more than he had already paid them in money, life, and happiness. He could find a job down where the sun was warm and the air was clean. He could send them money from there later.

Harry smiled at the people on the street car. He left sorry for them.

Even now he could turn back, and he would have if he could have remembered one look or word that could have made him feel that they really wanted him, needed him. There had been none. He felt little sorrow for them, only a great pity

that they could not understand, could never know, that there were so many things to make life a beautiful kindly thing. He was regretful that he had to leave his treasured copy of **South Wind**. He would have liked to be able to read its measured polished prose on the trip, but perhaps Sarah could send it to him later.

Later. He could see the oranges growing on their trees, perhaps even pick one and eat it, warm from the sun. He could curl his bare feet into friendly earth and sand and smell the salt spray from the ocean. He could see the great graceful white herons flying slowly over the cool green everglades. He could travel on roads that looked like tunnels because of the faintly fragrant Spanish moss which hung from the trees.

Harry laughed and as he laughed he saw Pittsburgh fading away behind him, waving fields of cotton and tobacco before him. It would be an interesting journey.

REFLECTION

Today I watched Beauty growing
The snow fell steadily, lovely white
Hugging everything it touched
Except the bare, straight walls of
buildings.

So does Love fall around itself
Clinging to all that it falls upon—
To all except
The bare, straight walls
Of Hatred.

CLAIRE E. STEWART.



“OH! OH!

*Forgot to
write home!”*

Funny, isn't it,
how the days whizz by?
No use crying
over unused ink.
A long distance call
will fix things up . . .
and the low night rates
on most calls
after seven p. m.
and all day Sunday
are easy on your exchequer.

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For Sample Clothes

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EASTER POEMS

Mary's Prayer at the Cross

Lord of heaven and earth and sky,
Let me perish, let me die.
Jesus Christ, my son, my God,
Crucified, defiled, downtrod.

Let the people who have sought
To harm the One whose death they
bought
With scornful mockings, stones, and
bribes,
Not harm themselves and future
lives.

For see you how he hangs there still—
Is that thy way, is that thy will?
A crown of thorns adorns his head,
A crown of thorns till he is dead.

Till he is dead, till he is dead,
His life flows down, so red, so red.
Now let all those who killed our son
Be red with shame till life is done!

But what is that he speaks aloud?
He holds his head up high and proud.
"Forgive, they know not what they
do."

His blessings, not his curse, ensue.

Lord of heaven and earth and sky,
Keep me living lest I die
Before I learn to be forgiving;
Keep me living, keep me living!
—Claire Stewart.

BEFORE EASTER

His hammer went thump against the
unyielding wood

In the misted dimness of his shop.
He was a huge man; brawny;
With hands that knew the strength
of wood

And hair like ragged winter clouds;
And he whistled.

As he placed two beams one across
the other,

He wondered how tall the man—
How wide his outstretched arms—
And what his crime?
But no matter. He was being paid,
And it was easy to make.

Another man, alone, forspent
Waited in a gnarled, gray garden.
He, too, had hands that knew strength
of wood

And hair like soft, sea-washed sand,
But he did not whistle.

—Marden Armstrong.



It's part of the game
...to pause and
*Turn to
Refreshment*



Here's a drink that is unique. It
never loses the freshness of
appeal that first charmed you.
You drink it and enjoy an after-
sense of complete refreshment.
So when you pause throughout
the day, make it the pause that
refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola. YOU TASTE ITS QUALITY



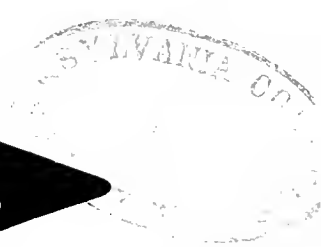
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*Has someone been extra-nice to you lately?
Thank them with flowers.*

HIGHLAND FLORAL CO.
East Liberty Montrose 2144

The ARROW



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ON CAMPUS

"Spring hits a new high . . ."

(See Page Two)

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SPRING STUPOR

Spring seems to have hit a new high this year. For PCW there is the daily surprise of a new and bigger campus. Through the fence things somehow never seemed so lovely. Freshmen who behold for the first time Woodland Road's changing vista are not to be outdone this year by dreamy-eyed seniors wandering among daffodils and violets. Even Comprehensives can't quite shake off Spring Stupor... yet. Ah yes, once again we hear the old familiar sound of lawn-mowing machines grinding along on only one cylinder, or drowning out a professor reading poetry in a classroom on the third floor. Spring seems to be here, more Spring-y than ever this year. And, after all, if that pre-Comprehensive Stupor never does shake off, we can still pass our course exams, can't we?

SUSPENSE VS. BOREDOM

Elections this year have been exciting. There is always the agonizing suspense of . . . is it going to be unanimous or will there be eight nominations? After a few times of struggling through a list too long to write on one ballot, we end up by sitting undemocratically on the edge of our seats ready to hurl hymnals at the first hardy soul who tries to nominate anybody.

Although the choice of the nominating committee is usually the result of long consideration, still a disputed election is the best democratic method in the long run. But this year elections have gone to the other extreme and lost a little of their dignity. When nominations start it is easy to slip on from one name to another, but it's wrong to nominate anyone on the inspiration of the moment, because you like her personally or because she just happens to come to your mind as a capable girl. If you sincerely have felt that she is better qualified for the position than anyone else, then it's the best thing in the world to nominate her. When there are two or three girls to be voted on it is more exciting than seven or eight, or than a unanimous decision. But the important point is to think before you nominate. It makes the elections either full of suspense or full of boredom.

SPRING SONG



"Spring is here
The grass is riz
I wonder where
The poesies is."

EVENTS

SENIORS

Murder and Molasses

First it had been molasses in the birdhouses. Then the automobile tires were cut to shreds. But on that snowy night when the lights went out and a blood-curdling shriek rang out through the halls of the old Grimleigh mansion, that night it was murder.

Flickering lights, a wailing chimney, a fabulous diamond, a haunted mansion, a sinister housekeeper, and an hysterical maid . . . all these set the scene for the diabolically clever murder to be enacted May 15 and 16 when the seniors present their class play, *Grimleigh's Folly*.

New Roles For Authors

Now that their work as playwrights is over, Alice Chattaway and Jo Anne Healey, co-authors of the whodunit, have assumed new roles. Alice will step behind the footlights to play Miss Sarah Ellen, second lady of the Grimleigh mansion, while Jo Anne, at this writing, is doing the work of student director.

The plot is concerned with the venerable estate, Grimleigh Acres, owned by the dowager Grimleigh (Jane Pierce), inhabited by Mrs. Grimleigh herself, her sister-in-law, kindly Miss Sarah Ellen, her niece, the disdainful Marion (Alice Steinmark), the housekeeper, Mrs. Renshaw (Jean Hill), the flighty maid (Weezie Caldwell), and the butler, Christopher (Jeanne-Anne Ayres), and one of this group is a murderer.

Murder Mystery

At the opening of the play, Mrs. Grimleigh reveals that a series of strange incidents, ranging from the mischievous to the weird, have been occurring at Grimleigh Acres. Whereby the students from Clement Hall, a neighboring school for girls, are called upon to account for the recent pranks. But when the latest prank proves to be a murder, the girls believe it is time to exonerate their school's fair name, and under the leadership of one of their group (Gladys Patton), the amateur sleuths take over.

Cub-detectives Terry and Cynthia (Beth Howard and Pat Kent) divide their time between futile attempts at detecting and equally futile attempts at calming the frightened Milly (Mary Linn Marks) who weeps and whimpers for three full acts.

Heroine of the group (and chief scene-stealer to boot) is Julie (Mary Kinter) who applies the boy-friend Edgar's tactics to the problem at hand and in her round-about, scatter-brained fashion, solves the crime.

A Thrill A Minute

Action-packed and fast-moving, *Grimleigh's Folly* establishes a mood of mystery and suspense in the first scene, maintains and enlarges upon this mood until the final curtain. Miss Margaret Robb is directing, assisted by the following committees: Properties: Betty Bacon, chairman, Adelaide Mitchell, Helen Weller, and Elizabeth Frey. Publicity: Anne Butler, Jane Zacharias, Mildred Rudinsky and Jane O'Neill. Costumes: Jean Hammer, Ruth Gracey and Ruth Succop. Stage: Natalie Lambing, chairman, Helen Hecht, Jo Healey, and Susan Woodridge. Music: Mary K. Eisenberg and Dotty Geschwindt. Business Managers: Bertha Richards and Allison Meyer.

Contest Winner

This week the Art Seminar Room has been the center of curiosity and interest. Five personal libraries are on exhibit, competing in newest PCW innovation—Senior Library Contest. Anne Butler's library was announced the winner of ten dollar prize, on tea Friday afternoon. Judges were Mrs. Alexander Murdock, Mrs. Runner, one-time PCW library assistant, and Mrs. Currin. Described as revealing "sensitivity and imagination," prize-winner Butler's library showed a wild field of interest, included books of children's literature and Plato. Awarded honorable mention were libraries of Alice Steinmark and Jeanne-Anne Ayres. Exhibiting a smaller library, Bertha Richards was also commended, for the lines of interest and the spirit with which she was beginning her collection.

Other exhibitor was Alice Horsfield, a special student not eligible for the prize. Highlight of her collection was a four-volume first edition of Irving's *Life of George Washington*.

Enthusiastic over the results of this year's contest, the Library Committee expects to hold contests every year.

Writer Speaks

Commencement speaker this year will be noted writer Margaret Culkin Banning. Author of a number of books, Mrs. Banning has long been the contributor of short stories to magazines. In addition, she has written many essays on phases of American life and activities. Most discussed of these essays has probably been "The Case for Chastity" which caused a great deal of comment when it appeared in the *Readers Digest* a few years ago. Among her books, *Letters to Susan*, written in 1936, has proved to be one of the most interesting. Written as letters from a mother to a daughter in college, it offers valuable advice on the many situations arising out of college life. Apart from her writing, Mrs. Banning has found time for numerous other interests. A graduate of Vassar, she is at present a trustee of that college. In Duluth, Minn., she has been active in The American Association of University Women, in The League of Women Voters and in The League of American Penwomen.

Working for Honors

Seniors qualified to take the Comprehensives for graduating honors will be excused from their classes beginning May 1 for a three-day reading period. The written Comprehensives will be given on May 5, 6, and 7. The plan of examination includes three three-hour tests, one of which is the essay type and one factual. In addition another three-hour exam may be either factual, essay or library type.

Oral Examinations

For those applying for special honors—three students in chemistry, one in English and one in mathematics—orals will follow the written exam period. All oral exams must be complete by May 12. Excused from six hours of regular classwork weekly, these seniors have been working on special projects, the results and findings of which will be presented in a written paper previous to the oral examination. Members of the faculty, particularly in the departments concerned, and *ex-officio* judges Dr. Spencer and Dean Marks will then question the students. Special graduating honors are presented

EVENTS

on the basis of the thesis and its defense.

In Case of Failure

Completing the Comprehensives, Seniors will return to their regular classes and take the final examinations in all subjects not covered by the honors test. If any one should not qualify for honors after taking the Comprehensives, she will take the regular finals in all subjects and still graduate.

DISCUSSION

New Society

Long discussed as a valuable addition to PCW college life is an honorary society. In the last few weeks such a society has actually been formed, to begin with next year's senior class. An entirely new type, local, organization on PCW's campus, it should afford a means for recognition of girls who have contributed to college life but who have not necessarily received scholastic honors or been elected to important offices. Formed primarily to add richness to college life as a whole, the organization will not necessarily sponsor particular activities, will instead wield a general influence over the student body and boost organizations which need new life.

Called the *Lampadephore Society*, the organization has as its symbol the Greek races in which torches were passed from one hand to another. The lamp, also found in the PCW seal, represents the Light of Wisdom—wisdom in relationships as well as learning.

The constitution and next year's plans are already drawn up. The presidents of SGA, AA, and YW, the Activities Council chairman, the faculty advisors of these organizations and of the junior class will submit names of next year's seniors whom they feel should become members of the Society. From these names about seven girls will be named on moving-up day.

Chosen for service to the college, leadership, character, and scholarship, the members will hereafter elect their own successors.

Student Conference

When I. C. G. met at Harrisburg last week-end, student legislators and faculty advisors from some two dozen Pennsylvania colleges found twelve PCW girls there to introduce and defend model bills and to share in the general convention festivity.

From registration Thursday night until the formal closing of the assembly Sunday noon, the neophyte politicians raced from headquarters at the Penn-Harris to committee meetings in the capitol building, sessions in the educational forum.

Broadcasters

Most active PCW-ite was Beth Howard, regional director of the I. C. G., who was a member of the rules committee, serving as its secretary for the third consecutive year. On Friday night, Beth and Mildred Stewart went to broadcasting studio WKBO, were heard on the I. C. G. radio forum. Delegate Stewart also was appointed song-leader at the general session Friday.

Wrong Candidate

That PCW delegates knew their government was shown by the large number of their bills that passed, either as they stood, or combined with the efforts of other colleges. That PCW delegates did not know their politics was evident at the election of the chairman of the assembly Saturday morning when their choice, Sam Rogers, of Pitt, lost to St. Vincent's candidate, Slowinsky.

Governor Regrets

Conspicuously absent from the scene were authentic legislators, crowded out, it was said, by the several hundred I. C. G.'ers and the Saturday influx from Indiantown Gap. Local delegates were amused to hear expressed in assembly Friday morning the Governor's regrets. He was unable to address the convention, his letter stated, because he had gone to Pittsburgh.

Plans were discussed for next year's conference, and a constitutional convention was proposed by the Lafayette delegation. This year's conference, patterned upon a model state legislature, gave students a chance to observe parliamentary procedure.

The PCW delegation, students of the economics and government classes, were accompanied by Miss Dorothy Shields.

Active Dean

At a luncheon Monday, April 28, Dean Helen M. Marks conveyed anniversary greetings from PCW to the Pittsburgh Female College Association.

Miss Helen Pershing, president of the Association, is a daughter of a founder of the school.

Order!

Saturday, April 19th, at Westminster College, President M. Helen Marks of the Association of Liberal Arts Colleges of Western Pennsylvania rapped her gavel for order, at the Association's annual meeting. About thirty members of PCW's faculty attended the meeting, went to sectional discussion groups, and had dinner at Westminsters' new dormitory. Miss Marks has been President of this group for the past year.

Freshman Debaters

Representing PCW at a dinner and discussion group meeting at Mount Mercy College on April 22 were Freshman debaters Phyllis Jones and Evelyn Glick, and Freshmen Anna Devlin and Amanda Harris. "Increasing federal power" was the subject discussed by students from Pitt, Mounty Mercy, Tech, W. and J., and PCW with Phyllis Jones, a member of the panel, taking the affirmative side of the question.

Social Work

YW sponsored, on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 23, some interesting experiences in social work were recounted by girls who had had them. Speakers were Elizabeth Frey, who chaired the meeting, Mary K. Eisenberg, Claire Stewart, Jessie Shook, Ruth Laird, Mildred Rudinsky, Dorothy Andrews and Dorothy Marshall. Present was American Friends' Society's Mr. McMacken who spoke about summer work camps.

Chapel

Investment Banker's Association's Mr. Grubbs appeared in PCW Chapel April 23. His purpose to show students a film entitled: "America Looks Ahead."

On April 28, Major J. Ernest Isherwood, former State Commander of the American Legion spoke about American National Defense.

EVENTS

SOCIAL

Formation Figures

Tonight PCW's quadrille dancers will leave at 7 o'clock to practice once more "figure 1 figure 2, The Little Log Cabin" and many other quadrille formations with their W. & J. partners.

Sponsored by Henry Ford

Under the auspices of Henry Ford, the quadrille is held traditionally every spring in Washington, Pa. On Friday, May 2, the performance to be given in the George Washington Hotel will culminate many weeks of practice and rehearsal by PCW girls and Jay men.

Special Instruction for PCWites

Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, professional teachers of the quadrille from Dearborn, Michigan, will officiate at the final rehearsals at W. & J. Yesterday the Lovetts stopped off at the PCW campus to conduct two sessions of instruction on the techniques of dancing and teaching the quadrille.

Visiting colleges all over the United States, Mr. and Mrs. Lovett have been teaching quadrille techniques and formations to college students interested in the study of this traditional dance.

April Showers

Theme of the Spring House Dance held in Woodland Hall last Saturday evening, April 27, was "April showers bring May flowers." Attired in black ties, white coats, and crisp cotton formals the guys and gals danced to the sweet music of Guy Carlisle's orchestra. Refreshments served during intermission were gratefully received by one and all.

Chairmanned by Jane Shidmantle dance committee members were Nancy Maxwell, Anna Betty Saylor, Anna Adams, Betty Bacon, Mary Jane Fisher, Agnes Conner, and Anne Baker.

Circus in Town

The circus alias Spring Sport Dance, came to Pittsburgh Saturday, April 19, and put up its tents on the PCW campus. Gates opened at 9:00 P. M., and the ring was active until midnight.

Ring master Jane Chantler called all her aides together to help pass out souvenirs to each and every cir-

cus fan passing through the main gate.

Weiners, Cokes and Fortunes

Main attraction inside the tent was Salami Louise Love who predicted the future for one and all. Music by the nation's top bands kept the boys and girls busy dancing to their favorite numbers.

Round about 10:30 came the weiner and coke man with shouts of "Hot dogs . . . cokes . . . hot dogs . . . popcorn . . . peanuts . . . and cracker-jack." And so the circus came to town, at least to PCW.

Celebration

On Tuesday, April 22nd, winning hockey and basketball teams sat down to dinner at the Ruskin with the AA board. The annual event featured this year the sophomore hockey team, and the seniors, champions of the basketball tourney.

FUTURE STUDENTS

Campus Day

PCW invited juniors and seniors in private and high schools from all the neighboring states to attend its annual Campus Day, held this year on Saturday, April 26. Guests entering Berry Hall met SGA president-elect Barbara Maerker, were introduced in turn to Miss Campbell, Miss Marks, and Dr. Spencer. Student hostesses showed guests through the dormitory, the library, the science building, Andrew Mellon Hall, and other points of interest on campus.

Exhibits

Exhibits in the science building included biology projects done for the year, some of the most outstanding of which were frosh Leona Painter's slides; the advanced biology exhibit of a living heart; exhibits of interesting and easily understood chemical experiments, all explained by students in the science department.

Program

A program in the Berry Hall chapel followed, highlighted by short talks by both Dr. Spencer and Miss Marks. Miss Jones' group contributed its share of the entertainment,

dance in true South American style to the strains of a rhumba. An octet of Glee Club members, under Mrs. Ayres, sang several songs, one of which, *A Polish Child's Prayer*, was arranged by Harvey Gaul and dedicated to our PCW choral. The Verse Speaking Choir, with Miss Kerst directing, read *The Jervis Bay Goes Down*.

Followed an informal reception in Andrew Mellon Hall, where guests met various members of the faculty and enjoyed tea.

Summer Schools

Midsummer will see three summer schools in operation at PCW. The first scheduled to start on June 23 will be attended by 300 recent high school graduates taking courses in the Essentials of Engineering for National Defense. Aim of the program: to provide superior high school graduates with engineering fundamentals so that they will be prepared to take more responsible positions in defense industries. This training consists of courses in metallurgy, engineering, drafting, operation, inspection, physical testing, and many others, will qualify these men to continue in specialized engineering courses. This school, scheduled to last ten weeks, will be conducted during the day.

Summer School for Teachers

On July 1 the Frick Social Service Summer School will begin. This course conducted for Public School Teachers of Pittsburgh and Allegheny County is under the auspices of the Frick Educational Commission. Shortest of the PCW summer schools, the Frick Social Service Summer School will last only three weeks. During this time the "student" teachers will live on campus and take part in an active educational and social program. Each day speakers from local social service and guidance agencies will lecture. Prominent visiting lecturers will be: Alexander J. Stoddard, Superintendent of Philadelphia Schools, Dr. Robert G. Bernreuter of Penn State College, and Dr. Einar Jacobson, Dean of School of Education at University of Pittsburgh.

The third school on PCW's summer program will be a new six months project beginning July 15, similar to the present National Defense Program now under way.

ELECTIONS



BARBARA MAERKER
She will have songs

SGA

President

Barbara Maerker, vivacious new president of SGA, says she will not let her job "interfere with my work on the Date Bureau." Elected by a unanimous ballot, popular Barbara has held a series of offices during her three years at PCW. As a freshman, she was a member of the important Freshman Commission, and was active in various clubs.

She was sophomore representative to SGA, and this year she was president of her junior class. Caught unawares in the middle of typing her budget, Barbara could give the interviewer no sensational details as to her next year's plans, expects to open SGA meets with college songs "so we will know them better."

Cabinet

Second vice president of SGA, with the duties of Social Chairman, is Amy McKay.

Louise Wallace, erstwhile treasurer of SGA, was elected secretary, Sally Meanor took Louise's place as treasurer of SGA.

Junior Advisor to the Freshmen, Jane Fitzpatrick was interviewed in

the midst of a badminton game, which she was winning. She is "very happy" to have been elected, and is extremely partial to Frosh. She is a graduate of Taylor Allderdice.

YWCA

President

Betty Gahagen, newly elected president of YW, says she is "just crazy about music and nature study."

After being graduated from Newton High School, Long Island, Betty came to PCW, where she was a member of the Freshman Commission and college pianist for two years.

Playing both oboe and harp she is in the PCW Music Ensemble and the Sigma Alpha Iota, national music group of Carnegie Tech.

Hockey and rifle particularly interest president-elect Betty and last summer she taught archery at Camp Moscoma.

She is also interested in working with young people and in forming groups in the church, in the future hopes to teach Biology.

Cabinet

YWCA Vice President is Jean Wyre, Treasurer, Marion Powell, and Secretary, Peggy Craig.

Appointed

The new president and the old cabinet of YWCA have announced the appointment of Sonny Croft as program chairman, Ruth Jenkins as advisor to the Freshman commission, Jane Chantler as social chairman, Jean Archer as conference chairman, Justine Swan as publicity chairman, and Dorothy Andrews to head the social service department.

AA

President

Margaret Anderson will still be known as "Mauky" next year when she takes over the important duties of AA president. Planning to place a new emphasis in sports next year, "Mauky" departed in the midst of the interview for the conference at Harrisburg.

Coming from Greensburg High School, "Mauky" has been treasurer of Y. W., of SGA, secretary of Woodland Hall.

Cabinet

Nina Maley was elected secretary of AA.

Jean Rigamont was elected treasurer of AA.

PUBLICATIONS

Editors

Joyce Wallis and Jean Burchinal, interviewed from a safe distance at one of their infamous onion-fests, were named co-editors of the Arrow. Jean was features editor this year, with Joyce on her staff.

Marden Armstrong was named Editor of the Pennsylvanian.

WOODLAND HALL

Officers

For the third successive year, the office of president of Woodland Hall passed from Big Sister to Little Sister. Jean McGowan held the office vacated by her Big Sister, Eleanor Meanor, '38. The new president is Jean's Little Sister, Margie Graham.

Officers

Mary Schweppe is vice-president of the house; Gussie Tiechman, secretary; Martha Harlan, treasurer. The senior members of House Board are Bebe Shipley and Anna Betty Saylor; junior member, Mary Jane Fisher; sophomore member, Betty Goldstein.



BETTY GAHAGEN
She has two interests

FEATURES

Spring Styles

It's here again! Those happy smiles on everyone's face and that universal lackadaisical feeling is certainly proof enough. Spring has finally come to take that long winter chill out of our bones, and immediately our thoughts turn to clothes.

Chambray still leads the parade of popularity in day-time and sport dresses. These shirtwaist dresses come in all colors of stripes and to make things even more perfect, a lot of the styles have matching hats. If you want something good-looking and still not dressy, a chambray cloth dress is just the thing.

If you're a tennis enthusiast, and in this day and age who isn't, we've found just the thing. Longer shorts of worsted gabardine that have that definitely tailored look and topped with a pigskin belt. If you want to bear that "glamour" label get yourself a pair immediately. If you still insist you can't wear shorts, tennis dresses are news. The proverbial white tennis dress with pleated skirt makes a neat contrast with your tan.

While we're on the subject of sports, swim suits run the gamut of this year in material and cut. We'll take ours in one-piece, thank you, but for you who like your mid-riff bare, we suggest sharkskin latex.

With spring house-party invitations dropping at your door right and left, you have undoubtedly developed "formal worry" which can be exasperating at times. But here you can banish your fears while we tell you of our wonderful discovery. White frills make anything look as cool as whipped cream and on a Regency dress nothing could be more superlative. You'll be a focus point in a flowered evening dress, bigger the print the better.

After a long search we have found just the dress for you who will join the ranks of the "white-collar" girls this summer. The "dickey" dress of spun rayon is the latest thing and, oh, so practical. You can build up a collection of all kinds and descriptions of dickeys and then merrily change your collar and presto you have a different dress. What could be more suitable to the purse of the poor working girl?

You say you're looking for a gay new lipstick to help you retain this nostalgic spring feeling? Well—why not try the new shade, "Nosegay," put

out by Dorothy Gray. It's a tender rosy red with all the freshness of spring in it and just the thing for you with that whimsical look in your eyes.

Our roving eye spotted at least three outfits at the Skirt and Sweater Dance which deserve honorable mention. Marge Higgins in a cool aqua gabardine suit with pleated skirt and long jacket—Dolly Horn in a brown and white striped jersey and Peggy Matheny wearing a plaid suit in beige.

So that's all until May—meanwhile we'll be looking for spectacular fashions on campus and wishing you many compliments at house parties.

J. Mc. M. A.

Not About Books

We have always thought that the trouble with most of the columns which we have read on books is that they are all about new books: no old ones need apply. Furthermore they are always about books which the reviewer has read. This strikes us as being a rather puerile point of view and we want you to know right now that we're going to talk about any books that come into our heads, whether new, old, or obsolete. That's our ultimatum.

We thought of starting out with a few scintillating remarks about Marquand's **H. M. Pulham, Esq.**, but after we had thought for a few minutes and chewed most of the keys from our typewriter we found that we had no scintillating remarks about Marquand that somebody hasn't already made. So we have decided not to talk about Marquand.

Next we thought of taking up Winston Churchill's **Blood, Sweat and Tears** and telling you in deathless prose of its gripping power, its almost unbearable poignancy. But after we got that much down we got stuck. We haven't read it yet. We do know that it's a good book, though, because Clifton Fadiman says it is and as far as we're concerned what Clifton Fadiman says goes. We wish in a wistful sort of way that it were he who was writing about books now. Well, it isn't.

The next book we aren't going to discuss is a little selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club called **Kabloona**. We haven't read it yet and frankly we don't intend to. We have always had certain lovely il-

lusions about Esquimeaux, none of which we can remember right now, and we don't want them spoiled by somebody who has written an authentic book about Esquimeaux. That's what we heard it called all right. Authentic. It sent us to bed with acute nausea for a week. We prefer our Esquimeaux less authentic.

And now we come to **For Whom the Bell Tolls** . . . and now we leave **For Whom the Bell Tolls**, slightly the worse for wear but otherwise in good condition. Anybody in the market for a second-hand Bell?

We really would like to mention that Anatole France has always been a favorite of ours, particularly **The Revolt of the Angels** and **Penguin Island**. Masterpieces of irony. But we won't tell you any more about them because we hate people who go into details about good books, so we'll just let you read them for yourselves.

We get through quicker when we actually talk about the books than when we don't.

We have a straight tip from the horse's mouth on a really cracker-jack detective story if you have low tastes (we do too). It's called **The Snark Was A Boojum** and we hear it's one of the funniest and best mysteries on the market. We haven't read that either but we're going to as soon as we can find a few extra minutes. We really don't get time to read much.

J. S. B.

Here and There

Spring is here, the grass is riz, our men ain't here, but comprehensives is.

Among the blue-plate specialties of the month we have:

Jerque—Lil Abner—unfair to local MIO.

Joke (and don't try to stop us: we're in print) What did the lil' brown bear say when he fell in the barrel of flour? Answer (by PCW child prodigy) "Amapola."

Juke—"Everything happens to us." You can say that again. (Aw, forget it. Ed.)

Black-Out

From alliteration to obliteration, the black-out Friday night was quite a success, at least so hums Mary Jane McCombs. Ditto Alice Chattaway, who emerged covered with glory and an SAE pin. Gladys

FEATURES

Patton would seem to have suffered a permanent blackout, or maybe it's love. Or the measles.

Friendships founded after hours include Jean Gray and Johnny Boerie, the latter a J-play man. (*Kind Lady*) Margie Hibbs and Kay Von Fossen are enlarging upon the quadrille.

Frosh "Lovey" served double duty at the sports dance. She is known as "Information Please," Jr. We took a long gander at H. Moore's Paul—and looked again. It's a good sign.

Ad-Libs

PCW's travelogue this month takes us to Lehigh with Connie Myers, Elaine Fitzwilson, Margie Graham, Fran Pollick, Phil Keister, and Barb Somers. The periodical Penn State jaunt convoyed Sis Weller, Donna Kindall, Jane McClung and Gus Painter.

Ad-Libs: Barbara Maerker got the smoothest man at "that" Engineers dance for which the Date Bureau provided the female talent.

M. E. Hunt has named her pet alligator after the light of her life.

We wish to know more about N. Ireland's spring hit, plus the RED in R. Lynche's following.

We wish to know more about Ann Walker's man, for whom she waits, but then, he's worth it.

A lot of girls were excited over the Harrisburg trip, but Ann Baker mourned the beautiful Sat nite date she missed.

Among Those Drafted:

Glick's man.

Nina Maley collected a pin. Welcome to PPU.

Dottie Geschwindt—engaged since November. (And you're just getting it now? Ed.)

Jane Pierce and Elon are setting the date. Ditto Marianne Mahaney and Arch; Turney and her man, whose name we do not know.

Jane Fitzpatrick is going to Tech Carnival with the Chairman.

Colleen Lauer is also in the Union, with a Delt pin, Delt attached.

Love, Ah, Love!

Peggy Wragg is intrigued by a Count (A real one? Ed.)

Pete McCall and Hal Downing are being much in love. Trite but true.

B. Dobson is keeping up the postal system overhead with Phi Gam mail. We second the motion.

Congratulations Brossman. (If it

isn't asking too much, we'd like to know what for. Ed.)

Margie Norris is still happily singing that oldie, "Oh, Johnny."

Catastrophe of the Week

Carol Bostwick went down with the measles. German. Ye eds sit next to her in class so maybe they will be quarantined out of our column. (We've had the measles. All kinds. Better luck next time. With the mumps. Ed.)

Oh, well, spring is here, exams have riz, and we must get about our biz. So till the next time, adios, amigos. You too, Ed.

M. I. H., G. M. S.

Whooooo . . .

Whooooo would have ever thought it . . . whooooo? Did you? There is a ghost at PCW! Among the ivy-clad traditions a wailing child in a boarded tower in the east wing of Berry Hall, comes back to haunt students and insomnia victims on clammy rain-swept nights.

Aw, my little children, had you ever suspected? I did . . . here is my gruesome tale.

Once upon a time . . . that's the way all stories begin . . . a family, Berry by name, lived in a tiny house (thirty some odd rooms by the 1941 census) in tiny little hamlet of Pittsburgh, Pa. They were two, living by their happy little selves in this rose-covered cottage (that is, by themselves with the aid of some ten or twelve servants). They even christened their little honeymoon castle with an empty coke bottle (plus two cents deposit) and named it Berry Hall. Does this sound familiar or if you have heard it before, please stop me.

Then one day Mr. Berry (we'll call him Percy so as not to confuse him with Straw Berry and his brother Razz) found his little wifey knitting little things. There was going to be another little Berry.

With this fond expectation they hired a nurse . . . she was a lovely little creature. Just the kind you dream about when you have nightmares. The great day arrived and Junior arrived (and was the cigar-store Indian on the corner kept busy).

Gee, he was cute . . . all red and hairless and toothless. Well he began to grow . . . one month passed, two, three, four, and so on until his

sixth month anniversary. It was a cold day, the wind was howling (sound effects, please) and Ben Franklin was flying kites with lightening tales in Philly. Even a duck wouldn't go out. The petite six-foot self-respecting nurse was grabbing a few quick lung-fulls of air while gaily singing the year one version of WITH THE WIND AND THE RAIN IN MY HAIR. To this, even the elements objected and Thor turned on, full steam, an adult-sized bolt of lightening.

This reacted, scientifically speaking, on Nursery's digestive system i. e. she got the hiccups.

Well, it seems that she was also airing junior at the same time, so lo and behold, in the middle of an extra-big hic, little Percy, who was allergic to the "cups," took a nose-dive out the window and headed for a beautiful three-point landing four flights down.

Nursery, in her own lethargic way, dashed out the door, down the steps through another door, down some more steps, out another door (oh well you know the blue print of Berry Hall as well as I do) and on the front stoop. . . . Yehudi . . . he wasn't there.

That's the end kids . . . they never did find him. But, and here is the gruesome part ('member, I told you about that before), ever since, when it rains or when it is particularly Pittsburghy outside, a tiny babish wail may be heard coming from somewhere in the region of the tower of Berry Hall. Now you guys studying for comprehensives may go back to work . . . good luck and good night.

D. L. E.

Our Monthly Reminder—

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ARTS

"PCW Presents"

New opportunities for PCW-ites!! Supplemented by the creative writers of the school, the radio class is rapidly gaining a large public. Every Sunday at 8:30 P. M., on station KQV, "PCW Presents," comes over the air waves with an original skit, ranging from mysteries, to comedies and history.

Where Did You Get Those Eyes

Alice Horsfield, interested in all phases of radio work, has written, directed, and participated in production on both the technical and speaking ends. Alice wrote and had the lead in our premiere production, "Where Did You Get Those Eyes?" on April 9.

A story of her native Finland, one of our outstanding programs featured authoress Rosemay Barck in the lead, supported by Mary Evelyn Ducey and Jean Hill.

Fashions By Radio

On Easter Sunday a very novel and timely playlet, "Fashions," written by Betsy Colbaugh and directed by Alice Horsfield, and featuring Lorraine Wolf and Mary Evelyn Ducey was presented.

Lorney Wolf, portraying a daring heroine, endured the trials of early stagecoach travel in order to be near her lover in the production "War Time Spy," by Allison Croft.

A Break For Speech Majors

Very interested in our workshop, KQV will make possible the where and the when as long as PCW writes and produces.

Says Miss Kerst: "This is a grand chance for the PCW girls to get experience in the most promising field for today's speech majors."

Dance Compositions

Formal invitations went out to faculty, students, for the modern dance recital given by the Genevieve Jones dance group. Held in the barn-like Mellon garage, converted into an ideal dance studio by a new floor, the recital was of interest to both laymen and students of the dance.

Student Compositions

Most interesting dances were the original compositions by the advanced composition class. Doris Hutchinson welcomed the guests with her own *Greeting* dance.

Other solos from the composition

class were *Suppressed* by Marion Springer, a ponderous and heavy moving composition which contrasted with the gay light movements of Jean Sweet's *Frivolity*. Especially noted was the music, which accompanied Jane Evans' dance composition, *Bounded*, an impressionistic dance. Other soloists were Jeanne Condit, dancing her *Trophism* and Barbara Shupp in *Society at the Orphanage*.

Rhumba

Especially enjoyed was the Rhumba, danced by girls from the sophomore technique class. Original music was by Mary Kay Eisenberg.

Original music for the solos was composed by Allison Myer, Ann Lindsay, Montana Menard and Midge Norris.

Instrumental Ensemble

The Instrumental Ensemble played two dances from *Comus* and the ballet music from Shubert's *Rosamunde*. The ensemble accompanied the composition class in a Bource with an original Bource composed by Montana Menard.

The Dance group was under the direction of Miss Genevieve Jones, and the girls composing the music worked under the supervision of Miss Lillie B. Held.

Student Recitals

Early in May, two of the PCW music students will give recitals on the campus. Miss Anne Lindsay, a member of the senior class, will give an organ recital for friends and students of the college. Her program will include:

- I Prelude and Fugue in C Major, Bach
Chorale: Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring Bach
Chorale: In Death's Strong Grasp the Saviour Lay. Bach
- II Fantasie in C Major Cesar Franck
.....
- III Sketch in D flat ... Schumann
Prelude Samazeuilh
Toccata in G Dubois

She will be assisted by Mary K. Eisenberg, senior piano student, and Gladys Cooper, a junior in voice.

Miss Jane Hanauer, a graduate of PCW who has continued with her voice lessons at the college for the past year, will give a recital for her friends on May 2nd, at the Art Center. Included in her program will be:

- I French Pastourelles of the XV Century
.. Edited by Yvette Guilbert
Reconfortez le Petit Coeur de Moi
Il Est Venu le Petit Oisillon
 - II Ah! Mio Cor Handel
Chi Vuol la Zingarella Paisiello
 - III Die Mainacht Brahms
Vergebliches Standchen
..... Brahms
Ich Grolle Nicht .. Schumann
 - IV Voce di Donna Ponchielli
(La Gioconda)
 - V Songs for Children
Five Eyes Gibbs
Hollyhocks La Forge
The Candy Witch ... La Forge
- Accompanist: Mrs. Freda Wilson Ellsworth.

Choral Program

Monday evening, March 31, found PCW's Choral Speaking Class presenting a program for the College Club of McKeesport. Selections on the program included: two war poems and several selections of a lighter vein. Director Kerst and Helen Jane Taylor were delighted to find in their audience a former pupil and a former teacher respectively.

Featuring Mary Evelyn Ducey as soloist, the Choral Speaking Class did a repeat on the Jervis Bay selection at last Saturday's program for the annual open house.

Scheduled for Monday evening, May 19, the Choral Speaking Class' final program of the year will be presented in Crafton.

Drastic Changes

Alert members of PCW's Music Department, keenly alive to present needs of students, have made drastic changes in courses offered for next year.

New Appreciation Courses

Listed under Appreciation are several new courses. Their aim: to develop a thorough understanding of music in its various aspects. Included in this section are two courses entitled *The Art of Listening*. Their purpose: intelligent appreciation through study of basic musical elements and form, by aural analysis.

Fundamentals of Piano Teaching

Under capable Bernice Austin, who has taken over the teaching of
(Continued on Page Fourteen)

OPINION

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN ART by Yvonne Da Silva

In this time of sorrow and controversies when men are killing each other in many parts of the world, coming from Rio de Janerio to Pittsburgh, I have discovered a strange thing. Here in this great city, where at least fifty bridges span three rivers in whose dark waters are reflected thousands of lights, where hundreds of industrial plants throw gorgeous colors against the night, where people always rush and eat their meals so fast—here in this city, busy people take time to stop and look at pictures, oil paintings in an exhibit of American Art in Carnegie Museum. It is all very strange and interesting. And all kinds of people have come to the exhibit, not only the ones who can use a paint brush and a palette or the ones who wear fur coats and diamonds but boys on their way home from school, men between business duties, and, at the end of the day, tired girls from offices. All these people belong to Pittsburgh, the city whose atmosphere is so well felt by one of her artists, Samuel Rosenberg, the beauty of autumn nuances, the gray wetness, and the sadness of his own city.

The American Spirit

I suppose Americans are getting tired of being the symbol of industry and of the dynamo (and of other words of this kind), terms used by people of other nations who admire and sometimes envy their deeds. Perhaps Americans wish to liberate themselves from the machines which they have created—machines which have often inspired satire such as that of Charlie Chaplin in his interpretation of *Modern Times*. But there is life under the dirt and smoke of progress; it is more than the cult of metal. It is the American spirit, and it will survive. Americans are determined that it shall and nothing can finally destroy the right will of man.

Marsh's Prometheus

In one of the enormous rooms (parlors I would say in my country) where the Exhibit was held, I saw a picture which immediately caught my eye and imagination: *Prometheus in Rockefeller Center* by Reginald Marsh. In this picture the artist shows how much he knows about human nature in his display of faces and personalities. Old,

young, rich, and poor are having a good time, skating together, some are almost falling; a child is with his mother; a very grave professor, a sailor, and a gentleman—all are turning, spinning, skating around the statue of Prometheus, the god who brought fire to mortals. The god looks on puzzled, or amused—one can not say which.

Marsh has a special grace in line and movement; he makes his figures fall so naturally, their movement is so graceful even when they have a touch of the ridiculous. He uses very light, suave colors.

A Symbolic Painting

Another picture which impressed me very much is Thomas Hart Benton's *Persephone*. The painting is symbolic. An old laborer stops gathering his grain to look desirously at the beautiful body of Persephone. She lies nonchalantly, half asleep, half earth, half heaven, yet one with nature, feeling the warmth of the sun, enjoying bright flowers, and listening to the murmur of a stream—a heavenly beauty lent to earth for a little while.

Benton has deep insight. His colors are strong, gay and appropriate to his realism and vitality. I should think he would encourage many North American artists to express their own ideas in their own way without slavish imitation of the past.

Another innovator whose painting I admire is John Stewart Curry. In his picture *Hogs Killing A Rattlesnake*, he presents the fact stated in his title. But there is something more. It is paradoxical in its strangeness and simplicity. The fact that hogs could combine, could unite their forces, against a mortal enemy is amazing. It is not wonderful that a community-sense can be felt by hogs? They realize they must help each other in a fight, the winning of which means life.

Animal Life

The picture, like Marsh's *Prome-*

theus, is rich in movement and action. To be able to fix in painting the natural movements of an animal an artist must have a great knowledge of the animal's life. He must observe him closely for his own mind is his only helper; he must be able to get a spontaneous movement at a glance for perhaps he will never see the same movement again. Sometimes animals have the fiercest poses and one must study them for a very long time to comprehend such reactions.

That Curry has done so is proved by his painting. It is as if Curry one day saw what any farmer might see: hogs killing a rattlesnake and the incident so aroused his imagination that he wished to share his emotion and experience with others through a picture. And he has.

Struggle For Liberty

These genuine North American artists, Marsh, Benton, and Curry, together with many others whom I do not know enough about to discuss, are struggling to express their own ideas in their own way. Theirs is really a fight for art, for beauty, for progress. Indeed it is one of the main American struggles for liberty—for freedom—freedom from all old forms and processes which impede true expansion.

These daring young men, despite the gravity of world affairs, have enough calm and inspiration to build a future for their own country. They do not fear defeat because they have confidence and belief in things of the spirit. Such men trace the destiny of any nation. Of course all American people want peace, comfort, and beauty. If they truly desire such things they will have them; but each must have them in his own way in a true democracy. So I think contemporary North American artists are laying a foundation which will endure. Not because they are artists, but because they are representatives of the American spirit.

Has someone been extra-nice to you lately?

Thank them with flowers.

HIGHLAND FLORAL CO.

East Liberty

Montrose 2144

OPINION

Campus Comments

We were much impressed during recent SGA elections by the way the students faithfully stand up for their friends (literally speaking). In fact we became so enthusiastic about the various displays of undying affection that we almost didn't mind getting mixed up in the horde of names. Almost, but not quite. We feel that while we like to see an interest taken in SGA activities and while we like to see a good election fight, the fight degenerates into a squabble if one isn't careful. Probably affects people like a drug, that desire to get up and add just one more name. Resist it, partner, it'll make a man of you.

* * *

Hearing scattered comments about an epidemic of measles, we donned our gauze mask and our Yellowjack personality and hunted the epidemic to the ground. It was a sad little thing, that epidemic—didn't even turn and snarl at bay. On closer inspection (when we were quite sure the thing was dead) we discovered that it was a mythical animal we had killed. We are glad to announce that there is no epidemic, not even a baby one. Just two forlorn cases which were quickly taken care of. Tallyho!

* * *

Our orchid, if we had one, would go to the self-possessed freshman who walked up to Miss Bair during lunch at the dorm the other day and whispered, "I don't want to bother you, but there's a fire on fourth floor." It was only a little fire but it had a lot of smoke. A piece of mattress was blazing away merrily, defiantly resisting Miss Bair's valiant efforts with a fire extinguisher. It went out suddenly with a hiss of disappointment and there were no casualties (except, of course, the mattress). It reminded us in a wistful sort of way of a fire we almost started once. It smoldered in an ashtray beside us for quite awhile until we caught on, but we just threw it out the window, ashtray and all.

* * *

While we're on the subject of calamities and near-calamities, we want to mention the almost-burglary at Andrew Mellon Hall last week. It seems that there is a vault with a special door. It's for silver storage

and the door is wired directly to the police station so that if anyone fiddles with it it sounds an alarm and hordes of policemen descend with gats and whistles. The other night the hordes descended all right amidst loud cries of "Hey Joe!" and shrill tweets from the whistles. Unfortunately Sandra thought they were illegal and she wouldn't let them in until the gals tied her up. When they did get in the John Laws found nothing amiss. As onlookers glimpsed thieves and desperados in every shadow and police whistled blithely

to each other in some sort of Morse code, the culprit's identity was revealed. A squirrel had found the cable good for sharpening teeth and had chewed it, causing a short circuit. There was only one other difficulty. While brave guardians of law and order were stationed at each corner of AMH property and whistling signals to each other, one of the local lads who was visiting one of the AMH gals, whipped out his Boy Scout whistle and joined in. The resulting confusion was too horrible to mention.

BUDGET LETTER

Dear Editor:

Herewith you will find a tentative business report for the play **KIND LADY**. The final report may be found in Miss Weigand's office after May 1 along with similar reports for previous plays.

Expenditures:

Royalty ..\$	25.00	
Set	140.00	
Candy ...	7.50	
Books ...	2.45	
Food	21.00	Half of this expense shared with W. & J. becoming \$10.55
Transportation		
.....	4.10	Half of this expense shared with W. & J. becoming 2.05
Printing .	9.50	Half of this expense shared with W. & J. becoming 4.75
Properties	4.32	
Telegram.	.50	
To W. & J.	.45	
Wig	3.08	
Cleaning .	2.00	
	<u>\$220.00</u>	

Receipts:

Candy ...\$	10.50	
Tickets ..	14.50	
S. G. A...	200.00	
From Prince of		
Pantoufla	1.00	
	<u>\$226.00</u>	
		\$226.00
		Total Expenses
		\$ 6.00
		Profit to Date

There are still a few expenses that must be checked. However, we are quite proud of the fact that we did not come out in the red.

Very truly yours,

CLAIRE MARK'S HORWITZ, Business Manager.

P. S. It must be remembered that W. & J. had similar expenses for us to share with them so that is why I did not count the food, transportation and printing bill as half.

C. M. H.

LITERATURE

AMOREA by Jo Anne Healey '41

Clara Riggs wished, in a tired kind of a way, that she could cut off Mrs. Jaspert's ears. If it weren't for her ears, Mrs. Jaspert's transformation would fit closely to her head, holding snugly to the natural line of her hair. At it was, the canvas under-piece came down almost to the tip of her ear, and Clara could see that it would have to be entirely re-made. Mrs. Jaspert was talking steadily, her voice sharp and expressive of her displeasure. Her diamonded fingers flashed as she tugged angrily at the transformation. Clara stood at attention on tired feet.

"I wish she would go," she thought. "Please God, why doesn't she go?"

Finally Mrs. Jaspert was through—was taking off the wig and pulling her heavy hat over her close-cropped hair.

"Yes Mrs. Jaspert. I realize that it was my fault. You would be perfectly justified . . . by Saturday? . . . I promise you. Goodbye Mrs. Jaspert."

Alone in the two-roomed salon, Clara sank on the modernistic couch, conscious that her feet were swelling and that her corsets were too tight.

The room was close, and as she watched, it seemed to Clara that the curtains bulged in from the window with the pressure of the darkness outside. She rose from the couch and snapping on the lights, she stood and surveyed the room which she and the decorator had planned with such care. She was a little woman standing there in front of the tall window. Her eyes took no pleasure from the room.

"It looks too empty," she thought fretfully. The decorator had said that too much furniture ruined the "mood" of a room; that one should pick each piece of furniture carefully and give it room to show to the best advantage. The decorator had said that this room was . . . what had she said about this room? That it was elegant? Smart? Barren?

With a start, Clara realized that her thoughts were straying. No, the decorator had certainly not said barren. But barren it was. Or sterile. Maybe sterile would be the better word.

Clara realized that she was tired. She wished that she could lie down on the couch and sleep there till morning. For one insane moment

she was tempted to do it. Then she glanced around guiltily, ashamed of having entertained such a ridiculous idea.

She got her coat, and standing before the mirror, she put on her hat. The faint lines between her eyes deepened as she tucked strands of her untidy hair under the brim. With the lines her face gained in character, and seemed to become more firm.

"I've got to do something about my hair," she thought, and stood motionless a second staring at her reflection in the mirror. And suddenly, by some strange trick of the shaded lights behind her, it was not her face which she saw, but rather the separate parts of a face, one feature standing out sharply for a second, and then fading away to give prominence to another feature. She saw her eyes, pale and blue, with long colorless lashes. Her nose, she saw with surprise, was like her father's, long and sharp. She had never noticed that before, seeing it in the roundness of her face, above the soft drooping mouth which was not like her father's at all.

Outside a street car grated to a stop, and with the sound, the composite features snapped again into the familiar outline of her face.

Clara turned from the mirror, snapping out the lights, and went into the hall where she rang for the elevator. As she waited, she wondered whether she should turn right or left tonight when she left the building. If she turned right she would go to the tea-room for dinner, and then to the movie on the corner. If she turned left, she would go home. Usually the game amused her; tonight she felt only a faint distaste at the thought of turning either way.

The arrival of the elevator interrupted her thoughts.

"Good evening, Miss Riggs. Down as usual?"

"Good evening, Clark. That's right, down as usual."

By the time she reached the ground floor, she had decided to go home, and then to bed, after she had made herself some dinner. The thought of the lonely cup of coffee in the kitchen of her tiny efficiency apartment frightened her. But she did not have the energy to sit

through a restaurant dinner.

"Goodnight, Miss Riggs. Watch out for them slippery streets. M'wife's sister fell and broke her leg on the sidewalk just the day before yesterday."

"Why Clark . . . I didn't know you were married!" Clara spoke before she thought, and blushed as she realized what she had said.

The man's voice was surprised. "Why yes, Miss Riggs. I've been married a long time. I have three kids . . . two of 'em married."

"Now what made me say a thing like that?" Clara thought furiously to herself. It seemed to her that Clark was looking at her strangely. She hurried from the car without saying goodnight, and went out into the street. She hesitated a second and then turned left. In a few minutes she was on the street car. Lulled by the motion of the car, she rode past her stop. She had to walk back a block to her apartment. Her legs were leaden beneath her, and her breast ached with the effort of each step. In the foyer she dropped her purse. She stooped for it, and suddenly the full realization of her tiredness and the fact that she still had another flight to climb to her lonely apartment brought tears of self pity to her eyes. She made no effort to wipe them away, but stood in the middle of the tiny foyer sobbing.

She heard someone come up the walk, and confusedly she knew that it would not do to be found thus. She turned to the row of mail boxes that lined the wall and fumbled with hers. A man came in and walked past her up the stairs. She closed her mail box, and then opened it again as she realized that there was something in it. There was a small brown package marked "insured," and a letter. She recognized her sister's handwriting on both of them. Listlessly she closed the box, and walked up the stairs.

In her apartment, the sense of depression settled on her again, and without taking off her coat, she lay on the couch and sobbed. Finally, when she could cry no more, she raised her head, and her eye fell on the package and the letter where she had dropped them on the floor. Automatically she rose and picked them up. She opened the letter and read it through, without fully compre-

L I T E R A T U R E

hending what she read. She opened the package and rolled the string in a neat ball, folding the paper carefully.

In the box, bedded in cotton, were two rings. She recognized her sister's engagement and wedding rings. Fully aware now, she sat down to re-read the letter. Her sister hoped she was well, and would she please, since there wasn't a decent jeweler in Claysville, have her rings cleaned and checked, and send them back as soon as possible?

Clara put the letter aside, and lifted the rings from the box. She held them in the palm of her hand a minute, and then idly she slipped them on her finger, the tiny diamond circlet next to the larger solitaire.

Suddenly she was hungry and she remembered the name of a new tea-room nearby that someone had suggested she try. She went into the bathroom and washed her face. Looking up, she saw the sparkle of the rings on her finger.

She took a longer time than usual to comb her hair, because her hands, with the sparkling rings, fascinated her. Unaccountably she decided to wear her new dress that she had been saving for the hair stylists' convention. She put on fresh make-up, taking unusual pains. When she was through, she stood back from the mirror to look at herself. "Why," she thought, "I'm really quite attractive!"

Hurriedly she collected her coat and hat, wanting to be out where there were people and lights. When she reached the outside, the snow had turned to a light rain, and with a quick decision she called a cab. When it came, she was ashamed to be going only the short block to the restaurant, and before she realized what she was doing, she gave the driver the name of a smart supper club in town. Then she leaned back to enjoy the unaccustomed sense of luxury the taxi brought. She took off her gloves and admired the rings on her hand. When she paid the driver, she did not put the gloves back on. She went into the brightly lighted restaurant and in the mirror she caught a glimpse of herself. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement and her eyes were bright. The waitress led her to a small table close to the orchestra which was playing dinner music softly. She smiled at the waitress who filled her

water glass.

"Is Madam dining alone?"

Clara was speaking before she realized what she was going to say. "Yes. My husband's away, so I'm having dinner and then going to a movie. Can you suggest a good one?"

"I'll bring you a list, Madam."

Clara reached for her water glass with her left hand, and the rings sparkled against the glassware. The waitress returned with the theater program. "Do you care for a cocktail, Madam?"

Clara raised her eyes to refuse, when she caught the eye of a man sitting opposite her. He was smiling a little, and she saw that he was quite handsome.

"I'll have a Martini, please."

She studiously avoided looking at the man until the drink came. When she raised it to her lips, she glanced at him, and he was still watching her. She drank hastily, and made a little face at the bitterness of it. All during dinner she watched the man surreptitiously. When she saw that she would be finished before him, she ordered another cup of coffee. She wished she had a cigarette.

Finally it was time to go, and so she collected her things, glad now of her new dress. Her blood was coursing swiftly in her veins, and her cheeks were hot with excitement. Somehow she was not surprised, when she reached the street, to find the man behind her. She walked slowly down the street, listening for the sound of footsteps. Almost in the middle of the block she passed a newsstand, and a ragged paper-boy approached her.

"Paper, lady?" She shoved him aside.

She was quite calm except that her face was burning, as she opened her purse. Her hands were cold and clumsy in her gloves, so she stripped them off. Then, quite easily, she dropped her handkerchief.

Behind her, she could hear footsteps running. She half-turned, expectantly, and the man almost bumped into her.

"Excuse me please," he said, and tipped his hat. And then he was beyond her, running to catch the bus which was slowing down for the corner.

She stood with her hand outstretched, staring after him. For a minute she felt nothing, and then

shame came over her in waves, until she was sick at her stomach.

Behind her, there was a screeching of brakes, and a sudden high-pitched scream. Then there were many voices, and someone was saying "Oh my God!" over and over again.

She turned, and slowly she walked back to where a small crowd was gathered on the curb. On the street, in the glare of the headlights, men were kneeling beside a crumpled figure. Pushed by pressure from the crowd, Clara stepped forward. A man was standing by the car, talking hysterically to the crowd.

"Oh my God!" I didn't mean to do it. I never had an accident before . . . my God . . . I couldn't help it. He ran out in front of me. He was chasing something that the wind blew, and he ran right under the wheels. It was a handkerchief . . . see . . . he's got it in his hand now!"

Dully Clara stared at the little newsboy lying in the street. They had turned him on his back, and one arm was flung across his chest. The other was outstretched almost to Clara's feet, and in the clenched hand he held her handkerchief.

Clara turned away from the crowd, and began to walk . . . not seeing where she was going. She carried her purse in front of her, in her clenched hands. She was aware of a pain in the palm of her hand, and she saw she had cut herself on her purse clasp.

Then she saw that on her left hand there were no rings. Frantically she searched through her purse, but they were not there, nor were her gloves. She realized that the loose rings must have come off when she took off her gloves, and she turned to retrace her steps.

Somewhere a siren wailed, and again she was aware of the crowd on the curb. Her feet would not carry her toward them. It took her a minute to comprehend that she had not moved. Then she shut her purse, and turning her back on the crowd she began to walk, and then to run, sobbing quietly as she went.

MARTIN & VANDERVORT
PHARMACISTS
3614 Fifth Ave.
5872 Northumberland St.
5618 Wilkins Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

ARTS

(Continued from Page Nine)

the junior section of PCW's Music Department, a course in the fundamentals of piano teaching will be offered.

Another new course will be directed by PCW Organ Instructor Collins. Its title: Church Choir Directing and Repertoire. Organist Collins' vast experience at Bellefield Presbyterian Church and as director of numerous choral organizations makes him especially competent in this field.

Brilliant Innovation

Most brilliant innovation is the announcement of a series of twelve recitals by pianist Pescha Kagan, well known to Pittsburghers. These are to be given in successive weeks beginning October 1941. Each recital is to be prefaced with an analytical discourse on the composer and the works to be performed. In addition to the privilege of hearing this artist, PCW students will receive one-half credit for their attendance.

Distinguished Artist

An outstanding American artist, Pescha Kagan has been soloist with eminent symphony orchestras, recently with the Pittsburgh Symphony. Called by Pittsburgh critics, "a sensation at the keyboard," Miami hailed her as "a star of the first magnitude, dazzling in its brilliance and glowing with a warm personality." Pittsburgher Kagan ranks high among the really distinguished pianists of our time. Besides her personal appearances as artist in solo recitals and with orchestras, she has been heard on the radio over national "hook-ups" and has performed at the White House by Presidential invitation.

Unique Experiences

A unique experience has been hers. She has studied under the two great masters, Paderewski and Schnabel. Paderewski recently wrote to her:

"Having once, while you were studying music under my guidance, expressed my opinion about your great artistic qualities, it gives me now a personal satisfaction to know that my foretelling has become realized."

Famed pianist Schnabel has said:

"Her playing is most reliable, noble, and gives proof of many personal qualities which are most remarkable."



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hold the line, please?"**

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made a long distance call . . .
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Will you hold
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in a jiffy.

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POETRY

THE FIRE

Being reconciled to doom
 I would have met the flood
 Unwavering.
 The rush of waters is a pleasant thing
 Beside the roaring of the flame.
 True, the night would have been dark
 The moon dimmed behind the black-
 ness
 Of the scudding clouds
 And the wind gusts heavy laden
 With the dampness of the rain.
 True, there would have been a mo-
 ment
 When first I heard the rushing of the
 water
 As it came down through the moun-
 tain passes
 From high-nested lakes,
 And surged across the plains
 And joined with other waters
 To merge in waves of massive black-
 ness
 And descend on me.
 True, there would have been that mo-
 ment when
 I cried aloud
 And begged deliverance.
 But I would not have run.
 I would have knelt, and prayed a mo-
 ment
 With arms outstretched,
 Before the black waters caught me
 And pressed about me heavy.
 Then as I was carried lightly to the
 flood-crest
 I would have heard the sweet sad
 night-song of the wind
 And perhaps a moment glimpsed the
 moon
 Between the clouds
 Before the waters pressed too heavy
 at my throat
 And gently closed my eyes.
 No, I should not have minded the
 flood.
 But I shall flee the roaring terror of
 the flame
 Flee into the burning night which
 flares into a strange, unnatural
 day
 And I shall not have the breath to
 cry aloud
 Nor yet the courage to kneel awhile
 and pray.

I could have met the flood
 Unwavering
 But when I think upon the fire
 I am afraid
 And there is none to comfort me.

JO ANNE HEALEY, '41

PORTRAITS OF SPRING

With a swish of skirts along the path
 And a patter of tears on the grass
 Curtseying gently to the jonquils
 I saw April pass.

II

The turtles come in the Spring
 Round and small and green,
 And walk with spreading toes
 Through the mud at the lake's end
 And blink in the sun
 At the bright new grass.

III

The little white dog
 Is chasing a moth
 Through the wet jonquils,
 While just above
 Quince blossoms nod
 In the sunlight.

IV

He is walking down the road
 And the mud
 Is pushing up around his shoes.
 He is tramping on the violets,
 The new fern leaves are being
 crushed
 By his foot
 And his eyes are dancing madly
 Like the wind
 As he breaks the star-white trillium
 In the soft, still forest floor.

V

The worms come out
 And lie like flat velvet ribbons
 In the grass,
 And the soft brown mole
 Feels his way among the stems
 Of the silver crocuses.

By MARDEN ARMSTRONG, '42

MOOD

Ominous . . .
 the word denotes
 oppression;
 vivid streaks of white and red
 against a darkened sky;
 a gentle wind
 insistent, brooding,
 drifting close
 as though to touch
 with wistful fingers
 then withdrawing
 frightened; tenuous
 figures in the trees
 swaying, bowing,
 disappearing,
 leaning close, then
 vanishing . . .
 Ominous.

SPRING

A restless surge of quickened blood,
 a vague desire to see
 white skin against new grass
 turned black by night;
 to feel cool water running
 little tongues of silence
 toward one's feet and hands;
 to beckon to the sharply gentle wind
 and feel its slow response;
 to throw white bridles o'er
 the heads of champing stars
 and feel the pull and backward
 surge against one's arm;
 to call out to the moon
 and have it answer thinly,
 and hear a sudden
 brooding silence
 after its reply.

By JEAN BURCHINAL, '42

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1940-41

Sophomores

Jean Archer
Brice Black
Ruth Bristor
Betty Brown
Edith Cole
Peggy Dietz
Rosemarie Filippelli
Claire Horwitz
Marian Lambie
Althea Lowe
Marjorie Noonan
Marion Rowell
Claranne Von Fossen

Juniors

Margaret Anderson
Dorothy Andrews
Marden Armstrong
Alison Croft
Jean Miller
Janet Murray
Joan Myers
Mary Singer
Florence Succop
Eileen Wessel

Seniors

Jeanne-Anne Ayres
Betty Anne Bacon
Anne Butler
Ruth Janet Gracey
Jean McGowan
Mae Oettinger
Dorothy Oliver
Jane Pierce
Mary Bertha Richards
Mary Rodd
Mildred Rudinsky
Eleanor Schaffer
Susan Wooldridge

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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The ARROW

Vol. XX

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., May 26, 1941

No. 7



SENIORS MOVE OUT
'from meetings to teas . . .'

(See Page Two)

THE ARROW

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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MOVING OUT

Here we sit—surrounded by unpaid bills, and pictures of Andrew Mellon Hall. The last cover is accounted for, and the latest story is in. In other offices, other staffs are also moving out—moving out for the class of '42.

Many things have changed since first we walked the long hill to the College. The fence is down along the road, comprehensives are here to stay, the stag line is thinned, and increasingly khaki-colored. Seniors, speaking together seriously as is their wont, wonder how the college is going to survive without them. However, the glint in the President's eye as she calls SGÁ to order, and the determined air of the Editor as she plans new curtains for the Arrow office, are portents of the new regime, and we see that perhaps the end will not come with PCW's 68th commencement—but rather just the transition period from the class of '41 to the class of '42.

LOOKING BACK

After waiting sixteen years for this moment, we seniors feel that there must be something to say before we step across the threshold into what is hopefully called The World. A few months ago we were too absorbed to do more than dreamily realize that somewhere far ahead was the bright light of Graduation. We thought it was exciting to be seniors. Then a few weeks ago the only reason we liked being seniors was the nearness of Freedom. In only a little while we would be forever free of exams, papers due, classes to meet, chapel overcuts, library fines, and studying when we wanted to play tennis or go to a movie. We were tired of always having to make out our budgets or do something or other when we honestly have liked to read *Jane Austen* or finish *H. M. Pullham, Esq.*

Now the hour is upon us. We still feel excited to be seniors graduating and we still long for what we call freedom. But we also are beginning to get sentimental. It's impossible to avoid, when we go up to a classroom and aren't able to listen to the teacher because we keep saying to ourselves over and over again, "This is the last class I'll ever go to again in my life!" It horrifies us. At the last moment we see left and right all the activities and all the courses we didn't have time for. We envy the juniors who have moved into our chapel section and who have already bought the gowns we hope to use June ninth. We envy the sophomores who will grow up for the first time when they have a sister class who looks up to them. We envy the freshmen who are at last in the center of PCW life and who have the greatest joy before them. We envy all the classes and we feel very sorry for ourselves. But not for anything in the whole world would we change places with anybody—that is the secret of the seniors.

LOOKING FORWARD

The last chapel is over now and our names are gone from the roll. New officers already hold our positions, a new senior class is installed in our place. Today we walked from the senior section, into the "wide wide world."

We are anxious to be out, of course. It would not be fitting that we stay here longer. But it is not without regret that we leave the accustomed ways which four years have woven into our lives. As we prepare to move into a world where events swiftly become history day by day; where the old ideals of peace and freedom are yet hung in the balance; where the whole familiar trend of American life is heightened, quickened, strangely changed, it is to be expected that some of us will walk a little slowly from our places here. When we have gone, there will be many times that we shall turn and look back. Look back on the security—on the job well done—on values proved, and experience gained—and turn ahead again, our confidence renewed.

And always, however far we go, we will be together—a group apart. For around us, within the invisible bond of our school, is yet another, closer bond that will make us one, however divergent our paths. We are the class of '41.

EVENTS

AWARDS

Honorary Society

One of Moving Up Day's most dramatic episodes came when seven juniors were tapped for the new honorary society. During the regular "moving up" into the senior section, seven juniors were solemnly tapped by the seven members of this year's graduating class who had originally formed the society. Chosen for character, contribution to the school life or spirit, and to a degree for scholarship, the girls honored were: Alison Croft, Betty Gahagan, Ellen Copeland, Barbara Maerker, Julie Wheldon, Margaret Anderson, Dorothy Vale.

The society was organized and developed by seven of this year's seniors, who were officially named by the Administration as charter members. They include: SGA president Gladys Patton, AA president Charlotte Wolf, YW president Mary Linn Marks, Activities chairman Jean Hill, senior class president Elaine Fitzwilson, ARROW editors Jeanne-Anne Ayres and Jo Anne Healey and Woodland Hall President Jean McGowan.

The honorary society will be known as the Hood and Tassel, and tonight the new members will be officially initiated, will receive pins before the semester's end.

Athletics

Annual event on Moving Up Day is the presentation of the A. A. Awards. This year, winners of emblems with the PCW seal (requirement 98 points) are Jean Archer, Brice Black, Barbara Browne, Jane Davies, Jane Fitzpatrick, Ruth Patton, and Janet Ross.

Having earned 175 points, and thereby entitled to bracelets, are Mauky Anderson, Betty Hazeltine, Phyllis Keister, Jane O'Neill, Janet Ross, and Charlotte Wolf.

Jackets go to seniors Julie Wells and Gladys Patton who have earned 310 points.

The cup presented to the winning hockey team goes this year to the sophomore class, whose team was co-captained by Barbara Browne and Janet Ross.

The Ping-Pong cup goes to tournament winner Midge Norris, and Julie Wells receives the badminton cup.



MARGARET CULKIN BANNING
Addresses Seniors

Writing

Formerly under the auspices of Omega, the short-story contest this year was conducted as a part of the Student Activities program. The contest this year was enlarged to include a judging of essay selections.

First prize in the essay contest was taken by Ann Butler's *Songs of Innocence*. Jean Burchinal's *Hour of Lead* was named second, and Betty Vernon's *Can Wisdom be Found in a Silver Rod?* was third.

The short-story prize went to Jo Anne Healey, for her story *Where the Hawthorne Bloomed*. Second prize was Janet McCormick's *Martha*.

ON CAMPUS

Speaker Banning

Commencement will be held on June 9, 1941, at 10:30 A. M. on campus. The faculty, headed by Dr. Doxsee and Dr. Wallace as marshals, will lead the procession. Two junior marshals, Barbara Maerker, outgoing president of the junior class and Ellen Copeland, incoming president of the senior class, will precede the seniors. The invocation and

the benediction will both be given by Dean N. R. High Moor of Trinity Cathedral. During the course of the program the Glee Club will sing and Mr. Collins will play several selections on the organ.

Special Honors To Be Granted

Speaker of the day will be noted author, Margaret Culkin Banning. Her subject: *The Responsibility of the Educated*. Following her address honors will be announced. This year marks the first time that special honors will be granted. In addition, the Anna Dravo Parkin Memorial Prize for excellence in history will be presented at that time. Degrees will then be conferred upon the graduating seniors.

After the commencement exercises, the graduates and their families will be the guests of the administration and the faculty for luncheon.

Rose Chain

At 9:00 P. M. on Saturday, May 7, the annual President's reception will get underway when the juniors carry the traditional rose chain through the grounds of Andrew Mellon Hall.

Led by two girls chosen by the class, the fifty-nine juniors will escort the sixty bouquet-laden seniors, led also by their two prettiest girls.

After circling the campus, the seniors will join Miss Marks, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer in the receiving line, accept the congratulations and best wishes of their classmates and friends.

To carry out their part in Illumination Night, the sophomore class will congregate in the bowl, form "PCW" with their lanterns, sing school songs. Following the ceremony, there will be dancing in the chapel for the students and their guests.

Able chairman of Illumination Night is Ellen Copeland, president of next year's senior class. Under her direction, the entire junior class has been drafted to complete arrangements, to make the rose chain on the day of the ceremony.

The identity of the four girls chosen to lead the rose chain is to be kept secret, will not be revealed until Illumination Night.

EVENTS

Bows and Hawaii

The rains came, and then Spring dances came, and the rains went. So the lanterns were strung across campus, and with the dual theme of bows and palm trees the dances began.

Most outstanding chapel decoration of the year was planned by the freshman-sophomore dance committee headed by Jane Evans, with Nancy Doer, Janet Baer, Marion Rowell, and Nancy Fisher. A myriad of bows suspended from the ceilings and walls gave the chapel a festive, spring-like look not often acquired. Chuck Mullin and the High Hatters tore off the newest popular pieces.

Meanwhile, juniors and seniors, adorned with leis, swayed to Dale Sommers' orchestra in Woodland Hall. The theme was blue Hawaii—the decorations huge flowers and palm trees. The junior-senior committee included Alice McKain, chairman, Marden Armstrong, Mary Janet Hyland, Eleanor Glick, Jane McClung and Sally Thomas.

Before the dance, seniors dined together at the Alcoma Country Club. Natalie Lambing was in charge of the annual senior dinner.

Parents' Night

PCW welcomed some 500 parents to its campus Tuesday evening, at the PCW parents' night reception. All buildings on campus were open for inspection, and various exhibits were displayed. Among the exhibits of interest were the art display on second floor of Berry Hall, scientific demonstrations in Buhl Hall, music in the art center on Mellon campus. Dormitory rooms were visited by parents, refreshments were served at Andrew Mellon Hall.

MUSIC

Organ Recital

Tuesday evening, May 13, in the chapel, seven of PCW's organ students participated in the college's annual all-student organ recital. The seven student participants directed by organist, Earl B. Collins, were: Florence Succop, Mary Ruth Sampson, Elizabeth Rowse, June Hunker, Amy McKay, Eleanor Schaffer, and Anne Lindsay.

Music Majors

Graduating music majors this year are Mary K. Eisenberg and Anne Lindsay.

Pianist Eisenberg also plays the accordion. This year she has been accompanist to the instrumental ensemble. A member of the Principles of Piano Teaching class, taught by Bernice Austin, Mary K. has assisted in teaching the beginning class in theory at PCW. Teaching a class at the Brashear Settlement, which she hopes to continue next year, has also kept her busy. Accomplishment of which she is proud, claims is unique, is the playing of Brahms' Lullaby on one string of the violin!

Music major Lindsay plays organ and piano, is more noted for the former. She has played in Chapel, and at the Swedenborgian Church on Le Roi Road, where she also has charge of the choir. She, too, has assisted in teaching the beginning theory class. Asked about her other interests, Anne replied with a twinkle, "That depends on whom you mean!"

Seniors' Schedule

Wednesday, June 4th

Tentative picnic scheduled.

Thursday, June 5th

Senior dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, Miss Marks and Miss Shields.

Friday, June 6th

9:00 A. M.—Commencement rehearsal.

11:00 A. M.—Senior breakfast at the Pines.

Saturday, June 7th

4:30 P. M.—Alumnae meeting in chapel. Seniors are expected to attend.

6:15 P. M.—Alumnae banquet for seniors in Woodland Hall.

9:00 P. M.—President's reception for seniors—illumination night.

Sunday, June 8th

11:00 A. M.—Baccalaureate service in East Liberty Presbyterian Church. Dr. Stewart Nye Hutchinson.

5:30 P. M.—Vesper service in the Chapel. Dr. Wm. R. Farmer.

Monday, June 9th

10:30 A. M.—Commencement on campus. Margaret Caulkin Banning. (In case of rain, exercises will be held in the 3rd Presbyterian Church).

12:00 noon—Buffet luncheon.

Folk Songs and Dances

On Monday afternoon, May 19, PCW's Workshop presented in Andrew Mellon's Hall music studio its year's-end program featuring folk songs and folk dances.

Accompanied by string ensemblists Alice Wilhelm, Joan Bowdle, Miles Janouck, and Margaret Griffith the entire group of the workshop-ites sang the folk songs: *Greensleeves*, *Golden Sambero*, *Go Down Moses*, *Loch Lomond*, *Juanita*, *Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms* and *Home on the Range*.

Highlight of the program was a Finnish folk dance by Rosemay Barck and Ellen Copeland.

Spring Recital

PCW's music students gave their final spring recital in the chapel Friday evening, May 23. This recital, finest and most complete of PCW's music year, featured students of piano, organ, flute, oboe, and voice. Student musicians and singers performing at the recital included pianists Julia Wells, Allison Meyer, Mary K. Eisenberg, and Marian Cohen; organists Amy McKay and Florence Succop; flutist, Ruth Patton; oboist Betty Gahagen; and solo vocalists Gladys Cooper and Jane Hanauer.

Accompanied by pianist Freda Wilson Ellsworth, the PCW vocal ensemble also sang at Friday's recital. Vocal ensemble-ists were: Mary Linn Marks, Barbara Brown, Edna Schuh, Eileen Wessel, Marian Kieffer, Gladys Cooper, Dale Kirsopp, Jane Hanauer, and Betty Vernon.

Serenading

"Undergrads today—alumnae June tenth—goodbye, PCW!" is the swan song of the seniors. As a last farewell to the college, the entire class will serenade Andrew Mellon Hall, Stony Corners, and Woodland Hall tonight, singing old and new college songs to Miss Marks, Mrs. Gilmore, the faculty, Miss Bair, and the three remaining classes in the dormitory. This new idea may add another tradition to PCW's long list of old ones.

SENIORS

Seniors

Seniors are everywhere these days, rushing from meetings to teas and parties and classes with all the fury of a shepherd dog hunting for lost sheep. Due to the large number of activities we were unable to track down some of them, but we managed to corner most of them until they sputtered a few words concerning future plans.

Jeanne Anne Ayres feels that comprehensives are enough to make anyone relax in blessed idleness for awhile, plans to "read extensively and do some writing" after vacation.

Shirley Clipson grinned mysteriously and announced an extended vacation in Canada "to visit friends." Alice Chattaway hasn't decided what she'll do this summer but plans to go into radio advertising later.

Among those doing graduate work are Sue Wooldridge who will go to Penn State and Allison Meyer, another industrious gal, is planning to attend Tech summer school and work for a degree in public school music. Charlotte Wolf wants a business course but doesn't know where.

Julia Wells, with her fingers crossed, says she would like to "teach French and Phys. Ed. at a private school" and Mary Kay Eisenberg will teach piano—though she thinks that what with depression she may end up in a five-and-ten. Alice Steinmark will either teach or go on with voice, she's not sure which. But Jane Shidemantle and Jane O'Neill have no doubts—they're definitely looking for classes who will listen to the stores of wisdom they have gleaned from their four years.

Sis Weller knows just what the future will bring, including the time (July 19) and the place (First Presbyterian Church in Monongahela). Mary Kinter and Bob announce that they will be at home in High Bridge, New Jersey, this fall—Kint will probably wear aprons with Princeton tigers on them. Jane Pierce thinks that about the first of September will be a good time to become Mrs. Elon Howard Eaton, Jr., and though she and Pat haven't definitely decided to build a house this summer, she muttered something about contractors under her breath and looked at us vaguely. Dottie Geschwindt doesn't know whether she'll be teaching or getting married this fall—the draft



GLADYS PATTON
It's all over now!

bothers everybody. Dotty Oliver has definitely named this summer for middle-aisling it.

Pat Kent will be a secretary at the Kodak Co. in Rochester for several months this summer and after that—well, she wouldn't commit herself.

Eleanor Weibel and Carolyn Martin hope to be ultra-white collar secretaries come Labor Day and Margaret Longwell and Frances Johnson hope to be able to combine their chemistry with their secretarial training. Mary Linn Marks will work at Kiski for the summer and hopes to continue with secretarial work in Pittsburgh in the fall. Jean Hill, being rather noncommittal, says she doesn't know whether she'll do dramatic or secretarial work. "But right now," she said emphatically, "I want a vacation."

Most of the capped and gowned gals want to relax before starting the grind. Elizabeth Frey and Beth Howard want to relax and then start work this fall, Beth in politics and Elizabeth in social service work.

Jo Anne Healey, plus onions, will head for Columbia for a master's degree in journalism.

J. B. Hammer is going to continue school at Tech, taking a secretarial course, and Bertha Richards will claim the same new Alma Mater tak-

ing a graduate library course. Eleanor Schaffer is going to take Psychiatric Social Work at Pitt on a fellowship this fall.

Helen Hecht managed to evade us and we were unable to find out her plans, and Jean McGowan hasn't decided and refused to be quoted on anything. Weasie McIntyre was lost in a dictaphone down at Carnegie-Illinois when we hunted for her, but it seems probable that she will continue with her secretarial work there. Ruth Strickland has set no definite date for her wedding and we couldn't catch her long enough to find out if she had other plans.

Among the Chem majors, Mildred Johnston will be a technician at Columbia Hospital, Mae Oettinger will be a chemist at Duquesne Brewery, and Mary Rodd, though planning to work in the fall, is not quite sure where.

Ruth Succop doesn't know. Mildred Rudinsky plans tentatively to work at a Psychiatric Hospital in Connecticut. Adelaide Mitchell and Natalie Lambing saw us coming after chapel and disappeared before we could trap them.

Anne Lindsay is definitely going on with her music. "Where?" we asked, "at Juillard?" But she just smiled and said she didn't know.

Ruth Gracey is starting with a bang, being a Vacation School director for a time this summer, and hopes later to tour New England with Alice Horsfield, special student. Ruth wants to teach next fall—"somewhere near Fort Meade."

Gladys Patton, dashing madly hither and yon, stated that there was too much confusion for us to expect a coherent statement, stopped long enough to say that she may try personnel work after a short vacation.

Anne Butler, Bebe Daley and Betty Bacon managed to slip out of our clutches before we could find out about them. Ditto Jane Zacharias.

Lots of luck, Seniors, in everything, careers and marriage alike.

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FEATURES

Campus Comments

Since last time we started the rather expensive habit of handing out orchids, we feel that we ought to continue it this time, especially since there are definitely occasions for such exotic flowers. One white orchid with red spots to Jane Evans for her grand decorations for the Freshman-Sophomore spring formal. Our old eyes have never seen the chapel looking so lovely. Ditto orchid to McKain for the Hawaii motif in the Junior-Senior spring formal. We felt left out because we forgot our lei, but we found lots of them when we got there. To Anne Butler those delightful little greenish-yellow orchids (two of 'em) for the most amusing and original publicity of the year, in re the Senior play. We talked to one of the ghosts who was hanging around and he was quite proud of it. "We haven't been so well advertised," he said gleefully, "since Lights Out went off the air. Whoooo." And while we're handing them out, we're sending a big basketful of white orchids with purple centers to the senior class in general for one of the best senior plays written and produced anywhere.

* * *

We had heard rumors that the Latin majors give a Roman Banquet each year and so we decided that this year we would find out something about it. It seems that everyone wraps up in togas (ex-sheets) and garlands and they play such games as Pin-the-head-on-Cerberus (probably a product of Rome's more degenerate days). This year they invited the Greek students to come too and therein lies our story. One particular Greek student was playing Pin-the-head-on-Cerberus with more alacrity than skill. She had become so dizzy when they whirled her around after blindfolding her that she wasn't quite sure in just what direction Cerberus lay. She felt her way carefully until she reached an apparently immovable object. "Blank wall, nothing but blank wall," she was muttering bitterly to herself when suddenly her hand went up a little further and she felt something that is not usually found on blank walls. Hair. Dr. Butler's hair. We give our three cheers and wild halloo of the week to Dr. Butler for not

laughing or even moving until all was discovered.

* * *

Latest note on Sandra, who seems to creep into this column every month, is in the nature of a near-tragedy. She disappeared one night not long ago and frantic seniors tore all over Pittsburgh's East End whistling and calling loudly while people from all houses on the way yelled nasty requests to shut up. Finally giving up they went home practically in tears, sure that she had been dog-napped. Next morning Mario went down to clean the swimming pool and there she was—in the pit underneath. It's quite a drop, about fifteen feet, and Sandra had luckily landed on a ledge instead of taking the further drop which is thirty feet. She sat and howled while they rigged up a basket which they carefully lowered to her. Sandra, however, mistrusted the world at that point and would have none of it. She just looked at them reproachfully and went on howling. Finally they had to go down and blindfold her and put her in the basket so they could haul her up. No physical injuries to Sandy, we hear, but the mental strain must have been terrific.

* * *

Installation Day rather fascinated us. We couldn't keep our eyes from the intricate patterns being worked out on the platform by people who were leaving several offices and entering several more. It was impressive, nonetheless, and at one moment we found ourselves with two tears in our eyes. We hid them quickly.

* * *

Moving-Up Day is always a day when we carry plenty of handkerchiefs. It always seems to us that the Juniors are intruding when they march up to the Senior seats. And when they sing the Alma Mater—well, we just usually break down completely and sob loudly on the shoulder of the person nearest us. Every year is the best Senior class, but this year it's even more so. We shall probably be indisposed for some time afterwards.

* * *

Hearing of a defense program for women which may possibly go into effect next year, we got out our machine gun and posed in front of the mirror for a few minutes to see

what the effect would be. The effect was awful. It was sort of an old model machine gun anyway, so we think we'll trade it in on a sabre. We can just visualize us now. "Squads right!" we'll yell in stentorian tones and we ourselves will go in the wrong direction. It was ever thus. We never were sure which was right and which was left. We are planning to enroll in the defense program if it comes, though. See you in a tank or possibly a bomb-proof shelter, gals!

* * *

Well, we've come to it at last. We can't put off saying goodbye any longer, much as we hate its irrevocability. Some of you we'll be boring next year, but some of you will have graduated. It makes us sad to even think of it, so we'll hope that you get the *Arrow* next year so you won't have to miss us as much as we'll miss you. Good luck, gals.

Here and There

Tears for seniors, little lasses, finished with all college classes, leaving profs and term exams, hour writtens, last night crams, comprehensives (three days' study), heads unbowed but plenty bloody, stepping out of college lives, some career gals, some just wives. Weep, you underclassmen, weep, they have sown now they shall reap.

Naval Draftees on the female side include Peg Matheny, Janet Murray, Alice Provost, Anna Betty Saylor, and Lorny Wolf, who tripped Annapolis-wards, banners flying and returned with bright new anchors to replace the ones that had got slightly tarnished. N. L. Filer trotted to Allegheny, and we have heard rumors that J. McClung and Gus Painter are being granted special rates for their monthly journeys to Penn State. W&J prom week-end found PCW taking over the place en masse (except us. Ed.) with Archer and Spierling and McKay thinking of enrolling.

PPU member J. Faris joined the union with a Beta pin from Jay, thus helping along the good neighbor policy.

Add engagement: Ginnie Sumner who announced it in a big way and with a big smile in Chem class. (Did you get out of class? We'll try it too. Ed.)

Memories of Senior class play: P. Wragg in an unusually good humor;

FEATURES

D. Brooks, R. Strickland M. Singer, Kitty Watson and others, plus some of the cutest men we've seen in a long time; J. Wheldon adding sound effects when the lights went out; no one figuring out who done it (We knew. We read it. Ed.); J. Pierce's ring-donor Eaton playing the ghostly flute and announcing in the middle of the play that he wouldn't perform any longer unless he got union wages or applause; J. Healey and A. Chat-taway with grins from ear to ear and perhaps a misty eye when it was over; the A Capella-arrangement of the Alma Mater when the lights failed to go up and the pianist couldn't see to play (Thursday night); Mrs. Shupp looking smug; and J. Kinter before the play jittering for fear she'd say "Bob says" instead of "Edgar says."

Notes on Spring Formals: Marion Lambie, next year's *Arrow* News Editor, making news with a smoothie from Tech; J. McCall plus a white orchid and Allison Meyer with more of those breath-taking posies; M. Graham, E. Copeland, and J. Wheldon with those men—boosting Aluminum stock;* M. Harlan and D. Leibold switching brothers, perhaps for keeps; Joan Bowdle escorted by a member of the Pitt Faculty. (We wish we were smart, too. Ed.)

Shari Wolf helping the U. S. Mail along with six letters from one man in one day—University of Missouri. Among familiar faces at the Pitt Sport Dance, Bebe Shipley making a tremendous hit.

Add notes on fast men: S. Frick's man whom she met at Open House turning up eight months later to ask for a date.

Career Woman of the Year: Joyce Wallis, winner of the advertising contest sponsored by the Women's Ad Club of Pittsburgh.

Seen at Kennywood: Norma Bailey and Dottie Ridge swinging out to Bob Chester's orchestra.

M. E. Hirsh and Clare Horwitz brightening the campus with new super cars.

Libby Birrell ex-PCWite, now an accredited model—New York, here we come! Mary Evelyn Ducey doing same with plenty of success. Beth Howard trotting to Cornell to visit Bill—the Bill, gals! And Fitzwilson heading in the same direction later.

Dottie Horne getting an acute case of spring fever and leaving the dorm

so that she can commute. (Ah, spring. Ed.)

Frosh Rigaumont's substitute Quad-rille partner (the first one got sick) spending his thoughts on PCW and his cash coming over.

We hate to bid you all farewell, we'll miss you senior gals like fury, some of you guys will still be here when we type out our corn next year, we wish you all a happy summer and lots of luck in everything. (We ran out of rhymes. Ed.)

M. I. H., J. M. S.

June Joys

June is a lovely month—it spel's the end of school (Oh Joy Oh Bliss!), bright summer days on the beach—and even weddings for some of our lucky ones. No more worries now—except that eternal clothes problem and that's just what we're here for—to help you solve that.

You're leaving the city, of course, so let's discuss what you'll wear. If you're traveling by train and want to snag all the army men en route to camp—you can do it in a dark linen frock with checked collar and cuffs—non-crushable to boot.

You've arrived at your destination bearing the trade mark of "super glamour" from the top of your large brimmed hat to the tip of your be-sandalled feet and now your one desire is to acquire a gorgeous tan. So, paleface, snuggle yourself into a chintz play-dress splashed with clo-ver blooms and prepare for a scorching morning on the beach.

Guess what! That well-tanned "glamour-puss" you just met on the beach invites you to lunch, so you race back to the hotel and prepare to give Brenda Frazier a run for her money in your white rayon job, skirt of which is printed in gay checked bows, and a luscious matching hat that really gives you a finishing touch.

Your handsome Casanova suggests a cooling swim about mid-afternoon and who are you to refuse when you have just the outfit in a checked dimity bathing suit, pleated in front and be-ruffled on top.

Up until dinner that handsome he-brute claims all your time, until the masterful life-guard takes a hand in the situation and suggests dinner and dancing on the terrace of the beach-club. So—you don't fool in your stag-snagging project when you appear in a dark pique evening dress banded

with white and with sprigs of white applique adorning the shirt.

And so to bed—to dream of the fields already conquered and the stones you won't leave unturned. And who do you think grabs all the credit? Why—your wardrobe, of course!

M. A.—J. Mc.

Radio Class

As if putting on a regular program at a station, the Radio Class will conduct their final exam in the form of a broadcast. The schedule: three typical programs heard on the air daily. Morning program, (duration one hour—the length of each section) will consist of waking up exercises, news broadcasts: "A soap-opera" and the baseball game fill the afternoon spot; and the evening program will feature comedians, plays, and music. Commercials and news flashes will interrupt regular programs.

Want Criticism

PCW's eager-for-criticism Radio class last week passed out questionnaires to every PCW student, asked that they be filled out and returned immediately. Their purpose: to determine how many listened to the Sunday night radio programs on Station KQV, what ones they heard, and which ones they liked best. Their aim: to determine the success of their programs for their own and the station's benefit; and to present an opportunity for suggestions that will improve their programs, get them a larger listening audience.

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"Return"

"The Return of the Native." Or did you miss us last month? Yes, I can see the dust all over your fingers as you grope away back in your mind to remember last month's issue.

Flashing Arrows

And we don't mean newspapers. Yes, archery is coming into its own at PCW. Bravely gripping their courage in both hands, the archers of our Alma Mater invaded the Pitt campus on Wednesday, May 14, to compete with the Skibos and Panther girls in a trial with bows. When it is a matter of "beaus," PCW women usually emerge victorious, but unhappy day this was not the case, with the girls of the Tartan Plaid carrying off the honors. A stiff competition was furnished by Janet Baer, Edith Cole, Betsy Ann Gordon, and Marjorie Noonan, Nancy Stauffer, and Alice Wilhelm. Top score for the Purple and White was won by eagle-eye Edie of the Cole family, while the others followed closely behind. Inexperience was the main cause of their defeat, for most of the girls have been shooting for only a short time. But then next year may tell a different story. "Vengeance is mine," they cried with a sneer.

Tourneys

The spring ping-pong tourney was annexed again by Midge Norris, giving her another cup to balance the mantel-piece.

That little feathered animal so commonly called the shuttle-cock flew frantically back and forth as two cruel racqueteers each tried to beat its brains (or feathers) out. Finally Julie Wells conked the undependable bird and sent him scurrying into the corner for the final point taking Jane McClung down to brave but inglorious defeat.

Betty Jonescu carried the freshmen to fame by winning the bowling tournament and also winning the highest score of the year—165.

Mystery

Page the Shadow or Raymond of the Inner Sanctum. What happened to the mushball games? Millions of people swooned all over the floor while waiting for the games to begin. Alas, no games, so the ambulance just carted the bodies off to the morgue. **Adventures of Tidbit**

Or the "tail" (ohhhh) of a badly battered ball. Popping proudly out of its little tin home, leaving his brother and sister to suffer a similar

fate, Tidbit the tennis-ball looked brave.y into the eyes of Gladys Patton and Patty Wright. "Gad" said he, "it will be fun playing with these two—pretty smooth, say."

A slim brown hand wrapped itself around Tidbit's midriff, then threw him high in the air. "Oh, oh!" he groaned, "here it comes." And again he groaned as he felt himself speeding through the air. Brown dirt showered as he crashed to the ground, and

then—plunk, there he went again. Back and forth he went, thinking almost audible, "Oh, will it never stop. They're wearing my new felt suit almost smooth." But as far as you readers are concerned it did stop for dead-line rolled around before Tidbit had been grounded.

This is the end
Goodbye, readers dear,
We'll see you again
First issue next year.

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LITERATURE

From SONGS OF INNOCENCE.....by Ann Butler.

There were a few steps down from the side walk to the door of the square room where the mother was sleeping. The winter noon was so heavy and dull that, though there were no shades in the small, cellar-like windows, her cot was almost hidden in darkness. Her light breathing made a soft night sound.

Outside, in the passage between two houses, several boys were playing pinochle. It was the time of the Greek New Year, and the Pelashoff boys were each eating an orange. They stood against the wall at the end of the passage, neither watching the others nor ignoring them. They were still on probation as new boys, and they did not ask to enter the game. They had no pennies to lose even if they had been invited to play.

The Pelashoff boys were different from the others. Their clothes were strange. They wore woolen stockings up over their knees, and mended knitted gloves on their hands. They were pale and proudly thin.

The younger one, George, was loose-mouthed, and disjoined in posture as he stood sucking his orange. His bright blue eyes had the short-sighted vision of the feeble-minded. Albert, his brother, looked older than he really was. His tall body leaned poised and aloof on an iron railing. He tore the skin from his orange with his teeth, and ate it by sections.

The other boys shouted and ran up and down the cobbles as they pleased; but the Pelashoff boys seemed to feel the night and the quiet which surrounded their mother as she slept in the square room. They felt her tiredness after her long night of scrubbing floors in the nearby railroad station.

A big boy, who was losing in the game, and his worshipping follower were taunting Albert while the others watched, like girls waiting for a cap pistol to go off. They had already learned to leave George alone. He never answered back. He merely stared at them or smiled his queer loose smile.

"Go get some pennies from your mother and play. You won't lose them . . ."

Albert flushed. Until now he had been able to stand away without feeling left out. Now he must answer

and become a part of his new neighborhood. "My mother is asleep; besides I wouldn't have to go to her if I wanted money. I work," he said.

George looked up at him. "Bertie, it's wrong to play for money. You gave your ashes money to Mother."

The big boy took his advantage. "Yaaaaa, you don't have any money and neither does your mother. Pelashoff, Pelashoff, his mother sweeps the station off. Pelashoff, Pelashoff, his mother sweeps the station off."

Chanting louder and louder, the card players took up the jingle. The big boy could always make jingles about anything, especially bad things. Now, like a hammer, the tune of this new one hit again and again on Albert's head, hurting him. George felt it, but it did not hurt him. He watched his brother.

Albert endured the taunts for a moment. Then his eyes began to fill with anger; his lips tightened; his fists clenched. Even the big boy drew back. George smiled.

"Who hasn't got any money?" asked Albert.

"O. K., O. K., don't get sore. I didn't mean anything. Go on away and eat your rotten oranges. What are you standing there for anyway? We didn't ask you to watch us."

The passage became darker. The boys looked around toward the entrance.

"Pelashoffs live here?" It was the postman. Albert walked toward him.

"I'm Pelashoff," he said, and more quietly. "Albert Pelashoff. It's for me." George followed him.

"Open it, open it, it's from Pete. I know it. Let's go tell mother."

Albert opened the letter carefully without tearing the envelope. As he unfolded the paper a dollar bill fell out into his hand. The boys who had gathered around, ready to jeer if the opportunity came were impressed and quieted.

"Cheez, it's a dollar," someone said.

The big boy looked with something like admiration at Albert, who was reading the letter slowly. In silence he folded the bill and stuffed it into his pocket. His hand stayed with it for protection. "Come on, it's almost time to wake mother up." He pulled his brother after him. He was conscious of the superiority of his situation, but he did not

choose to use it obviously. George clutched the letter his brother had handed him and craned back at the gaping boys, smiling.

The wind picked up one of the soiled praying cards. The boys went back to their game without spirit. "Gosh," one of them said, "he didn't even play when he got the money . . ."

But the big boy glanced at him menacingly. "Shut up, kid, or go home." The few dirty pennies on the cold floor of the passage looked insignificant. Each boy picked his up. They left the place and walked down the street. They left it as silent and dark as the square room which Albert and his brother were entering.

Gently, Albert turned the door knob, and the two boys let themselves in almost soundlessly. Albert hung his hat on a hook on the wall and put his brother's beside it. They tiptoed over the clean floor to their mother's cot. She had turned over when the door opened and her wrinkled face appeared troubled and fretful. Her hair was almost white and her hand on the pillow was hard and yellowed. After a moment in which they watched her, Albert put his finger to his lips as if he had decided she should sleep longer, and motioned his brother to follow him.

In the lightest corner of the room, on a shelf above a wooden-topped kitchen table and a deep sink, there stood a small gas burner. Albert lit it and George filled a kettle with water and set it over the fire. As if they had practiced their actions often, the boys climbed up into the broad window sill, using the chair and the table as steps. Albert went first, reaching down to help George. Their legs hung against the wall where four heel marks, two higher and two lower, already showed on the plaster.

First Albert read the letter, once to himself and once to George in a carefully monotonous voice. The mother had not stirred since they opened the door; their movements were so quiet. George showed his excitement by grinning and squirming nervously. He tucked his feet under him and asked Albert to show him where the letter mentioned the dollar bill. Then he asked to see it again and Albert took it from his pocket and unfolded it. When they had looked long

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enough he put it away and they agreed to keep it a secret.

Albert remembered his library book and unzipped his jacket to get it. It was a book of fairy tales with illustrations. Slowly and lovingly he turned the pages, pointing out every detail to George. They spoke a silent language. Finally when George found a picture of a little man with a long beard and big feet he asked for the story, and Albert read. When the water in the kettle boiled the book was put back and the boys climbed down.

While Albert got three cups and made tea, George went to his mother to waken her. He touched her face with his soft hand and tickled her chin with his finger. As she woke up she smiled and kissed his hand. The room suddenly seemed brighter and warmer and her face looked younger.

In her long nightgown, the mother crossed the room barefooted to a dresser and a screen. There she dressed and combed her hair. She came back to the sink to wash her face and hands. She kissed Albert and while her tea was cooking she took some stockings and an undershirt from a little clothesline over the boys' bed, and folded them and laid them in a drawer.

The brothers sat across from her as she drank her tea, but they hardly sipped theirs. They could keep their secret no longer. They looked at each other and laughed. Albert held the dollar in his pocket tightly and George looked at the lamp which his fist made in his trousers.

The mother laughed too. "What are you up to? You look like two rabbits," she said.

"Mother," asked Albert, "This is your night off isn't it?"

"Why yes, it is, did you think I had forgotten?" George was jumping up and down.

"I'll make you a good supper, and then we'll tell stories if you want to and play something. No, I didn't forget."

Albert allowed her to finish. Then, grandly, he said, "No we are going to see a show tonight, in town. And you will have to take us."

George took her hand and watched her eyes. "It costs a lot, too. We're going clear to town."

The mother tried to smile. "Oh no, darlings, you don't want to see a show. We can have just as good a time here, can't we, Georgie . . .

and Bertie?"

"No, Mother, we're going to town." Albert stood up and stretched out his hand where the dollar bill lay folded.

"Oh, Bertie, were you playing cards with those boys in the passage? I told you no matter what they said, it's wrong."

Albert laughed out loud and George danced around his mother. "It's from Pete," they said, "he sent it for New Years. He's in Chicago. And he told us to take you to a show. So after you cook supper we are going. We'll walk all around and pick the one we like."

George hugged his mother around the waist. Albert read Pete's letter to his mother. "You must write to him, Bertie, and thank him. God bless him" the mother said.

"And tell him about my job hauling ashes," added Albert.

"Pelashoff, Pelashoff," hummed George.

While their mother peeled potatoes for soup, and Albert wrote to Pete with a sharp pencil, George made his mother's bed. He smoothed it and puffed the pillow. He dusted the dresser and swept the clean floor.

Albert stopped writing a minute to dream. "Mother, when I get big I'm going to be an engineer and send you dollars. George is too foolish. He can stay here and take care of you, and I will write to you."

"Shh! Bertie. Yes, you will go away like Pete, and George and I will stay."

George put his broom away and came near his mother. He looked in each bowl and pan on the table. "Mother, give me a little money and I will get a little cake at the store, with fruits in it, for you."

After supper the boys polished their shoes and their mother brushed their hair. She put on her hat and a thin coat. They turned out the light and locked the door. It was cold outside. Town was about five blocks away. The night was clear and gay with lights. The street cars sounded hollow as they rumbled past.

The boys huddled against their mother as they crossed the bridge. The wind blew dust and cold into their faces. Their eyes sparkled. It was dark in the sky above town when they finally chose the picture they wanted to see. George fell asleep before it was over and Albert had to tell him the story the next day.

Song II

Butch had climbed to the top of a young oak tree, skinning his legs, and tearing bark from the tree with his heavy-soled shoes. He was tough and not afraid of anything, but this was the first time he had ever tried to climb a tree. There were other things, though, exciting things. Nothing, however, had given him the thrill that he experienced now, standing with one foot on a swaying limb and one hanging, swinging in the air high above the ground. He picked a twig with some acorns on it and threw it down. It fell slowly as if Butch's force had not been behind it. It floated and turned in the still summer air. Butch grew dizzy. He clung to the trunk with all his strength. He tried not to look down.

He could see the camp on the next hill, laid out like an airplane view with skinny roads and a small square of blue swimming pool. He could hear the swings on the playground creak, and hear the voices of children and counselors whom he could not see behind the woods that hid the cabins. On the other side he could see a farmhouse and a barn, the highway and the bright sunlit fields. There was a buzz of heat and insects over the countryside and a delicious fragrance and warmth that touched his skin and penetrated it until he felt part of all that he saw about him. The new fresh leaves against his hot legs and arms were not dusty or dry; they brushed close to him softly and kindly. A breeze came from nowhere and put its hand on his forehead. Butch rubbed his eyes with the back of his free hand. It must be the sun, he thought, I'll get down now.

Butch was sure-footed and nobody could catch him when he ran through the open doors of freight cars and crawled over couplings. When he walked the rails with the other boys he never made a false step. But at home everything high or difficult to climb was firm and stable. Getting down from a tree was new to him. When a branch gave way underneath him he felt scared. An acorn fell in his face; he grasped a green twig and it slipped through his fingers, leaving them sticky. His face was red and he was breathing loudly when he reached the lowest branch and swung himself hard to the ground. The bottom of his feet were

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shocked, but he stood up and dusted off his hands and legs roughly.

It wasn't like Butch to be alone. He usually had a gang with him. But today he had decided to run away by himself with no one to hold him back or make any noise. He was tired of taking care of little kids. He was tired of being good. A big boy and a leader, he knew and the counselors knew that he would be a good or bad camper depending on what he had to do; so he had plenty to do. He waited on tables, he helped watch the children in the swimming pool. He even guarded the girls on the long hikes the camp took up the road in the evening. Today at the swimming hour Butch had decided to break the rule about staying in bounds, and he felt good about it, more natural. He had planned the way he would cut across through the woods and over the creek until he had passed the hedge of thin trees at the boundary of the camp. No one would ever see him in the orchard and by the time he was through it, he would be on the other side of the hill. He wanted to climb the hill. Everyday he had watched it. In the afternoon it was sunnier than anyplace around. There were no buildings on it, only brush and trees. Now that he was on top of it, it seemed not as high as he had expected, yet he could see for miles. Anyway it was far enough away and it smelled good. Children, and the milk they drank on the driveway between meals, and the mess-hall smelled too strong sometimes.

Butch sat down a minute to rest under a low old apple tree. The moss and the grass under him were springy. There were tiny red things in the moss, like flowers. He stretched out on his stomach with his legs in the air, to examine them. A spider came up to his hand, stopped a moment, and began to walk over his fingers. The spider tickled him but he wanted to look at it. There were several white things on its back. The good smell of the damp earth in the shade came up. Butch turned on his back and rolled over in the timothy grass, over and over. Through the leaves and the white clouds he could see the sky. He didn't think about anything; he felt.

There was a path that he had seen from the camp. He had wanted to find it and follow it over the top

of the hill. He was on it now. The blackberries here grew bigger than the ones down on the field. They were fat and juicy, and warm. They made his hands purple. When he came to a big patch, he waded into the brambles and ate all he wanted. He saw some dried up berries on the bushes and wished he had come to this place sooner.

The path went on until it came to a clearing. Suddenly he found himself before a barn. Standing in the sunlight beside the open door was a black and white dog. Butch heard a thump, and looked into the cool shadow in time to see a boy picking himself up from a pile of hay. He hadn't expected to see any people. He didn't want anyone to know he had run away. That had been the fun of it, looking back now and then with a catch in his throat and his heart beating faster. But that was forgotten.

Now he stood face to face with a slender blond boy. The boy had blue eyes and fair skin that was tanned. His hands were big and he had an easy way of standing up in the resilient hay. "Hi," he said, "you're from the camp aren't you?" Butch looked down at his khaki uniform.

"Yeah," he said, "just taking a walk."

The dog barked until the boy went to him and rubbed his head and ears. Butch felt that he was being looked over. The boy didn't smile but he looked friendly through his eyes. "I was jumpin' in the hay," he explained, "you can, too, if you want to. Come on." Butch went after him. They climbed up a thick ladder to the loft. They walked to the edge and the boy told him to go ahead. Butch looked down, steeled himself and waited for the impact. It never came; only the soft, sweet hay rose up around him and he was looking up into the rafters of the barn where the sunlight came in, in thin gold stripes. He smiled and picked himself up.

"Never did it before, did you?" the boy guessed.

"No, I'm going to do it again." He watched the expert technique of the farm boy and learned to relax. Again and again he climbed up and tried it.

The sunlight, where the dog was sitting with sleepy slit eyes, grew narrower. The boys, hot and dusty, walked through the barn, past the

stalls and out into the pasture. "Those cows?" asked Butch.

The boy looked at him incredulously, then smiled. "Sure, they're cows, and those are horses over there. Weren't you ever on a farm?"

Butch shook his head. "I live on the South Side by the river. Did you ever see any big freight trains? It's okay there. Any rivers around here?" The boy said there weren't, but that he'd been to town and seen one. He showed Butch around and asked him questions about the camp. When he hopped a fence or stopped to swing on the gate, Butch imitated him. The boy wanted to know if it was true that they had movies twice a week down at the camp. Butch told him about everything.

They were standing in the grape arbor. Butch saw the cool bunches of blue grapes hanging near him. He thought if the boy hadn't been standing beside him he could have gotten away with some and run back down the path. The boy noticed his eyes watching them and reached up to pick a bunch. Butch was surprised. He had been chased all the way down the street once for taking a littler bunch than that out of Lorenzo's fruit cart. He took a grape from the bunch the boy had given him and spit out the seeds. The boy took one and squeezed it out of the skin into his mouth. "Do you eat the seeds?" Butch asked.

"Sure," said the boy. "You don't know much about things, do you?" Butch could have gotten angry, but the boy's eyes were above the level of his and they didn't look as if they wanted to fight. Butch took another grape and ate it the right way.

A woman's voice called, "Joh-ahn."

"That's my mother. Come on over to the house with me." They went to the kitchen door. John's mother, large and soft, smiled at them. "Oh, I didn't know you had company, John. Are you from the camp?"

"Yes, he's from the camp; named Butch. What did you want, mother?"

Butch looked down and then up at the lady's face.

"Well Butch, I'm glad you came up. John doesn't have a chance to play with other boys much. Maybe you can help him. I just want about six big peppers for supper. Here's a basket. I'll give you some ice water when you come back. It's

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

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WHERE THE HAWTHORNE BLOOMED By Jo Anne Healey

It was spring—and the soldier was young and lonely. As he neared the end of his tour, he saw the shape of Lonegran, the other sentry, looming up in the dusk before him. He didn't want to talk to Lonegran—didn't want to see him smile and hear his throaty whisper, "Seen any rebs yet, kid?"

Abruptly the boy turned, before he had completed his full tour, and started back. He had hardly taken two steps before a feeling of guilt assailed him, and he remembered the stern regulations to keep the picket line unbroken; the penalties for failure to make connections with adjoining sentries on the line. Sometimes an officer had been known to substitute on the line, and failure to demand a spoken word meant court-martial.

The soldier stopped in mid-stride and turned to retrace his steps. For a minute he could see nothing, then he made out the shape of the other, going away from him, back behind the soft Virginia hills.

And now the young sentry was desperately needful of company. For a moment he was tempted to run after Lonegran—to call—to say that he had heard something in the night. But when he looked, the other was gone.

The sentry went back to his pacing, and because he was lonely, and it was spring, and he was only nineteen, he could not see the dark Virginia sky, nor the darker Virginia earth for the hot tears that flooded his eyes, and turned the stars to spinning shafts of light. He tripped over a log half-buried in the ground, and for a moment lay where he had fallen. His hands dug savagely at the soft earth, and then more gently. The earth was firm, and damp—and in the dark you could not see it had a reddish cast. Back in Pennsylvania they would be breaking the ground into long straight rows for corn, and they would be staining the darkness of it with white lime around the apple trees. With his eyes closed, the boy could see his father standing by the grey mound of the lime kiln.

"Bud," he would be saying, "Bud, I reckon if you was to dig a stick in there, you'd find it was ready to scatter."

With a start, the boy realized that he was still lying on the ground. He

sat up, and stared for a moment at the clay he held in his hand.

"What the hell," he said, "oh, what the hell!" Then he flung it from him, and with the back of his hand he wiped the dampness from his face. Getting to his feet he shouldered his rifle and set off at a half run for the end of his tour, where faintly he could hear the other sentry calling for him.

Behind him, it was not Lonegran who walked the picket line, but the colonel of the 16th Pennsylvania Regiment, Nathaniel Kimball, who had come to check his sentries. And as he walked back to the place where he had left Lonegran holding his horse, his mind was not at rest. He should have called the boy to account. He knew that. But the boy's face had been so white in the moonlight—frail, with deep circled eyes.

"Damn," the colonel whispered to himself. His wide, rather humorous mouth was tightened in a thin line across his face. The boy had been crying. Probably homesick like the rest of them—tired now of the glorious adventure which had brought them to grubbing trenches in the red Virginia mud. Or buried them beneath it. It was not easy for the men to accept that part as calmly as professional soldiers could. They were ashamed to show their fear; they covered it with casual words, or glorified it with speeches, as the mood suited them. But sometimes in the night they were afraid—afraid of pain, and death, and of themselves, and then they cursed, or wept, as the boy had wept tonight.

So deeply was he immersed in his thoughts that he was startled by the sudden brilliance of the moon as it came out from behind the clouds. He stooped at the brow of a low hill, and gazed into the night. Above him, the stars glimmered faintly, pale beside the moon, and the air was full of the sounds and smells of spring. Each time he stopped like this, in the day or in the night the colonel was aware that perhaps he would not have the time to stop again. Even after two years of war, he was not reconciled to the possibility of his own death. Often, alone in his tent, he wondered whether it would not have been better to have done as his instincts had prompted him in that first wild panic when he knew

that he would have to go to war; to have refused to fight, or to have run away. He knew that for him there was nothing worth giving up one moment of his life, neither home nor country, nor the promised fruits of victory. He wished that he had had the courage to bear the disgrace, to brave his family's scorn—anything so that he would not now have to snatch these precious moments of awareness of the beauty of life, hurriedly, guiltily, pressed always by the knowledge that for him, they might not come again. Because he had not dared, he fought. Always in his heart the knowledge of why he fought was a bitter load, and sometimes, as tonight, his heart came close to breaking with it.

Walking on at last, he came to the wooded knoll where his horse whinnied and the soldier holding it, whistled to himself.

"Lonegran." The colonel's voice cracked out, low but piercing.

"Yes sir?" The soldier came to his feet, as his colonel came up beside him.

"Stop that damn' whistling. There's no use drawing the rebs a map of our positions."

"Yes sir."

"And hold my horse."

"Yes, Colonel."

The officer mounted, and as he rode away he was aware of the smell of the forbidden pipe the other had been smoking. He kicked his horse sharply, anxious to be away, and then as the horse reared up beneath him, he was ashamed.

"Steady, fellow, steady," he whispered softly. "It's not your fault."

The 16th Pennsylvania regiment had pitched camp in a shallow valley between the low Virginia hills, where a creek ran cool and clear between the half-hills and there was wood enough to feed the fires where the men were grouped; for the spring evenings were yet cool. It was a pleasant sight, and the smell of the wood smoke was sweet in his nostrils, yet perversely, Kimball, tired and hungry, would not stop to rest and eat by the glowing fires. Spurring his horse, he rode out of camp and as he rode he could smell the fragrant blossoms of the hawthorne tree that bloomed against the hill. He rode quickly back through the night to the little town of Ward-

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ensburg, and clear in his mind was the vision of how drunk he was going to get.

He was a handsome man, sitting his horse well for all his slowness, and wearing his shabby uniform with grace. He had a lean, intelligent face, and he was not a soldier by profession but a lawyer who had risen from a private to a colonel in two years of war, through the brilliance of his exploits. As he walked into the tavern where the officers gathered, his head was high, and there was none assembled who guessed that he had come to drink himself into forgetfulness.

It was Higgins, tall engineer from Banks' division who saw him first. "Well, Colonel, and how goes the war?"

Kimball answered easily. "Tolerable, friend, tolerable. They say old Abe's drafting Congress for a cavalry unit."

The barkeep, attired in tattered broadcloth, came out to take his order.

"And what'll it be, sir?"

"Well, I hope you have no beer, Mac, because then I'll be forced to have whiskey with my whiskey chaser. That is it you have no beer, of course."

"We have no beer, sir. It ain't good for soldierin'. Puts a belly on a man."

They laughed, and the engineer spoke again. "Takes more than beer to make a belly, Mac. More'n crackers, too, or bacon, or chasing Jackson through the valley of Virginia."

They talked then as the oil lamps flickered; talked of the campaign in Tennessee—of Captain Ericsson's cheesebox on a raft that had chased the Merrimac at Hampton roads—of Farragut and his fifty tubs sailing to open the Mississippi—of crops and generals—of politics—and finally they talked of home.

Through it all, Kimball sat drinking his whiskey till the lamps flared before his eyes, and his head spun. Collar unbuttoned and legs outstretched, he sat and listened to the officers' talk. Though he could no longer see the men who spoke, he heard each word distinctly. Suddenly the words were gone, and in their place was music; the swelling chorus of an orchestra. Though he knew there was no music here, he

was so grateful for the sound that he did not move for fear of interrupting it.

In the middle of a chord, the music stopped, and where it had been, there was a girl, her shoulder turned to him, her body clothed in crinoline and lace. As he watched with lips half parted, she slowly turned her head to look at him. Where her face should have been were the white face and tear-bright eyes of the boy-sentry, turning now away from him, back into the night.

With a start Kimball roused himself. He realized that he was drunk, very drunk. Holding himself stiffly he walked past the other officers and sought his quarters, where he collapsed across the bed. He did not waken till an obliging orderly roused him at dawn.

After breakfast the colonel rode slowly up to the fire-gutted old mansion where Major-General Shields had headquarters in an undamaged wing. A row of horses by the porch showed him that his brother officers were already in the field. He gave his horse to an orderly and followed the rank smell of tobacco through the dim halls. An adjutant showed him to a long room fronting on a terrace, where General Shields was holding his staff meeting. At the door, Kimball stopped a moment, awed by the magnificent proportions of the room. In the half-light, the sagging ceiling was hardly more than a deep shadow, and the polished mahogany gleamed with a quiet luster.

In a corner of the room, Shields and the others were gathered around a table.

"Ah, there, Kimball." Shields looked up from a map he was regarding. He was a heavy man, but he held himself trimly in his uniform. Down his right cheek was a saber cut which twitched as he talked, giving an otherwise pleasant face an oddly malignant look. "Here we are," and he pointed to the map. "You are aware of our position. Hillman here," he indicated a cavalry major in a dirt-stained field uniform, "has just come from Strasburg, where he tangled with one of Jackson's cavalry units. From his report, it would seem that Jackson himself has withdrawn from the Shenandoah. It is my guess that he has been recalled by Lee to try and

stop General McClellan's advance units at Fort Monroe, now that it's sure our forces are to march from there on Richmond."

There was a stir among the officers, but Shields continued. "I think therefore, that we are safe in assuming that further action will be to the south. So I am asking General Williams to take his division and head for Manassas junction, there to join with General Banks." He hesitated a moment, and then went on. "Gentlemen, what are your comments?"

There was a minute of silence and then Williams spoke, his nasal New England twanging through the room.

"Is my presence urgent at Manassas, sir, or shall I rest my men? It won't be an easy march, with the mud, and the rains due."

Shields spoke slowly over the cheroot he was trimming with his penknife. "There has been no action reported. However, President Lincoln feels it unwise to leave Washington too long unprotected. I presume General Banks will head for there immediately when you join him."

When Kimball spoke, he was aware of the loudness of his voice in the quiet room. "That means we'll be left with four brigades, to guard the whole of the Shenandoah."

Shields regarded him thoughtfully. "I know—I know. But with Jackson gone, I do not expect any action here."

"But you can't tell about Jackson, sir!"

A tall cavalry officer chimed in. "That's right, sir. He's gone today and tomorrow he's back like an avalanche."

Shields spoke deliberately. "That's a chance we'll have to take, gentlemen. Mr. Lincoln feels that Washington must be more strongly protected, and Mr. Stanton agrees with him. And now, gentlemen, your orders. Colonel Sutton—Bradley—Trent, your regiments will remain at the Kernstown front with Kimball's Pennsylvanians, all to be under his command. I shall remain here, and Tyler's brigade will be approximately between us"

Outwardly impassive, Kimball watched the others as one by one they saluted and left. Inwardly his heart was stirred to protest. With Williams' division went the momentary assurance of safety from at-

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tack. With Lee's forces concentrated near Richmond, the strong Federal division had been sure of inactivity until it would take the offensive.

General Shields, now puffing heartily on his seegar, noticed that Kimball had not gone. "Something more, Colonel?" he asked, his face twitching as he inhaled.

Kimball hesitated. Then a feeling—it might have been shame—brought the blood to his cheeks. "No, sir," he said, and saluting, he left the room.

The blood was still hot in Kimball's cheeks as he rode out from headquarters to rejoin his regiment. All about him there was the familiar activity of an army preparing to march. Horses whinnied as they were brought up to be saddled. From the wooded places came the flare of fire from the forges as the blacksmiths pounded iron with iron. Williams was losing no time in moving out, Kimball noted, and he smiled wryly to himself. It would be a pleasant thing to be marching east toward Washington, today. The last few weeks had not been easy—the men lonesome now that spring was here and the first fine spirit of the war dulled to a homesick ache. They missed the bands and the bunting-hung towns of the north. They were conscious of the hostility of the townsfolk here, who sat behind drawn shades as they marched through deserted streets. The officers were hard put to find work for their men—to maintain a proper discipline.

Colonel Kimball frowned as he thought of discipline. In the bright light of day it was apparent that he had been too lenient the night before, with the sentry. "I should have made an example of him," he thought. "Given the men something to think about."

Strange, he mused, how in the thick of battle men were sure that what they fought for was right. But give them time—time to talk and think, and dream—and soon they were deserting, slipping through the sentries—back to things they felt were more important than the war. On second thought, perhaps he wouldn't recommend the boy for court-martial. Perhaps a few days in the guardhouse would suffice.

It was afternoon when he came again to his own regiment. As he

rode into camp, he stopped a moment by the hawthorne tree which stood against the hill like a white cloud of fragrant blossoms.

* * *

In his regiment, the news that they were not to march east had arrived before him. In the square a platoon drilled sullenly, unheated by the briskness of the sergeant's voice. Kimball gave over his horse and walked to his tent. His adjutant, a young lieutenant, came out to meet him. The boy had lived, once long ago, in a house next door to Kimball. Now he was the only actual proof Kimball had that back somewhere beyond the Blue Ridge, there was a world not bounded by sentry posts nor colored with the blue of uniforms.

"They say we're staying, sir." The boy's voice was wistful, as though he hoped Kimball would deny it.

"That's right, Stevens. Not much use in having staff meetings, I guess. You fellows get the news first." He laughed, hoping Stevens would laugh with him.

"Yes, sir." The boy's voice was listless, and he turned to leave.

Suddenly Kimball felt the need to keep him there, and he spoke, quickly. "Stonewall's not out of the valley you know."

The boy turned, his face eager. "That's true, sir. You think perhaps he'll stay and fight—and not go down to Monroe? You know, sir, he might be tempted, now that Williams' division is moving out."

Kimball felt an anger rising in his heart—an anger that had started back with Shields. "He might," he said, controlling his voice, carefully, "and if he does you may hope that Williams is still within hailing distance. You're not long out of West Point, sir, but surely you've had time to hear of Stonewall Jackson."

The boy's face flushed under his tan, and Kimball felt his unreasonable anger turn to pity. He was glad there had been no one near to hear him. When the boy spoke again his voice was indicative of his hurt pride.

"We have a deserter, sir. Caught east of town. Shall I bring him to you?" Kimball drew a camp-chair up by a stump that had been planed flat, and sat down.

"Yes, bring him up. We'll make an example of this one."

He was intent on his maps when they came up, and so it was a shock when he looked up and saw the face of the young sentry, wan and miserable under the untidy shock of his hair. It was obvious that he had fought to elude his captors. His hand was bloody, his blouse torn. There were men with him, and the platoon stopped drilling to watch as they came to where Colonel Kimball sat.

The colonel rose from his chair. "Follow me," he said, and going through the ring of men, he walked to an old deserted shed, where a desk had been set up for his convenience. At the door, he paused.

"Clear the grounds," he said, and watched while the men went back to their work. A public sentence would have broken the monotony of the day for them.

He dismissed the others, and going into the shed, he closed the door behind him. He and the boy were alone.

Slowly Kimball went to the desk and sat down. Deliberately he lit his pipe, gazing up through the smoke at the sentry, who stood with his feet widespread on the earthen floor. Through wide chinks in the log wall, sunlight fell in shafts across his face, and Kimball saw how desperately tired he was.

"Your name?"

"Bud—that is, Randolph Jones, sir."

"Where are you from?"

"Lancaster, sir."

"I see. And you wanted to go back there. Is that it?"

"Yes, sir." The boy's voice was monotonous. He kept his eyes lowered to some spot between his feet.

Kimball pulled at his pipe. "I suppose you are aware that we are engaged in war?" He watched the smoke from his pipe as it curled toward the ceiling.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you volunteer?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"In September, sir."

The colonel regarded him thoughtfully. "As soon as you were of age, I take it."

The boy flushed. "Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Why what, sir?" Puzzled the boy looked at his colonel.

"Why did you join the army? What did it offer then that it doesn't

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seem to now? What made you so eager to fight?"

The boy licked his lips nervously. "I don't know, sir. I don't rightly know. Everyone else was going. My brother John joined at the first—and they said they was treating the niggers terrible in the South. Burning them and all that. And then the pay was good—" His voice dragged to a slow end, and he swayed a little on his feet.

"I see." Kimball leaned back, suddenly weary of it all—of all the tired-faced boys, anxious now to be back to the ploughs they had escaped so gladly—of the officers eager to try their mettle in actual warfare—of all the sights and sounds and the infinite detail of army life. He knew the boy was waiting for him to speak, and he could not.

Outside, there was a sudden rush of feet, and the sound of men's voices. Then Stevens was knocking at the door, his voice urgent.

"Colonel Kimball, sir. A messenger from General Shields."

Kimball flung open the door, and the messenger and Stevens entered.

Kimball tore open the message, read it quickly. It was from General Shields. Jackson had surprised him at Winchester, and they were drawing back toward Kernstown, where they would make a stand just east of Kimball's position. All this Kimball read in a second.

"Stevens."

"Get Colonel Sutton, Major Hinds, McElwain, Forrester at my tent. Send riders to Bradley and Trent. We're moving into our positions on Dillon's ridge."

"Yes, sir!" Stevens saluted and hurried out. Kimball scrawled hurriedly on a sheet of paper, which he gave to the messenger.

"Get a fresh horse and go back to General Shields."

"Yes sir." The messenger left. Outside the bugle was blowing, and there were the hoarse shouts of the officers, assembling their companies. Kimball started from the shed, behind him the boy spoke softly.

"What about me, sir?"

Kimball paused in the open doorway. "You?" He had forgotten the boy.

"Yes sir."

"You'll rejoin your company. You're going to fight now, fight for your niggers, and your pay."

The boy regarded him steadily,

and Kimball paused, suddenly unmindful of the clamor outside; seeing only the boy's face in the dimness of the shed, with the sunlight shafted on it. "No, you're not. You're fighting so you can go back to Pennsylvania."

He turned and across from him he saw against the hill the whiteness of the hawthorne tree.

"You have a girl, son?"

"Yes sir."

"Well then, you fight for her, and for that hawthorne over there, so that she can wear Virginia blossoms in her hair."

A caisson headed out of camp, careening wildly, and suddenly Kimball was aware of the incongruity of his words.

"Get back to your company," he snapped, and quickly he walked toward his tent, where his officers awaited him impatiently. He did not look back at the boy, who watched him out of sight, and then glanced incredulously across at the hawthorne tree before he began to run toward the place where his company was assembling.

They were on the ridge in two hours. Kimball surveyed his position with satisfaction. His two brigades were safely in behind the breastworks they had dug so grudgingly through the long spring weeks. Dillon's Ridge commanded the road, and fell off on the other side to a long, smooth plateau, difficult to attack. From the right Kimball heard gunfire—the quick sound of musketry, so he judged it was a cavalry attack. The men were quiet, waiting, and a spring rain began to fall.

Suddenly beyond the curve of the road, there came the unforgettable howling that was the rebel yell. Kimball had heard it at Greenbriar and at Cheat, but still the sound of it made the hair rise along his neck. Stevens was nervous, shaking in his eagerness as he held Kimball's horse. Below them, Sutton's men sent up an answering yell, and then the firing began. Twice the grey horde rolled against the ridge, and twice went back through the greyer rain—leaving the road dotted with horses and with men.

Kimball rode along the ridge, and now it was getting dark. Sutton came up beside him.

"We're holding well, Colonel."

"Yes, but still no word from Shields."

"Do you think it's over?"

Kimball paused, staring into the rain. "That was Turner Ashby on the attack, so Jackson's not far behind. Keep your scouts out."

The rain had deepened to a down-pour before the message from Shields came through. It was young Stevens who brought it to him where he was watching a gun crew force a heavy cannon into position. He read it frowningly. "Tell Colonel Sutton, Bradley and Trent that General Shields has been wounded. I am in command of his division, which is moving up to join us."

Stevens saluted, a new respect in his eyes, and rode away. To the right, the firing started again, and the men stopped their work to listen. "Sounds like old Stonewall, sir."

"No doubt, no doubt," Kimball said grimly. The firing grew heavier, and now the bursts of musketry steadied around the heavier shots of the cannon.

By nightfall it was apparent that Jackson had given up the frontal attack and was drawing into position on a low ridge on Kimball's right. Ashby still attacked intermittently from the road, and the rapid flashes of musketry sparkled like fireflies over a morass. Overhead the fuse-shells rose like slow meteors, and Kimball rode along his regiments, huddled in his coat, his hat pulled low. The men cheered as he came into Sutton's line, where the battle was now fiercest. He and Sutton met under a tree, the water dripping on them from above.

"Can you hold?" Kimball spoke.

"I think so, sir."

"I've sent an express out after Williams. Meanwhile, Tyler's brigade is coming up behind Jackson, and Shields' division will join us on the line. When Tyler comes up, we'll try for Jackson's line."

It was almost morning before the shift in the firing proclaimed that Tyler had come up. Kimball launched the attack in a series of infantry assaults. There was fierce hand-to-hand fighting, and now the grey line surged in, and now the blue. Kimball was everywhere, his voice hoarse and cracking, his hat gone. Then he was aware of nothing except the plan of the battle. Later he was to remember standing above a cannon which was slow in firing.

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"Speed it up," he shouted. "You're firing low." The men paused at the sound of his voice, and turned their faces up to him. In the grey light he could see young Randolph Jones' face quite clearly, gleaming wanly in the half-light. He saluted almost gaily, before he went back to his task. Kimball remembered, half-consciously, that the boy was not a gunner. "They must have needed replacements."

In the morning it was apparent that Tyler's attempt to dislodge Jackson was unsuccessful. So soon after the sun came up, Kimball, drawing from his left and center, formed a column of seven regiments, and under a terrific fire of artillery and musketry, led it forward. All day they fought across the few acres—back and forth in fierce hand-to-hand combat. Kimball watched the field, checking the action by the surge of the colors, and late in the afternoon he saw the gray line break. As night closed in, Jackson was in full retreat, leaving his dead and wounded on the field of his first defeat.

Some of the men slept where they were. Kimball, tired beyond words, marched his Pennsylvanians off the ridge and back to the camp they had left. He had a storm lantern hung outside his tent, and he sat in his camp-chair beside the flat-topped stump and listened to the report of his officers. Stevens was beside him, his face drawn white beneath his tan.

Between reports, Kimball strained his eyes to see through the blackness to the hill where the hawthorne bloomed. He was so tired that the realities around him had assumed dreamlike proportions; men's voices faded and grew loud again. His replies were automatic—the thought quite separate in his mind from the actual words he spoke. Only the hawthorne across the hill was real in his tired mind. He could not see it through the blackness of the night, so he rested his head on his hand and closed his eyes, and then he could see it, clear and white across his eyelids.

"Colonel Kimball, sir."

Wearily Kimball raised his head. "Well?"

"Doctor, MacDonald, sir, with a report on the wounded."

The doctor was not a young man, and his white moustache was stain-

ed with tobacco juice. His eyes were glazed with weariness.

"We were lucky sir. In our combined forces there were 450 wounded, 100 dead."

When Kimball did not speak, MacDonald went on. "I brought you a list of your regiment dead, sir. Only twenty of the hundred are yours." He dropped the paper on the tree stump.

"Thank you."

MacDonald spoke again as he turned to leave. "We're lucky sir, only to lose a hundred."

Kimball spoke softly—so softly that the departing doctor did not hear him. "A hundred! A hundred that will never march north out of Virginia."

Beide him, Stevens spoke softly too. "You'll be remembered for this, sir."

Kimball glanced at him, noting the new lines about his mouth and the blood on his lip where he had bitten it.

"Turn in Stevens. You've done your share. I'll call you when I need you."

He turned back to gaze across the low valley where the daylight now fell softly from the sky.

"Stevens."

"Yes sir?" Stevens, a hundred feet away, turned and came back.

"There was a tree across there. A hawthorne tree. You remember?"

Stevens' eye followed where his colonel pointed. He was so tired that when he spoke his words were slow in coming.

"Yes sir. But you know, the rebs' artillery was ranged long when they were trying to locate Tyler. There was a cavalry skirmish over there, and a lot of heavy firing. You see the trees are down all along the hill. Something more, sir?"

Kimball did not take his eye from the hill. "No nothing. Turn in." Stevens left, stumbling a little in his weariness.

Kimball found the place on the hill where the tree had been. The trunk was split half way, the branched part out of his sight on the ground. He closed his eyes again, and now he saw the hawthorne, falling softly toward the earth—gently, topheavy with its white burden, down and down, the first white blossoms staining with mud—

Abruptly he opened his eyes, and saw the sheet with the names of his

regiment dead. He glanced at it a second, and then he crushed it in his fist, and came to his feet. "My horse," he called. "Get my horse."

When his horse came, he mounted and rode out toward Wardensburg. He took the long way, up and around the hill so that he would not have to pass where the hawthorne had bloomed for Randolph Jones, so that his girl could wear the flowers in her hair.

SONG II

(Continued from Page Eleven)

hot today." The boys walked out to the garden. Under the leaves of the pepper plants Butch saw yellow and red and green peppers. He watched John choose six big green ones and put them in the basket. They were shiny through the dust that had gathered on them.

When they got back John's mother handed them two glasses and a pitcher with beads of moisture all over it, and a brown paper bag. They sat on the back steps and drank with big swallows. There were cookies in the bag, soft and good-smelling, and there were enough of them. John took the glasses and the empty bag back into the house.

The sun was going down. Even the air seemed pink and gold. Butch turned to John. "I guess I'd better be going back. Thanks for the food and stuff. Come on down to the camp sometime. Tomorrow we have movies. You could come." John smiled. Butch walked fast toward

(Continued on Page Twenty)

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THE PRICE OF PEACE by Rosemay Barck

The flaming autumn-colors in the Finnish woods had faded away. The deep green of the fir trees was the only thing that gave warmth to the birches that stood naked in the deep forests waiting for the winter to come.

It was 1939 and Finland was waiting, the Finnish people were waiting. Waiting breathlessly and patiently. For news from the east . . .

This morning the sun had wakened Helsingfors with one of the last showers of warmth of the year and then had left early in the afternoon. Left a cool blue sky over a clean washed city. The sun was not often this kind late in November.

No wonder that the university seemed quite abandoned. No wonder the students left their studies for a walk or thought it nicer to go down in the student cafe for a chat with friends at a window table.

Margaret felt she couldn't stand the silence in the library-room much longer. Her eyes kept turning from the black lines in the book to the blue sky outside. But it wasn't just the clear November weather that made the little words dull and hard to read. In her mind there were bigger words—endless news headlines—that covered and killed them . . .

She slowly closed the book, quietly slipped out of the door, feeling a little bit ashamed of her own restlessness. She passed the watchman at the top of the stairs. "He was a nice fellow," she thought. For two years she had heard him say, "good-morning," "good night," "beautiful day to-day," or "how is everything doing, miss?" She had liked it. Just ordinary little remarks, always accompanied by a smile. To-day Margaret could have kissed him for that smile.

There weren't many people in the cafe. Margaret walked towards one of the corner-tables where three young people seemed to be engaged in a discussion.

"Will somebody please give me a cigarette and say something cheerful? About the weather or something. I have tried to read poems, nice little things about love and flowers, you know . . . But they don't make sense. Not now. I have read too many newspaper headlines lately. I keep seeing them everywhere."

There was no need for saying "hello" or "how are you" to Vivian, Robert and Dick. They weren't surprised by the sudden interruption. The words came very naturally and simply expressed a kind of helpless feeling they all had.

For two years now they had always been together. At this same table the four of them had sat many times before; had talked literature, religion, love, talked and laughed and discussed all the big problems of life with the ease and enthusiasm one has at the age of twenty.

They sat silent for a while.

They all felt the change the last few weeks had brought them. Evacuation, abandoned homes, children separated from their parents, closed schools, broken up families . . . They had seen parks become trenches. They had watched the lights go out in Helsingfors for the first blackout. They had said good-bye to brothers and friends leaving for service.

Margaret ordered a cup of coffee. Robert gave her a cigarette and lighted it. Their eyes met for a moment, understood and smiled.

"You know," Vivian said with that let-us-be-sensible expression she so often had on her face, "that lost generation idea one hears of now and then, you know what I mean 'these times of war will be destructive to the young people, disillusionment, no future, etc.'—that's weak. At least I hope we will not be lost just because we may not be able to sit like this forever feeling intellectual and what not. Say, Robert," she laughed, "you do look a bit lost right now. Don't chew on your cigarette; it's not good for you." He was always like that, she thought, up in the clouds, time for him to step down.

"Sorry," said Robert. "I was just thinking . . . It seems to me the whole thing is like a trial, where we are the defendants and where it remains to be seen whether we are found guilty or not guilty. I'd rather be with the boys at the frontier waiting for the verdict than sit here and convince myself that philosophy is the thing to study. Why . . ." He stopped. "I am getting dramatic," he thought, "silly to talk about guilty and not guilty, that has nothing to do with war." He looked at Margaret.

"Waiting," she said, "that's just it. Wherever you go, people talk about the situation, they have read about war so much that they don't even seem to realize what an incredible word it is."

"Incredible or not, everybody is at least determined to fight if necessary." Dick was looking out of the window and he didn't turn his head as he spoke.

"Look here," Vivian glanced at her watch, "you act just as if bombs were going to drop on us tomorrow. I don't like this. You are getting morbid. In a little while you will be talking about the different ways of getting killed in war. I don't like that either. Because, well, because I don't want to die. Say, Dick, it is almost 4 o'clock, let's go, I can see you wouldn't for the world like to miss that lecture in national economy. The view from the second floor is just as nice as it is here. You are even two floors nearer the sky up there."

"Business as usual, eh?" He smiled at her. "All right, I will come. What about you two? Going to stay?"

"No, I am going home," Margaret said.

"Well then Robert's the man to take you home."

They left the cafe where the shadows grew deeper among the many empty tables. At this time of the year the days were short.

"See you to-morrow."

"See you to-morrow."

Vivian and Dick were off, throwing down a laugh as they went up the stairs. The laugh reached Margaret and Robert as they opened the door and then died away in the noises of the street.

Robert took Margaret's arm. They started slowly to walk.

The twilight was falling on the streets, softening the contours of the city. "Like artistic hands working at a painting," Margaret thought, "mild, warm hands, working with dim blue colors." She had never really felt before how beautiful it was. Beautiful in a restful, strange way.

"Robert, nothing can happen to this." She said it almost passionately. "You know, I have realized lately how much I love it. I have noticed so many things I hadn't seen before. Little things we don't see be-

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cause we have always had them."

"I know, Margaret. I have felt that way, too. Confusing isn't it? Oh, well, there is no reason to believe anything is going to happen."

"But in case . . ." She hesitated, "in case . . . are you going immediately?"

"Of course; it's bad enough I haven't been called before."

"I wish I could come with you."

"You talk as if we were already at war. Besides, you would be needed here."

"I know. I didn't mean it that way. I would like to be one of you. A man."

"I thought you were afraid."

"No, not that way. You see, I don't know what war means. Perhaps if I knew I would be afraid. It is just that . . ." Oh, she couldn't explain it . . .

Silence fell. They had taken the road that ran along the harbor. After a little while they would reach the residential section that lay out here at the very edge of the water.

There was the Gulf of Finland right in front of them. The light-house far in the distance was hardly distinguishable, but it was there, like a big, warning eye. The air was filled with the even, weary melody of the waves.

"Look, you are almost home, Margaret."

"Won't you come up for a while?"

"Thanks, but I feel like walking about. Discovering things. Margaret—we have taken so much for granted. Even each other. People talk about love. I haven't used the word.—You have understood anyway—how much I need you."

He didn't look at her while he spoke, just slowed down his steps a little at his short, almost abrupt sentences.

"We haven't talked about it much, Robert. But one doesn't have to. Yes, we have it and that is all that matters."

They stopped. Margaret was home. Just as they faced each other to say good-bye the street-lights were turned on, cutting the dim air into pieces of flickering shadows.

They laughed at the sudden change.

"I will call you in the morning, Margaret. Good-night."

"Good-night."

* * *

"Fire somewhere," Margaret

thought still half asleep. What a nuisance. The sound had taken such a beautiful dream away from her. Perhaps if she kept her eyes closed and tried hard she could catch the dream before it was gone completely . . . But the sound was still there. She had to listen . . . It was a wailing tone that rose and fell, rose and fell . . .

"Next time you hear this sound then it means danger." The words cut through Margaret's head with a sudden, horrible clearness. They had said that when they tried the alarm signals a few days ago. There it was, an agonizing cry that rose and fell, rose and fell . . . "next time" . . . Margaret jumped out of bed, she ran through the apartment.

"Mother, mother can you hear it, mother . . . ?" Where was she? "Mother, come it's . . ." Oh, there she was, coming in from the balcony.

"Mother, did you hear it? It must be . . .

The sound died away in a weird, even tone and left a listening silence.

"I thought you were still asleep, Margaret. I was just going to call you. Yes, I heard it. You know, eight airplanes flew right over here a minute ago. I can't quite understand . . ."

Mother's voice didn't sound frightened. Just wondering. Margaret could hear people talking in the street. "Nobody should stay in their homes in case . . ." wasn't that the order?

"Mother, I will get ready. I think we should go out."

The street was filled with people standing in groups, walking, talking, asking questions. Did anybody know? Could it really be . . . ? The wondering, low voices crept up the walls and filled the air. Margaret and her mother walked quietly down the street. Nothing happened. Of course nothing happened, Margaret thought. She was sure now. It had been a mistake, or perhaps it had been just showing off. They just wanted to frighten us, that's all, she thought.

"I can call somebody to find out . . ."

"Mother, I am cold. Let's go back home." She suddenly remembered that Robert might have called, perhaps he would know. Oh, she had to talk to him . . .

The street seemed less confused as they walked back. It was no use discussing and asking questions. There was no answer anyway. Not yet.

"Wait," Margaret grasped her

mother's arm. What was this? They stopped. Everybody in the street kept still. There it was again. The sound. But it was different this time. It didn't fall and rise but kept on in an even, shrill tone. Margaret said more or less to herself "clear-off," not quite sure she was right. Now somebody else cried "clear-off, it's the clear-off signal" and the word soon passed from mouth to mouth all down the street. The suspense was broken. The street-cars started again. There were eager, happy voices from people hurrying back to their homes.

It was time for breakfast.

Margaret felt tired. She sat in the kitchen watching her mother prepare their meal. She didn't feel like eating really. Dear mother, she was so silent. She was probably thinking of her two sons out "there somewhere." Margaret hadn't really thought of them until now. Her brothers. But this couldn't be war, or could it? But there had been no warning, no declaration of war . . . She leaned her head in her hands, as if she wanted to let the thoughts rest there. If only Robert . . .

"Margaret, answer the telephone, will you?"

Funny she hadn't heard it ring; perhaps because she had wanted it to, she hadn't heard.

"Hello, hello . . . yes . . . Oh, Robert, I am so glad you called."

"Did you go out?"

"Yes. Nobody seemed to know where to go, so we just walked in the street outside. I felt awful at first. That sound is terrifying. Robert, what do you think?"

"I am afraid it is war, Margaret."

"But it can't be. Maybe it was just in order to frighten us."

"I wish it were. But there can be no doubt. The delegation is on the way back to Helsingfors. Whatever happens now, Margaret, we have to take it. And forget about things for a while."

"To take it." The words struck her. The deep, warm voice made them sound so simple.

"Yes," she said. It was a promise.

"Listen, Margaret, Dick and I are going to-night. Don't ask me where, because we don't know. I can't see you in the afternoon, a hell of a lot of things to get ready. But could you come down to the train? There will be black-out to-night, I imagine, it's easier if we meet outside Hotel

LITERATURE

Grand, opposite the station. At 9 o'clock. All right?"

"Of course. Oh, Robert . . . Robert, can you hear it, Robert, they are coming, I . . ."

"Hang up, Margaret, and run downstairs, quick."

She acted instinctively, forced by the alarm that seemed to penetrate every muscle in her. She ran back to the kitchen.

"Go mother, take your coat, I will follow in a minute. Switch off the electricity and the gas, they said. There."

Her mother was standing at the elevator, waiting.

"No, mother, we are not supposed to take the elevator. Here, take my arm, we have to walk downstairs."

When they stepped out in the street, the sirens were still sending out their warnings. But it was too late now. Somewhere not very far off, Margaret could hear an explosion and at the same moment she felt the ground shaking under feet. "We have to take it, we have to take it," she whispered the words to herself over and over again. She looked at her mother. Poor mother, she was so pale, what could she do to help her? . . .

"Here, mother, go back in, stand here inside the door against the wall. It will soon be over, darling . . ."

A big cloud of white smoke was rising above the house opposite. Margaret could see it through the glass-windows in the door. It was as if suddenly the word war had been written for her in big frightening letters against the sky. A second explosion followed. A third. Margaret stiffened as she stood. Pictures were whirling through her head, pictures from Poland and Spain . . .

The alarm lasted half an hour. She was startled at the clear-off signal, it was like a knife had cut off all the strained nerves within her. She turned around. There was mother, thank God, there was mother . . .

They silently went up the stairs. "We have to take it," she thought again. Margaret looked at the tired face of her mother. And she felt tired too, oh, so terribly tired . . .

* * *

Margaret stopped on the bridge near the Catholic Church on her way to the station that night. The queer sight that met her eyes made her stop. The water below her looked so dark and calm. She looked up in the sky. Not a star. Just like a closed door, she thought. The Technical

High School was still burning. "What a strange world," she thought. She had to move on. Robert was waiting for her somewhere in this darkness. Margaret walked fast. A good thing she knew every house and every corner so well she could feel her way through the streets.

It didn't take her long to get to the Grand. But how was she going to find Robert among all these moving shadows?

"Margaret. Margaret. Hello."

That was Robert's voice. She followed the sound of it. There he was. A hand took hers. It gave her warmth. She wasn't alone any longer.

"Margaret, I think you had better not come with me to the train. There are too many people to-night, one can hardly move. They have to get them away quickly now."

She knew. She had seen some even start walking out of town.

"I am leaving too, Robert. To-morrow morning. I am so glad I can be of some use. I inquired this afternoon right after . . . it happened. They need girls as aerial observers. It's twenty miles from here, right in the woods."

Her eyes were getting used to the darkness. She could see his face. It was a sensitive face. It was all serious now.

"Robert, let me know if you are being sent to the front. And take care of yourself." She couldn't say anything really. There was too much she wanted to say.

"I will do my best. In every way, Margaret. I think it is best for both of us if I go now. Just remember, no book has only two chapters and this is only the beginning of the second for us."

He was right. It was best that he went. Words were no good.

Robert looked at her. There was pain in her eyes. Yet they smiled to his. They understood. And they didn't cry. He kissed them—gratefully.

"Good-night, Margaret."

"Good-night."

He was gone.

* * *

It was March, 1940. Finland was at peace. For the last few days snow-storms had swept through the streets in Helsingfors. It was still cold. Margaret shuddered.

She sat at the window in her room. "Peace," she thought, "peace." Peace was an incredible word. War was not incredible, although she had thought so once. Very long ago. Three and a half months ago. She could feel herself standing in that tower looking for aeroplanes. Day and night. Conscious of the struggle that tore the Finnish soil far in the east. The woods below her had seemed ghost-like. Were they really the same woods through which she had skied with Vivian, Robert and Dick many a late evening? Would they ever be the same?

Margaret looked at the letter she held crushed in her hand. "This is to inform you . . ." A very formal note.

Robert had been killed in action at the Viborg front two days before the peace.

"Whatever happens, we have to take it." It was a promise she had to keep. There was pain in her eyes. But she didn't cry.

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LITERATURE

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

the path. He heard the screen door bang as John went in. He passed a clump of bushes. Sitting on the other side of them were two big baskets of tomatoes. Butch looked around. He didn't see anyone. With each hand he took a tomato and ran easily over the hill and down towards the camp.

When he reached the woods, he looked at the tomatoes and stopped. He turned them over and over. He started to dig his teeth into one of them. Then he frowned and shrugged his shoulders. Swinging his right arm, he grasped the firm red things and threw them as far away as he could. Through the vines and underbrush he ran fast, pushing the low branches of the saplings out of his face. He crossed the creek with one leap and strolled into the camp with his hands in his pockets, whistling.

Thoughts on Defense

A rifle class should have been enough proof to Uncle Sam that we were patriotic, but it wasn't. Now we have drafted men on campus two or three nights each week. We don't know what they do, but since they are practically government men, we are not supposed to know. (We weren't old enough to vote.)

They seem to like to use our labs in the science building. Hope they remember we like to use them the next day. Isn't it inspirational to have these big, brave, masterful men in our labs, playing around with the ninety-two elements. The dorm girls feel so safe, so secure, wondering when they can take the cotton out of their ears. Explosions are disturbing when you have exams in the morning.

Chemistry and Moonlight

On the brighter side, men usually mean dates, or are we being blunt? We need more exercise and a walk at ten o'clock each evening would certainly help. Meeting a man may be accidental—to the man. Think of the unlimited possibilities.

Between classes...
pause and

*Turn to
Refreshment*



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The long talks in the moonlight, about sodium and water and the relative values of calcium and potassium. Think of the opportunities for the chemistry majors. Here is an entire education in the space

of a few evenings. Perhaps we will arrange a swimming party or an entertainment in the recreation room for the men when their arduous work is done—in the interest of national defense, of course.

The ARROW

Vol. XXI

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., October 15, 1941

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THE ARROW

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NOTICE

We have announced no permanent staff for this year and shall not until our next issue by which time all the trial assignments will have been given out and the various staff members chosen. Because the *Arrow* is a small paper, we cannot use a large staff; therefore, we feel justified in limiting the members of our staff to a small group in order to promote efficiency.

To the Freshmen . . .

We have by now realized that we are seniors. We have our caps and gowns, and although the uncomfortable feeling of unreality we had when first we wore them has left us, we still feel a little strange, a little proud, and a little wistful when we put them on. It seemed to take us so long to become seniors . . . and now suddenly we have arrived.

We wish now that we had realized from the beginning that four years move all too quickly. Now we have but one short year before us in which to learn, to absorb, and to prepare. It is our endeavor to make you realize now what it has taken us four years to learn . . . that we must do things day by day, as we think about them, for we have but one chance.

To you who are just beginning here at PCW, to you

who have four full years before you, we make this plea. Make the most of your opportunities.

You are now one of a group sharing a common purpose—one of a group banded together in the interests of furthering education. There are many things to be learned in your classes. There is much to be gained from your professors; their store of knowledge is here for your use. It is up to you to make use of it.

There also is much to be gained from extra-curricular activities, for from your participation in them is gained a knowledge of people and an ability to work with them.

There will be many such opportunities for you to take an active part in campus life. There are numerous dance committees on which to serve throughout the year. If you have made but one poster, if you have tacked up but one length of crepe paper, you will find the pleasure to be derived from that dance has increased threefold. The times when you have most fun at school dances are the times when, clad in blue jeans and bandanna, you have perched precariously atop a ten-foot ladder, getting the last streamer in place just one short hour before you return to the dance floor, this time in tulle and flowers.

The Activities Council, newly organized on the PCW campus, is attempting to plan activities that will be of interest to the entire group. They are planning things for you, they invite your suggestions, and they expect your participation in their projects.

If your interest is in sports, the AA will have something for you. Get out on the hockey field. Your class needs you, and you need the spirit of comradeship and sportsmanship that is developed in team play.

We cannot stress too much the old cry for more class spirit. Attend your class meetings; take an active interest in your class elections. It is when you are working with your own group . . . when their hopes are your hopes and their victories your victories that you feel you really belong.

We too were told these things when we were beginning four years ago. And we have tried to make the most of our opportunities as we have come along the way . . . first as freshmen, then as sophomores and juniors, now finally as seniors. But we had no idea it would be over so soon. As this year goes by, we shall find ourselves saying increasingly frequently . . . "This is our last Color Day" . . . or . . . "this is our last Mountain Day."

No one of us can know what turn world events will take. Each day we learn of new ways in which our mode of living is being altered. Nothing is certain; nothing is the same.

It is because we feel this so deeply that we are passing this advice on to you. Live every minute of your college life to the fullest. And keep always in mind Dr. Spencer's challenge in the closing remark of his Matriculation Day address: ". . . May it always be said that here at PCW we never failed to make the most of our opportunities in spite of this crisis . . ."

EVENTS



MARGARET GRAHAM
Chairman of Fiesta

* * *

Fiesta

Launching its first project of the year, the Activities Council has begun preparations for a Fiesta, to be given on the campus the evening of October 29. South American is the theme, and hilarity is the keynote, according to Margaret Graham, general chairman of the Fiesta.

Prizes for Costumes

The evening will get underway at 7:30 when a grand procession, led by the Queen and her court, will form at Woodland Hall, proceed to the Art Center for the coronation at eight o'clock. Students are expected to dress in costume, wear masks. There will be a prize awarded for the most outstanding costume.

Class Booths, Dancing

Each class will have a concession housing refreshments, souvenirs, games of chance, on the green opposite AMH pond. A prize will be awarded to the class having the most attractive booth.

Feature attraction of the evening will be dancing in the patio of the Art Center, which will become a South American cabaret for the occasion.

Queen by Lottery

Members of each class have chosen their prettiest girl to be in the court, and the Queen of the Fiesta will be chosen by lot from this group in SGA meeting tomorrow morning.

Working under Entertainment Chairman Marjory Higgins will be Carole Bostwick, Evelyn Glick, Louise Haldeman, Jane McCall, Betty Molvie, and Betty Urban.

Patty Leonard will supervise the Ground Decorations, assisted by Ellen Copeland, Virginia Crouch, Louise Wallace, Margaret Anderson, Betty Johnescu, Peggy Donaldson, Kelly Jones, Peggy Ingraham, Ann Richardson, Jane Woods.

Nina Maley's Committee on Prizes will consist of Jane Chantler, Mary Louise Reiber, Mary Jane Fisher, Phyllis Keister.

Aided by Helen Moore, Louise Rider, Marion Springer, and Martha McFall, Lillian Sheasby will arrange for the music.

Jean Faris and Peggy Matheny are joint-chairmen of the committee on costumes for the court. They will work with Mary Jane Harter, Ruth Patton, Jean Archer, Amy McKay, Evelyn Fulton, Sally Mays, Mary Jane Youngling, Betty Shull.

Procession Committee Chairman Jean Wyre will have for assistants Anna Betty Saylor, Ann Adams, Jeanne McKeag, Martha McCullough,



ALICE MCKAIN
Chairman of Activities Council

* * *

Connie Meyer, Virginia Hendryx, Jane Hube.

Peggy Dietz has been appointed Chairman of Advertising with Marjory Mayhall, Jean Dobson, Jean De-woody, Jane Evans, Joan Myers, and Florence Succop to help prove that it pays to advertise.

Profits for Classes

Alice McKain, Chairman of Activities Council for '41-'42, urges 100 per cent cooperation, hopes to see some of the class spirit shown in last year's mock election, reminds class officers that a percentage of the profits from the concessions will go into the class treasuries.

Another Play Contest

The neophyte A-Councilors meet once monthly, plan activities that will interest the entire student body. They have not yet completed their plans for the year but promise a repetition of the play contest of last year, with a plaque to be awarded to the winning class.

Council Members

Council members for 1941-42 are: Margaret Anderson, Dorothy Andrew, Jean Burchinal, Barbara Caldwell, Jane Chantler, Ellen Copeland, Betty Gahagen, Margaret Graham, Amy McKay, Barbara Maerker, Janet Ross, Joyce Wallis, and Lorraine Wolff. Faculty advisers are Miss Marks, Dr. Robb, and Miss Andrews.

Scoop!

The ARROW presents

The ladies of the court:

Miss Mary Ida McFarland, faculty

Jean Patterson, senior

Barbara Cooper, junior

Barbara Caldwell, sophomore

Marion Leach, freshman

EVENTS

REPRESENTATIVE

Conference

Last week came word to our campus that PCW has been elected treasurer of the Women's Intercollegiate Association for Student Government.

Meeting annually to discuss the problems that confront a student governing body, the association has in its roster some of the leading colleges of the east.

To the University of Vermont in Burlington on October 30 go Barbara Maerker, Amy McKay, to attend lectures, meetings, round table discussions.

SGA-Treasurer McKay, with the SGA-president from Flora Stone Mather College of Cleveland, Ohio, will lead a discussion workshop on the point system and student activity.

DEFENSE

PCW defense is moving rapidly. Last December, President Spencer was chosen Administrative Head for the Pittsburgh District of the Pennsylvania State College Engineering Defense Training Program. By January 6 classes under his direction were underway in the Buhl Hall of Science, ten public high schools, and the Buhl Planetarium. This six months' program offers to anyone having a high school education subjects pertaining to engineering and science, helpful to the defense industries. The Pittsburgh program and similar ones throughout the United States stimulated much enthusiasm. Result: last June, Congress appropriated another seventeen million dollars to continue such programs until June of 1942.

Coordinator

During this past summer, Dr. Spencer was appointed Coordinator of the Engineering Science Management Defense Training Classes. This means that he is the coordinator for all classes held in this state under the auspices of the University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Institute of Technology, and Pennsylvania State College. Dr. Spencer's office will be in the old music hall as soon as it is vacated.

Assuming Dr. Spencer's former duties as administrative head of the Penn State E. S. M. D. T. program is Mr. E. C. Myers, while Miss Mowry continues her duties as assistant to

the Administrative Head. Their offices, also, are on campus.

Registration

Last week, registration was held for a new set of courses, including 56 different subjects in engineering, science, and management. Beginning tonight, men will again invade the PCW campus. Science majors have undoubtedly noticed the vast amount of strange equipment added to the laboratories in the science building recently—it is the apparatus for night students to study fuel analysis, pyrometry, electricity, and metallurgy. The housing of these bits of equipment, along with the lending of our president, however, is just a small part of what PCW is doing for defense.

INNOVATIONS

Chapel Changes

News item this year is a different Chapel system. Each Wednesday a faculty member will be in charge, sometimes giving a religious message, occasionally talking on a phase of his own particular work. Initiating this procedure, Sociologist Montgomery presided on October 8, read from the Sermon on the Mount, spoke briefly on its practical applications for individual and group. This morning Speech Department's Vanda Kerst will read poetry. Literary readings by *Arrow* Adviser Shupp are scheduled for October 22. Other faculty members dated to follow soon are Dr. Robb, Dr. Scholl, Miss Mowry, Miss Welker, Mr. Collins.

Speech Association

Speech Department Head Vanda Kerst returned from the Harrisburg Conference of the Pennsylvania Speech Association much elated over the forward steps the state of Pennsylvania is taking in speech work.

It is now a requirement throughout the state that all public school teachers, including elementary instructors, have speech training. The most important step Pennsylvania has taken in speech, this move is of special interest to PCWites because this school was the first college in the state to require its students to take a three hour course in speech. Educators throughout the state now recognize the importance of speech training, and universities, privately endowed colleges, and state teachers' colleges

are adding speech to their curricula. PCW is especially interested in molding the Speech 1-2 course to fit the new requirements.

Despite new provisions for speech instruction for college students, however, one of the major problems of the state during the next few years will be the lack of trained speech teachers for the public schools; this provides an excellent field for speech students interested in teaching.

Another important step was accomplished at the conference in the popularizing of speech work. Leading Pennsylvania school administrators were invited to the conference, to carry on panel discussions with speech experts. A reverse of the former situation, when the experts had to go to the schools, members of the conference group now have the upper hand. This innovation is to be emphasized at future conferences.

Discussion, debate, and dramatic work have always had their places in the public schools. At the conference, educators were shown the adaptability of choral speaking to education; a time-saving technique for training in the speech skills, it is bound to become an increasingly important factor in the newly-opening speech field. At PCW, the choral-speaking group (Speech 9-10) and the speech correction course (Speech 7-8) are even now beginning to grow in popularity and importance.

Student Councilors

Innovation this year is the addition of ten student councilors to the freshmen program—Ellen Copeland '42, Alison Croft '42, Margaret Graham '42, Julia Wheldon '42, Jean Archer '43, Nina Maley '43. Amy McKay '43, Marian Teichman '43, Louise Wallace '43, and Jean Wyre '43. Councilors attempt to answer any questions which freshmen might find troublesome at meetings held after freshmen assemblies.

In addition to councilor groups freshmen receive more general instruction from Junior Advisor Jane Fitzpatrick. In this way, they become better acquainted with PCW. Particularly helpful to freshmen will be Dr. Andrew's lecture on *How to Study*.

EVENTS

SOCIAL

Dances

Big and Little Sister Dance

On October 18, big and little sisters will set sail for a good time. Boat leaves the dock at nine o'clock, returns at twelve.

Dancing on deck with smooth dates to the accompaniment of attractive Owen Piper's music will be feature of the evening planned by Captain Jane Chantler, Social Chairman of YWCA and her crew: committee heads Betty Gahagan, Jean Wyre, Dorothy Andrew, and Ruth Jenkins. New students will be the guests of their big sisters at this, their first PCW dance, in the redecorated chapel in Berry Hall.

Vivacious Chairman Chantler has planned striking decorations, wishes everyone to remember that cruises and romances are inseparable.

Open House Dance

Annual Open House Dance for the dormitory students was held last Friday evening, October 10, from nine to twelve in Woodland Hall. Among the men invited for the dancing were many representatives from Pitt, Tech, W&J.

Theme of the dance was Modern Design, effectively carried out in the decorations. From each window hung one black drape and one red one, surrealistic paintings covered the walls. Weird effect was given by indirect lights with ebony bases held up by slender, ghost-like hands, clearly showing influence of surrealist Dali upon Chairman of Decorations Ellen Copeland.

General chairman Margaret Graham supervised the proceedings, bemoaned lack of aluminum furnishings due to national emergency.

Floor Committee Chairman Alice McKain provided hostesses, refreshments, saw to it that shy guests did not linger in corners.

Stag line, provided by Joyce Wallis, Chairman of Invitations Committee, was three deep despite inroads made by the army, helped to make this year's Open House one of the best.

Barn Dance

Gay ribbons for the lassies, bowties for the lads, hurried lineups of the partners and the YWCA barn dance began. One hundred thirty-seven couples swung their partners, dos-a-dosed to their corners as they

encircled the chapel floor from 8:00 to 10:30, Friday evening, September 26. A three-piece orchestra tirelessly played American folk tunes, while Silas Braley, Oberlin graduate, called out the numbers. At intermission, coca-cola and doughnuts were served. The Annual Get-Acquainted Party sponsored by YWCA gave PCW's freshmen an insight into the more hilarious side of school life. Aimed at making the class of '45 better acquainted, the barn dance did just that. YWCA Cabinet Members served as hostesses under Social Chairman Jane Chantler.

Mountain Day

Buses laden with chattering girls lumbered down Woodland Road. The date: October 4. The occasion: PCW's annual AA-sponsored Mountain Day. Once arrived at Mill Grove, scene of last year's picnic, PCWites lost no time in descending upon Nina Maley's food committee, were not hesitant about "seconds." Hamburgers, wieners and ice cream were allowed a decent interval in which to blend. Capable Woodland Hall House Mother Ethel Bair supervised.

Contests

Then, while dignified faculty members prepared to shed their dignity, students sang, a sure-fire way of kindling enthusiasm for the gruelling contests to come. Entertainment-planner Virginia Hendryx blew a wicked whistle, ended the vocals. While the freshmen proved to have the steadiest aim (dropping clothespins in milk bottles), faculty breath held out the longest, won the prize for the bean and straw contest. Sophomores proved adept at clothes pin hanging.

Biggest news of the afternoon was the crowning of a new milk-drinking champion. Despite the valiant efforts of last year's winner, Louise Wallace, to defend her title, Faculty's Mary Helen Marks drank herself to victory, added another title to her present one of Dean. Not competing, but probably able to beat the milk-drinkers at their own game, was Jimmy Douth, youngest picnicker and feature attraction.

Students Defeated

Faculty members finished off their winning streak by defeating the stu-

dent mushball team, 12-6. Exhausted mountaineers reluctantly left for home, returned as weary as if they actually had been mountain-climbing.

Teas

Freshmen

First day of their first year saw one hundred twenty-five little sisters with their big sisters attending their first PCW tea. Held in the Conover Room, the tea acquainted the freshmen with the YWCA. Punch and cookies were served. YW cabinet members, Junior Advisor Jane Fitzpatrick, and chairman Jane Chantler supervised the affair.

Transfers

Transfer students, too, were welcomed at a tea held just for them the afternoon of October 7 from 3:30 to 5:30 in the president's home. Dr. Spencer was host while Mrs. Spencer and Miss Marks were hostesses. Present were twenty-five faculty advisors for all activities and members of the AA board, Student Government Board, YWCA cabinet, House Boards of Woodland and Andrew Mellon Halls, Activities Council, Arrow editors, and year Book Editor.

Faculty

Another tea was given by Dr. and Mrs. Spencer for faculty members at the Spencers' home, October 14.

Matriculation Day

Officially welcomed to the college on Matriculation Day, Monday, September 29, new students were greeted by Alumnae Association President Mrs. Louise Kraham Brown, Board of Trustees Representative Mrs. Elizabeth B. Mellor, SGA President Barbara Maerker, YWCA President Betty Gahagan, AA President Margaret Anderson.

Miss Marks announced Sophomore Honors granted to Jean Archer, Edith Cole, Peggy Dietz, Rosemarie Filipelli, Barbara Heinz, Claire Horwitz, Marion Lambie, Althea Lowe, Marjorie Noonan, and Marion Rowell, afterwards introduced new members of the faculty, added her welcome.

Climax of the program was Dr. Spencer's speech, printed in full on page eight. Activities were concluded with the Alma Mater led by College Songleader Peggy Matheny.

EVENTS

COMPETITIVE

Color Day

PCW is enthusiastically preparing for its annual Color Day, scheduled for Thursday, October 23. Song practices are being busily carried on in great secrecy by the various classes. Under the leadership of their chairmen—Gladys Cooper '42, Mary Jane Fisher '43, Mary Lou Reiber '44, and Martha McFall '45, classes are working diligently in the hope of taking the coveted prize.

Song Contest

SGA president Barbara Maerker announces that each class will sing three songs—two original, one humorous and one serious, and one school song. The words to both the humorous and serious songs must be original, but the music to only one of these songs must be original. Three songs—*Sing Hi Ho*, *Hail to Pennsylvania*, and *God Bless Our Alma Mater*—have been suggested as those to be sung.

Judges

Mr. Earl Collins has been appointed chairman of the committee of judges, which includes Dr. Martin, Miss Staples, Mr. Yeager, and Miss Shamburger.

During Color Day performances, the freshmen class will receive its class colors, entrusted to the present juniors by last year's seniors. Junior class president Janet Ross will present the red and white to the chairman of the freshmen class, each freshman will receive her ribbons from members of the SGA board.

ARTS

Organists

The Western Pennsylvania Chapter of the American Society of Organists met Tuesday, September 30, on PCW campus, were entertained in the chapel by student organists June Hunker '43, Amy McKay '43, Elizabeth Rowse '42, Florence Succop '42, and Anne Lindsay '41.

Following the recital all organists adjourned to Andrew Mellon Hall where they had a buffet supper, were later amused by Alex Templeton records, a magician, bowling and dancing.



"One of the greatest talents . . ."

* * *

Pescha Kagan

"One of the greatest talents I have ever heard," says Walter Damrosch of Pescha Kagan, distinguished piano virtuoso, who this year joins PCW Music Department.

Survey Course

Miss Kagan's course will start with her recital on Monday, October 27, at four o'clock, in the new Art Center which is to be officially opened at this time, will be a representative survey of piano literature from the seventeenth century to the present day. Her performances will be prefaced by analytical discussions of the composers and their works. Not only the 125 students who signed up for the course, but many members of the faculty and some people outside the school who are interested in music will hear Miss Kagan's recitals.

Soloist

Artist Kagan, who studied under Ignace Paderewski and Arthur Schnabel, has been soloist with eminent symphony orchestras, heard through the radio over national hook-up broadcasts, has performed at the White House by invitation of the President.

Mystery in Reverse

Speech majors are busy planning their annual play, this year to be *Ladies in Retirement*, by Edward Percy Smith and Reginald Denham. Working under Miss Kerst's direction, the seniors will take care of every phase of the planning and staging of the production. The play, the seven characters of which are to be selected this week, is to be given November 21 and 22; regular practices begin next week.

Describing *Ladies in Retirement*, Director Kerst calls it a "mystery in reverse," that is, the audience knows the mystery, though the characters are completely "in the dark." An outstandingly good play, it enjoyed a long run on Broadway two years ago, was a great success on the road last year, and is now in great demand by amateur dramatic groups.

Theater on Film

On November 5 comes playwright Maxwell Anderson's *Journey to Jerusalem*, a play on the story of Christ which has been filmed exactly as presented on the stage, using the original stage casts and scenery. Never before shown in this part of the country and an innovation in film history, this picture will be less a movie than a play on the screen. The picture has been filmed under the auspices of Theater on Film, Inc., organized for reproducing entire stage plays on sixteen millimeter film.

Two Showings

Twice, at two o'clock and at eight-fifteen, the picture will be shown at PCW, will be open to outsiders who are clamoring for entrance as well as to members of the college. For students the price will be twenty-five cents, for off-campus guests, thirty-five.

Disposal of Profits

Profits from the showing of the film will go toward new sound equipment for PCW radio production.

PEOPLE

CELEBRITY

Backstage

The setting was not exactly romantic—there was a shaky table, a smeary make-up mirror and a goodly array of suitcases. On the table a glass jar exposed its crowded contents of nickels. By the make-up mirror a man worked and chewed his unlighted cigar with a business-like attitude. And on one of the suitcases, he sat—Glenn Miller—his blue shirt rolled at the sleeves, bright wine suspenders supporting trousers which had once been creased, and wearing a dazzling blue Tahiti print necktie. He also blended in with this down-to-business atmosphere which seemed to pervade the entire backstage. But when he spoke, it was in a mannerly and friendly tone.

Nickels for the U. S. O.

"Oh that?" he explained to curious nods toward the glass jar bank. "That's for the U. S. O. The boys in the band have to pay a nickel for every note they miss. Sort of 'jar a note and you jar a nickel' idea. Some of the boys," he went on, visibly proud of his patriotic invention, "some of the boys drop in a quarter every morning for the whole day—just in case. That jar holds about twenty dollars now."

Really now, Mr. Miller. We all know your band couldn't miss that many notes. Glenn himself thinks that "the boys" have fine intonation and rhythm—and believes the band as a whole is musically sound. Oddly enough, he is no boogie-woogie enthusiast, and when he takes his postman's holiday it's beside a radio playing symphonies or sophisticated swing. (But never look for him at an opera!)

Glenn derives his pleasure not only from hearing music but from knowing how it works: why sounds come out, why some sounds are pleasing, why the sax is shrill, why the tuba is deep. And he can tell you, too!

Boosting the Home Office

Continuity was here interrupted by a boost for the home office by Glenn. "Cigarette?"

You've heard of the fellow who advertises Buick and drives a Chrysler and one who advertises coffee and drinks cocoa—but here's a man who advertises cigarettes that satisfy—and smokes them!

Hard Work, Not Genius

Conversation returned to normal as Glenn was asked whether he thought real musical talent could be acquired: whether a student could undertake piano lessons and be really talented with no apparent inborn genius. His answer was interesting.

"Yessss," he drawled, "yes, ability in music may come easily and steadily to some, but study compensates for lack of talent."

So it is definitely important and beneficial to study those difficult theories and applied harmony—that is, if you want every young person in the world to flock to their radio to hear you, jam theaters to watch you, and block traffic on Seventh Avenue to see you. So keep on studying hard, you would-be musicians because Glenn Miller says:

"If you don't study it, there will always be someone who will."

Kaufmann's Clock

Then the old saying about Kaufmann's Clock came up. Glenn was asked if he believed that he could stand under Kaufmann's clock and in half an hour, see as many beauties as float around Hollywood. He blushed hard this time and almost whispered.

"Can't say I've ever stood under Kaufmann's clock but it sure sounds like a swell idea."

Music for All

Glenn reverently calls his audience "kids." He is well aware that it is the young folks who gather around their radios to hear him and he plans interesting and varied programs especially for them. He explained that he has tried hard to please the older folks, too.

"You see, people from thirty to fifty seem to have forgotten how to relax. They worry about taxes, bills, and rent—but the kids don't have to worry. They can sit in an armchair—or on a couch if there are two—and really enjoy the pleasures of music."

And Glenn has a real theory behind this. He says that the people who knew Guy Lombardo when they were young are those who can still sit and enjoy his music. He admires Guy Lombardo for this ability to hold his listeners for so many years—and we can well understand his ambition that when he plays in years to come, we won't have to sit down and merely tell our kids about Glenn Miller.

Fashions in Music

Glenn slyly refused to comment on fashions in women's clothes—as what wise man wouldn't. But he did admit that he didn't have to change his fashions in music as often as women changed their hats.

"It's sometimes necessary to take off an inch here or there along the hem to make an old song new," he added and straightened that wild Tahiti tie for the next stage show.

S. McL.

Faculty and Administration

Students receiving cards asking them to see Mrs. Watkins have been greatly puzzled, need be no longer: Mrs. Watkins, secretary to Miss Marks, is the former Dorothy Hayford, an old friend. The metamorphosis took place last July 28, in Newport, Rhode Island. Mr. Watkins is an ensign in the Naval Reserves, is now on active duty aboard destroyer U.S.S. Babbitt on patrol duty in the Atlantic Ocean.

Miss Shields is now Dr. Shields, is on leave of absence this semester while she teaches at Goucher College in Baltimore, Maryland. Replacing Dr. Shields is Mr. Yeager, graduate of the University of Chicago and the University of Pennsylvania. He is now working on his Ph.D. at the University of Pittsburgh.

New member of the Biology Department is Miss Marion Laskey, who is replacing Miss Kayser. Miss Laskey is from Philadelphia, did her undergraduate work at the University of Pennsylvania. In her first year of teaching, she has decided that she likes the "friendly atmosphere" of a small school.

The new courses in Household Management are taught by Miss Irma Ayers. A graduate of the University of West Virginia at Morgantown, Miss Ayers is working on her M. A. at Pennsylvania State College.

New secretary to Dr. Spencer is Miss Sarah Jane Anderson, who was employed by the Pittsburgh branch of the F.B.I. and prior to that at the University of Pittsburgh where she was Student Adviser in the Department of Education. Miss Anderson is an alumna of PCW, class of '37, is very much at home here, but confesses that she feels more like a student than secretary to the President.

Miss Errett, head of the Physical (Continued on Page Fifteen)

OPINION

MATRICULATION DAY ADDRESS Dr. Herbert Spencer

This address which was delivered by Dr. Spencer on Matriculation Day is printed here in answer to many requests.—Ed.

* * *

The most startling fact about everyday thought on the present world wide crisis is the confusion that besets it. This confusion starts with the youngsters in high school, it permeates our colleges and universities, our faculty and student bodies, and finds itself expressed most in the personnel of the Federal Government itself. And it is this confusion of thought that is responsible for the low morale.

False Security

This confusion of thought is due to many causes. Let us examine a few of them. For the last two decades most of us have preached peace with the false notion that somehow, some way, all nations of the world would be idealistic in following the provisions of the last peace. Thus there has been a whole post-war generation disillusioned as to the lasting results of the victory of 1918 and nourished on the high values of peace as a method of civilized procedure. But as a writer in a current publication points out, many of the historians who had pontifically ascribed the first World War guilt to particular nations have since 1938 been rather furtively attempting to remove their works from bookshelves. They see old patterns once more asserting themselves. And paradoxically as it may seem, we cannot always choose what appears to be the most civilized method. Those bent on conquest and lusting for power have capitalized on the people's abhorrence of war and have shrewdly and almost at their leisure, devoured country after country.

Little did we realize that within our own generation we would see our idealistic ambition for world peace destroyed and our civilization torn again by another world war; we little realized that peace is something democracy must fight for and sacrifice for.

Another cause for our confusion of thought is our inability to understand the power politics of the European nations; their constant bickering and their centuries of wars are beyond our comprehension. Their

selfish imperialism we can never reconcile with our thoughts of liberty and justice to all.

And then our smugness regarding the security of the United States, isolated from the rest of the world by the Atlantic and the Pacific, is also partly responsible for our confusion about world affairs.

Is America Safe?

Some earnestly believe that we are in no danger; that we cannot possibly be attacked. This is the opinion of many military men. On the other hand, there are many who feel that modern methods of transportation and modern ways of warfare make it possible for an attack on America. This debate has been going on for some time. I am inclined to agree with Col. G. R. Hutchinson of our Army Air Corps. Col. Hutchinson is one of the foremost aviation experts in America. I recently heard him tell how America could easily be attacked either by planes directly from abroad or by sabotage from within. While I cannot repeat his words to you, I will try to give you a cursory review of his remarks.

War in the Air

Col. Hutchinson has flown in practically every civilized country of the world. He is the man who organized the plan for ferrying American bombers to Britain and was the first one to fly a bomber to Britain, proving that the ferrying of bombers was feasible. He came back to America after his first flight, organized a group of American fliers, 40 in all, and they set out with 40 giant bombers for England. They flew in military formation for seven hours and when they approached Great Britain they separated and each landed at a separate field. Col. Hutchinson's own ship was in the

air only 8 hours and 22 minutes. His return to America took 17½ days on a ship, but he had proven to the sceptics that the ferrying of bombers was practical because not one single bomber was lost. On his second trip he brought the 40 pilots back in a big bomber. The western flight takes somewhat longer than the eastern flight. They left England at midnight and landed in Montreal with over 500 gallons of gasoline remaining in the ship. The trip required about 12 hours. From Montreal he telephoned to his wife who lived about 30 miles outside of Washington and asked her to have dinner with him at the Mayflower Hotel, stating that he would arrive at 6:15 by plane. He was on time, but his wife did not arrive until after seven o'clock.

I think this is a good illustration of the possibilities of modern aviation in a war-torn world. Col. Hutchinson also commented on the ease with which a group of modern bombers from air fields in France, supported by sufficient parachute troops, could bomb New York, capture all the New York airfields, refuel, and take off safely for their home lands long before we in America could possibly prevent it.

He also called our attention to the fact that anyone could go to an airport such as Butler, show his pilot's license, and rent a small Piper cub plane, land it in some isolated field where by pre-arrangements a 250 pound TNT bomb would be waiting, load the bomb in the plane, fly low—within 200 feet—of the Colfax Power Plant, discharge this deadly object on the power plant on which depends to such a great extent the vital defense industries of this district, and wreck the plant beyond repair. Not one single precaution has been taken in America to pre-

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OPINION

vent many such catastrophes from occurring.

Conflicting Reports

Our minds are also confused by the constant reversal of orders issuing from the central Government itself. One point of issue was the gasoline curfew with the threat of a gasoline shortage in the east, and then the report of the Senate Investigating Committee that there is no gasoline shortage. Another point was the limitation of one year's service under the original Selective Service Act changed to the duration, and within a fortnight an announcement from Washington that some would be released before Thanksgiving. Another issue is the bungling of the defense program by some officials in Washington, the lack of cooperation by a few leaders in big business, and a few leaders in the labor movement. These have created in the minds of the American people a sense of insecurity and confusion. But such things are expected in a great crisis. They do not represent real issues.

Democratic Ideals

The great majority of us have chosen to make common cause with the English people who have shown such a gallant spirit in the defense of our common ideals. We may criticize England for her past mistakes, and there have been many mistakes, but all nations as well as people make them, but nevertheless, it remains a fact that basically both peoples have long struggled to safeguard the individual and his happiness and both aspire to self-government. Kipling once said that there are two ways of governing men, one is to break the heads, the other is to count them. The dictatorships prefer the first and the democracies the second, and much as we may desire to retain it, events are so shaping themselves that we may not have the luxury of enjoying peace unless we prefer to sacrifice our liberty. As Andre Maurois, the distinguished French author, said in speaking of the terrible lesson to be drawn from the disastrous downfall of France: "... there is no liberty without security ...". Security is an elusive element in the world today and it behooves us all to give careful thought to the things we value and to weigh well potential, if not actual, threats to their continued existence.

Certainly much of our confusion is due to a lack of clear cut aims of peace and war. But to me it is a very simple matter. It can be stated in a few words. It is simply this. Do we want to live in a world dominated by Hitler or by any other power in Europe? I believe we all prefer the American way of life.

Liberty, equality and respect for human dignity are principles which are woven into the very web of American life—more than that, they are the very basis of our democracy. To you young women of PCW who are active participants in, as well as students of American life, these three principles constitute both a heritage and a challenge. As a heritage they represent the fruit of the long heroic fight of men for freedom—men who were fired by the belief that it was possible to establish a state, to prepare a way of life which rejected tyranny, contempt for human life and brute force, and which instead was based on the ordered process of law, freedom, and the fundamental conception of the dignity of the individual man. Democracy, with all its imperfections, probably comes nearest to setting up a state where the average man and women, you and I, can work out his or her aspirations and in common with our fellowmen participate in the ennobling task of self-government. Jefferson put this heritage of ours into words when he wrote in that courageous document of 1776 which so pithily expressed the convictions of those revolutionary men who, loving peace, were nevertheless forced to fight against the suppression of essential rights:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable Rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed . . ."

Moral Issues at Stake

In the ultimate sense then, the issue confronting us today is a moral one. The great principles of mankind, those venerated by Plato, Aristotle, and the countless others, such as truth, justice, and humanity are in the balance. The question before us is: Can we stand aside,

watch the civilized world succumb to barbarism, and then expect to retain it within our shores? In 1923 Woodrow Wilson in the last article which he wrote, *The Road Away From Revolution*, make a remarkable prophecy. "Democracy" he wrote, "has not yet made the world safe against irrational revolution. That supreme task, which is nothing less than the salvation of civilization, now faces democracy, insistent, imperative. There is no escaping it, unless everything we have built up is presently to fall to ruin about us; and the United States, as the greatest of democracies, must undertake it . . ."

Challenge

That statement is even more true today. And the challenge to each and every one of us as we meet here today observing the 71st opening of PCW is to meet this crisis realistically. It will require many sacrifices. It will be a severe test of our physical and spiritual resources. It will materially alter our ways of living. But may it always be said that here at PCW we never failed to make the most of our opportunities in spite of this crisis.



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Campus Comments

Sad note this week was the departure of Sandra to greener fields. Sandra, AMH mascot, watchdog, and alarm clock, left to live on a farm, feeling that the strain of city life and the attempt to guard all the girls at once was slowly ruining her nerves. This column especially regrets her loss for whenever we ran out of things to say we could always dream something up about Sandra and she never accused us of libel. Besides, Sandra was a woman's dog and it made us feel slightly superior to the haughty male sex when she growled at them and refused to be placated with loving words. One night, though, when we were showing her off proudly to a young man of our acquaintance she sidled up to him, then bounded all over him with leaps of joy. "Gentle as a kitten," he commented as she rolled over on her back blissfully so he would scratch her tummy. "Call this a watch dog?" It made us feel like a fool.

* * *

One of the most intelligent new students this year is by far the smallest and youngest in the school. Of course, you gather by this that we mean Sassie, who owns Carol Bostwick. Sassie gets more out of the lectures than anybody, including the profs, and I have no doubt that she is by far the quietest. We would not dream of insulting either Sandra or Sassie by saying that she takes Sandra's place, but in her own ingratiating way she makes us feel better about the whole thing.

* * *

We came back to find so many improvements that our head is still aching from trying to take them all in at once. Desperately we crept through Berry Hall the first few days, seeking vainly for landmarks and hoping for a few kind words, and we were finally reduced to asking a freshman where we were to register. "You know where the main steps are," she said and we nodded doubtfully. "Well, just go in that building," she said commiseratingly, "someone will tell you where to go." Humiliating, we followed her directions and finally recognized Miss Weigand's office. From there on it was easy. The chapel, too, with its pristine and slightly haughty air had us fidgeting in our seats. We sat there the first two weeks feeling sadly out of place and rather as though we were a wistful ghost haunting the wrong house.

And then suddenly one day when we were huddled in our seat as usual uncomfortably daydreaming, we heard the old discordant clatter of the radiator pipes. It sounded like a Bach choral to us and we straightened up, looked around carelessly and then went sweetly to sleep to the soothing accompaniment.

* * *

And as always about this time, we feel constrained to add a note concerning nominations from the floor. The permanent nominating committee has presumably considered all the facts carefully and partially before submitting the name of a candidate. Surely we can do no less. We, personally, have always had trouble trying to figure out just where to put each of the four or five candidates nominated from the floor. Sometimes we get so confused that we just sit there, fingers twitching at our robe, a vacant mad stare in our eyes. We have always approved of nominations from the floor—it is one of our democratic rights. We just don't want things carried to extremes, that's all.

* * *

We had heard much enthusiastic talk from this year's **Arrow** editors concerning their plans for a streamlined office. "Curtains," they said smiling into a haze . . . "pictures on the walls, easy chairs to relax in, ash trays; maroon and robin's egg blue . . ." We were rather skeptical at the time but said nothing. However, a few days ago, while hunting for one of the editors we went up to the **Arrow** office; it was absolutely bare. Puzzled, we went over to yed's room and found them on the floor, surrounded by miscellaneous bits of paper. It was a nice room, though it wasn't the **Arrow** office, and it did have easy chairs—but no one had time to relax in them.

Fresh Frosh

Of course you don't have halitosis, your scalp has had its daily dash of Wildroot, and yours are the hands he loves to hold. We'll admit that your man-appeal is clicking but how is your PCW appeal? In simpler language, do you or don't you and if you do, don't.

When you trot into the classroom are there murmurs of "Here comes Hattie, the chair rung cowgirl?"

We're warning you—keep your fidgets to yourself, freshy. You interrupt our day dreams.

Oh yes! Don't drag into the classroom after the roll has been taken. The whole class can't be late and this privilege is reserved for upper classmen who are furrowing their brows wondering if Co-Op will open at eleven, and who that blond was that Janet dated last night.

A timely word to you boasters of beautiful boys that are yours, all yours. Don't flash your tall, dark, and woosome to impress surrounding females, or True Hearted Harry may succumb to the false eyelashes and polished line of that junior siren.

Death to wardrobe wolves! On a rainy morning it is disconcerting to grab for your pet slicker as it flashes by on your room mate's back. Quit being the timid rose, stamp your size eight's, and demand hands off or else.

That wing-back formation you use to plunge out of chapel won't gain any ground with the upperclassmen. The back doors, please! And hold open the front AND back AND all doors for them even if your coke does get warm and you miss the first rubber of the game in the smoking room!

Quit shining those apples, chillens. Sure, we'll admit that it's a time-tested policy, but you have four years in which to practice and the poor seniors are angling for them sheepskins. Creeping elephants, give the gals a chance!

Please, please, don't play do-you-know. Who cares whether or not you know Aphid Fizzbunny from Podunk. And that "pardon me but you look just like Margie" line ain't accepted talk where we come from.

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Past

Oh alas and alack! Oh woe is me! The student ego has hit a new low, for the faculty really took us over at Mountain Day. Due to a limited showing of faculty members there was an unfortunate division of our old stand-bys, the bus drivers, with the Profs getting the better bargain. Mid cheers and loud hurrahs the Quiz Kids, those pupils who thought they knew all the answers, took the bat firmly and went down 1-2-3. This went on for five innings with the Profs getting run after run as the Quiz Kid pitchers paraded out to the mound and drooped back again. Our inglorious showing ended with an official score of 12-6, despite strenuous efforts to erase a few faculty runs for interference on the base paths. Oh well, we can try again next year and 'til then the Quiz Kids will be affectionately remembered as "Our Bums," and boy, do we mean it!

Stars of the Mountain Day fiasco: for the Quiz Kids, Virginia Alexander. Her powerful bat and strictly solid pitching almost carried us through. For the Profs, Miss Errett, a dauntless catcher, and Miss Howell, an impartial, unbiased referee.

Present

Forest Hills has been temporarily transplanted to PCW's campus with the advent of the tennis doubles tournament. "Time Was" when all we had to say was that Gladys Patton and Julia Wells had entered the tourney and everyone would shake in her shoes. Then the champions were easy to spot, but graduation has made some changes and we have an entirely new crop of racqueteers. A new combination that looks deadly to Joe Press has been inaugurated, with Patty Wright and Phyllis Keister playing the major roles. Both are steady players with sizzling strokes and should emerge with victory and laurel wreaths crowning their heads.

Future

Hockey: It must be in the future, because it certainly isn't a thing of the present! The number of people not on the field practicing is practically astonishing. Meanwhile, questions without answers are plentiful. Will the seniors have a team this year? What are the freshmen doing? Will the sophomores maintain the tradition of second-year vic-

tories? Can the juniors triumph again? And where are those missing goal posts? Information, please!

Seance

The spirits have told me that the hockey cup will be captured by either the juniors or the sophomores, with a small but keen edge to the class of '44. Why? First of all, it's almost traditional, and who are the sophomores to break a tradition? Of course, they also have a sharpshooting player in Jean Rigamont, and stalwart halfbacks such as Peggy Craig. The juniors have much the same forward line as last year, with Archer, Maley, Baker, Hendryx, and Fitzpatrick. But there is a complete vacancy until you hit the goalie, with Brice Black, Barbara Browne, and Gloria Silverstein deserting the rose and white for greener fields. However, Gussie Teichman, who played but one game in '41, will be of valuable assistance. The grave old seniors' team hasn't been seen as yet, and who can predict anything about the freshmen?

Hooks and Slices

One of our new students, Patty Hull, '45, was in the women's golf finals at Alcoma Country Club. Unhappily, Pat fell victim to a more experienced opponent and went down 5 and 4. J. R.

Fashion News

College being well on its way now, you have probably stocked up with an array of skirts and sweaters, jackets and blouses, all of which you have been told are the backbone of a college wardrobe. But, of course, there is a possibility that you have neglected some accessory which will put a snap and crackle into your new wool suit or make your classic sweater or blouse stand out in any crowd.

We mean, if you haven't guessed it already, some gaudy trinkets to hang from your lapel, and these come in an ocean-wide variety. It

might be a gold monogrammed pin with a dangle of pearls hanging on below, or a sparkly daisy to plant under your chin with buttons made to match and to march down the front of a crisp blouse. Let your imagination trot loose because there are so many different trinkets, you are almost sure of being the only one on the campus with your particular specialty.

Date Dresses

With the Big-Little Sister dance beckoning a rosy finger, you may be contemplating a dress to make even a blind date stagger at your heels. A red velveteen number with a nail-studded belt will do wonders. Soft cashmere in luscious colors, new dolmen sleeves, and a slick fit will nicely attain your purpose. A black, two-piece rayon and jersey designed for the sophisticate has a tunic which makes hips disappear like magic. Well, there you are, gals—if you don't make hay, it isn't our fault.

Pigtails and Bangs

We can't forget our so-called "crowning glory" and what's being done with it these days. Pigtails are quite in evidence, as are bangs, and some brave souls have even cropped their hair to a mere three inches. We aren't quite so bold but we do like to get our back hair up and out of the way, too, so clasp a barrette made of two gold hands on your rear hair to hold it in place.

Gadgets

Next time you treat yourself or your room-mate to a little something special, why not let it be a linoleum compact with a sharp tool to carve out a ditty or a name on the lid? Or else a really smart alligator "fag" case with matching bracelet.

We see that some of you gals have been busy before us being original and making or buying your own little gadgets. "Nicky" Haldeman caught wearing on her sweater a nail-polish-painted wishbone tied with a ribbon. Marge Higgins with a necklace and belt to match, the necklace hiding

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tiny tinkling bells inside. And Ann Driver carrying a string of plain, undisguised buckeyes around her neck.

So, here's to the spice of life—variety. May every woman be smarter than the next. But pardon us while we get busy on our new paper clip earrings. Well, it might be worth a try!

J. M.

Here and There

Welcome, all you little lasses, back to school and back to classes, Defense it seems is here to stay, **Arrow** starts its merry way, and here is Ye Ed as corny as last year and not caring a bit.

Nightwork — both kinds — keeping our girls busy night after night in all sorts of places. Tech's Fall Carnival saw M. L. Reiber, B. Caldwell, G. Hendryx, A. McClymonds, M. J. Fisher, J. Sweet, R. Patton, K. Morse, M. Stewart, L. Warner, M. Monks, and frosh V. Volkay beating it out, with soph B. Weil and Goldie spotlighting some top-hat jitterbugging. October 4th saw Pitt gals crowded out of the Delt house by glamor PCWites Betty Johnescu, Kelly Jones, Helen Young, B. Shipley and C. Lauer.

Army News

Tenshun, hup! Army widows, reading from left to right: Ann Driver looking up (and down) with Hank in the parachute battalion; Petie McCall shedding a wee small tear for her man who has gone the way of all male flesh—free, healthy and twenty-one to twenty-eight; Jane Ruch giving her man the air when he took to the air corps (where is that old USO spirit? Ed.); Alice McKain visiting her one and only Lieutenant Jim at Fort Bragg . . . and now he's home on furlough; Betty Hunt all starry-eyed because her man got deferred . . . he has asthma.

They've Done It Again

PPU (Pin Possessors' Union) maintains its batting average with the following home runs: C. Lauer sporting a genuwine Delt pin; B. Colbaugh (scoop) with Jack's Kappa Sig pin; and frosh Nancy Stader, Hyla Sieman and Jean Dobson in there pitching.

Wedding Belles: Marjorie Wood Yearick and Betty Baker entering their senior year as married women, and Marianne Mahaney who deserted the ivy walls for wedded bliss; and Dottie Ridge who tied the knot in Maryland in July.

Add notes on one-man-women: Peggy Matheny, Jerry Strem, Louise Haldeman and Jane Chantler—ask her about her "little man."

Sighs from the dorm: H. Hersperger waiting for Carl to call; Patty Leonard calling "Doctor" (hm. Hypochondria? Ed.); McCullough learning those Allegheny cheers; fourth floor revolting because frosh Carolyn Cosel has a monopoly on the phone; Betty Spierling posing with a dozen roses; and N. Maxwell with a strong rope tying her to Johnstown.

Travel Talk

Travel Tales include B. Hazeltine with a trip to Yale in the future, P. Keister settling for a weekend at Harvard, V. Crouch heading for Lehigh, and P. McCall, L. Cummins and N. Doerr ably representing us at the W&J-Geneva game.

Seen around town are Margie Noonan whose new address is the Washington Merry-Go-Round—she knows each fly personally; Jane Fitzpatrick, Justine Swan, Patty Hall, Mary Campbell, Donna Kindle and V. Gillespie haunting Kahn's; and J. Rigau-mont, Obie and Bunny Bender staging the Newman dance.

On the lookout for something new and striking are D. L. Evans, J. Sweet, and N. Maley.

Frosh Chatter:

Celebrities include rhumba and conga expert B. Frank who drives a

cream-colored Buick convertible when off the dance floor and always wears that gold friendship ring Jerry gave her (we had a beautiful friendship once, too.—Ed.); Jean Dobson who has posed for fashion pictures in all, but all, the Pittsburgh papers; Carolyn Cosel, New Castle's contribution, who was interviewed on one of Horace Heidt's stage shows; and science major Georgia Raynor who has had some of her poetry published. (Wish we could say the same—Ed.)

Fickle Frosh:

Martha Cox sporting several class rings, Eleanore St. Clair planning jaunts to the Yale-Harvard game in November and to a Bucknell house-party later on, Peggy Chantler whose heart belongs exclusively to Daddy at Pitt but whose dates don't, Thelma Lou Payne wearing a fraternity pin from S. M. U. and her heart on her sleeve for a man from Jay, and Betty Shull with a T D and H at Michigan and a fraternity pin from Kiski.

Add notes on Frosh members of PPU: Winnie Wise sporting that Greek pin from John Hopkins, Patsy Speers with everything in the hardware line and all from Greenbrier, and Mary Jo Barr with a Phi Kappa Tau emblem from Bethany.

Well, gals—we'll see you all in next month's cat-chatter and until then don't polish too many apples, or cut too many classes. See you by the coke machine.

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LITERATURE

THE PONY Claire Stewart, '42

The little boy stepped carefully along the narrow curbstone one foot before the other, then the other before the first. "If I ever fell off this big cliff, that'd be the end of me," he pretended that the road was the rocky bed of a deep canyon. Once when he had to hang onto a mailbox to get around it and still stay safely on the curb he very nearly fell off, but he waved his arms wildly for a second and got his balance. He whistled softly at his miraculous escape from the abyss which lay over the side of the cliff.

At the steps to his house he had to end his curbstone adventure. He ran quickly down the cement steps to the porch where he suddenly began to walk tiptoe and as softly as his stout school shoes would allow him.

"I will knock at the door today and surprise Mama with my pony which I will hold here in my hand where she will see it first thing."

Out of his back pants pocket he pulled a little pony, childishly carved of dark walnut, and childishly beautiful. He held it caressingly in his sweaty little hand. The sweat began to make it shiny and he rubbed it a little before he knocked at the glass door.

He could hear someone coming slowly. His heart began to beat faster as he looked through the panes in the door and saw his mother getting nearer and nearer. He saw the door open and the room come out to fill up the space where the door had been. He saw his mother standing there, looking down at him. And he saw that there was a big red welt on her cheek.

"Why, it's you!" she said. "And look what you've brought—a pony! Isn't he pretty? Did you carve him all yourself, dear?"

The little boy held the pony up to his mother, noticing that it didn't seem so shiny now. He held it out quite close to her. He saw a tear drop fall on his pony's back and roll down both its sides.

"My daddy came home again, and hurt you, Mama."

His mother pulled him close to her. He could feel the softness of her body against him and he thought how much he would like to help her. He remembered other times his

father had come home—once when he had come storming into the house in the middle of a bridge party his mother was having and had upset all the tables and yelled to the women to get out and had knocked his mother clear across the room, and then had fallen asleep right there in the living room chair. His mother had covered him with a warm blanket and had put the little boy to bed and had gone to bed herself. When they got up next morning, his father was no longer there. That's the way it had always been ever since the little boy could remember.

He looked at the pony, then put it gently into his mother's hand and

closed her fingers about it with his moist hand.

"You can have him, Mama. He'll make you feel better, won't you, boy?"

He made the pony's head go up and down by moving it with his forefinger.

"See, Mama, he says 'yes!'"

His mother smiled then. "You're right, dear, he does," she said, patting the pony's wooden mane.

But that night the little boy heard his mother crying. He got up quietly and, taking the little walnut pony, went out into the night and threw the pony under the wheels of a passing truck where it was crushed to many pieces.

SOPHOMORE SOBBINGS

I. *Sitting In the Sun*

I dropped down on the low stone wall of the private burying ground at the top of the hill. My own particular section of Pennsylvania Dutchland was spread out before my eyes. The valley was carpeted with dark green tobacco fields, punctuated at intervals by corn fields thick with green stalks, and orchards, the trees bending with fruit. Enormous red barns, dwarfing trim white houses, dotted the floors of the valley, for all the world like pompous turkey gobblers trailed by their dull, meek little mates. A lavish and prosperous land! Yet this was no "boom country," no quickly exploited land of plenty. The Pennsylvania Dutch are a substantial people; their roots are deep.

My attention was caught by the "clumpety-clump" of a horse's hooves. From an old covered bridge spanning a quiet little river, appeared a canvas-topped, horse-drawn buggy, with a bearded, blue-shirted individual in a broad-brimmed hat holding the reins. Amishman Herman Stoltzfus was coming home from Lancaster market. Past the square, box-like white brick meeting house he came, turned into a hollyhock-bordered lane, pulled up in the trim barnyard of the nearest homestead, tossed his reins over a fencepost of bright "Amish blue," climbed down, and disappeared into the barn.

The main building of the Stoltzfus homestead was the huge red barn,

with its row of multi-colored, encircled stars, "hexenfoos" to guard against witches, on its great overhanging front. Clustered nearby were the smokehouse, the chickenhouses, and the pigpens. Behind the barn was a tobacco shed, every third board in its walls hinged at the top, and open for tobacco drying. As I watched, the bonneted hausfrau emerged from the springhouse carrying a well-filled wicker basket, with the rollicking watchdog, Wasser, loping about her long, bright purple skirts. Small Katie and still smaller Stephen followed, their arms full of fat red tomatoes and bursting ears of early corn.

As I sat on the warm stones, with bees buzzing in the clover and Herman Stoltzfus' cows lowing in the nearby pasture, I compared these Pennsylvania Dutch with the harassed, preoccupied, moiling throngs in the big city I had just left. Why are these people happy and satisfied, when so many "moderns" are troubled and uncertain, I asked myself. Is it because they farm the land and thus are not so involved in the intricacies of city life? Perhaps, but many who are close to the land live just as futile lives as any underprivileged factory worker. Is it because they are deeply religious? That may be part of the answer—my eye strayed to the plain, bare meeting house set in a grove of trees. Suddenly I had the answer. These people had courage; real courage, deep-

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

LITERATURE

SOPHOMORE SOBBINGS

(Continued)

II. Sitting In the Sun

The moist, sweet smell of mid-June hung heavily in the air over the Lancaster countryside, and a chorus of faint chirps and buzzes arose from the fields of tall grass and merged in the distinct hum that is inseparable from summertime on a farm. A lone tree was the only thing that broke the flat surface of the land: a gnarled, twisted tree, bent from compromising with the weather of a hundred seasons. In a crotch formed by two of the upper branches, a small boy sat dozing in the sun, his chin resting upon his knees, his eyelids drooping shut. He was fat and brown, the product of some seven years of much country food and many summer suns; his hair seemed to stand up all over his head in separate strands of various heights and thicknesses, like weeds. Muddy jeans and sweat-stained shirt blended with the color of his skin and made him almost indistinguishable from the many other humps and bumps on the tree itself.

He was not quite asleep, for he would jerk himself back into position in his perch whenever his head rolled from one side to another or his body sagged toward the ground. Stirring, he blinked a few times and yawned gustily. The leaves above him offered but little protection from the sun, and he was uncomfortably aware of the heat. Lazily he pulled apart the front of his shirt—it lacked buttons—and slowly scratched an expanse of brown, sweaty stomach. His hand wandered through his hair, behind his left ear, back to his stomach, and down to his bare feet. They were black and caked with dirt, but they smelled clean and fresh of the good soil. He appraised them solemnly, wriggling his toes one by one, slowly, and then all together, in quick succession. A ladybug paused on one big toe, and he let it crawl over his foot, enjoying the slight tickling sensation it created.

"Whar ya goin', Miz Bug?" he whispered. "Don' ya know yer home's gonna burn if ya don' watch it, huh?"

Suddenly he frowned and a rather pained expression came over his face. He'd had a brief but bruising battle with his sister Edna that morning over the one orange allotted for their lunchbox, and had chosen his safe retreat in favor of the schoolhouse or home.

"Shouldn't have done that, though . . ." He shrugged his shoulders and shook his head regretfully. Regretting, not the battle (which Edna had won), but the fact that he'd aimed a good kick at her starched gingham behind—and missed. No excuse for that, he thought, remembering that he'd caught Joey Barnes squarely in the seat of his britches just a week ago—and at a distance of at least five feet.

The bug wandered up to his ankle, but now he regarded it with distaste. "Did' I tell ya to git? I'm gonna make a poke fer ya and take ya down to the creek, tha's what," he said listlessly, and plucked a leaf from

overhead. He rolled its edges to form a small basket, nudged the bug into it, and watched for a few moments while it explored the floor of its cage. He squinted at the lowering sun, and after pondering his hunger for a while decided to go home in spite of what he knew to be awaiting him before supper. Nimbly he climbed to the ground and started toward a farmhouse far across the fields. Then, remembering his ladybug, he turned back and flicked it out of the leaf, saying firmly, "Supper time, Bug. Evvabody hasta go home fer supper, even if they are gonna eat it standin' up."

Ann McClymonds.

POETRY

THE DEPARTURE

JOSEPH

This room is filled with you—
Your shoes there
Under the chair
With the laces curling on the floor,
And your pipe on the table—
The ashes spilling out
And making a grey-white stain on
the cloth.
Your books around the walls.
Your dog on the hearth.
The heart of you here
Singing in the four corners of the
room.

O, come back to me quickly
On light feet,
For a cold hand clutches at my heart
And I am afraid
That you will leave forever
Instead of only going out to shut
a door
That the wind blew open.

Marden Armstrong.

SONG FOR AN AUTUMN EVENING

It is when the sun
Is reaching long fingers
Through the willow tree
And a lonely cricket is humming
Beneath a blade of grass
That my heart calls to you.
You come swiftly
And find me here
Among the asters on the hill,
And when night comes
We count the white stars one by one,
And then go hand in hand
Down into the town.

Marden Armstrong.

His job was to drive
The limousine—
Take Mr. Smith to work at ten
And call for him at three:
Drive Mrs. Smith to the country club:
Also take the children to school.
He was tailored,
Correct,
Polite—
And colored.
"But," Mrs. Smith would explain.
"He's very refined."

Mrs. Smith didn't know
That when Joseph
Tailored,
Correct,
And polite, even though colored.
Listened to rhumba music
Or drums,
He felt a queer weird pounding
In his blood;
Nor that he'd killed a man once
With a knife.

Marden Armstrong.

CHINESE PRINT

Lotus leaf,
Lotus water in an ebony bowl,
Pluck out a melody for me with your
laquered fingertips like fluted
parrot tails
Until I can only think of silver fish in
a jasmine pool,
And yellow butterflies on the hibiscus bloom.

Marden Armstrong.

Faculty Reception

Faculty members heard "May I present my little sister?" countless times on Monday, October 3, as big sisters herded little sisters through the first floor rooms of Andrew Mellon Hall at the annual faculty reception.

Miss Marks, Miss Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer received in the main hall and other faculty members greeted guests in the drawing room, the music room and the dining room, where Mrs. Gilmore, AMH house-mother, graciously presided at the punchbowl.

Music was provided by PCW's string ensemble.

"JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM"

By Maxwell Anderson

November 5

Sophomore Sobblings

(Continued from Page Thirteen)
er than that which we attribute to the national hero of the hour. Courage of their convictions—that was it! Courage to come to a strange new land, to establish homes and communities, and to live bravely and well. But, most important of all, these people have gone on where many have fallen; they have endured intolerance, temptation, and ridicule by those they call "wordly," and yet have maintained their ways and beliefs for centuries. They have not faltered and conceded to outsider's ways; they have not spent their time in useless theorizing; but they have gone on and *lived*—and, who knows, perhaps they have found the key for which others search long and vainly.

My musing was interrupted by a far-off ominous rumble; over the distant Blue Mountains dark clouds were piling. As I got to my feet, I chuckled to myself, "As Herman Stoltzfus would say, 'We're in for a herschel: it's going to make down for sure!'"

Jean Gray.

Faculty and Administration

(Continued from Page Seven)

Education Department, has returned after a year's absence, during which she received her Master's degree from Columbia University.

Newest arrival in the chemistry department is Miss Joan Dodds, just appointed as part time assistant in chemistry. PCW alumna Dodds graduated in 1936, had the honor of holding the Oyls scholarship. Although termed a new arrival, Miss Dodds is not exactly that, since she has been working here for the past three years for Dr. Wallace. Before that, she was with the Hall laboratories. She is the sister of present student, Doris Dodds, '43.

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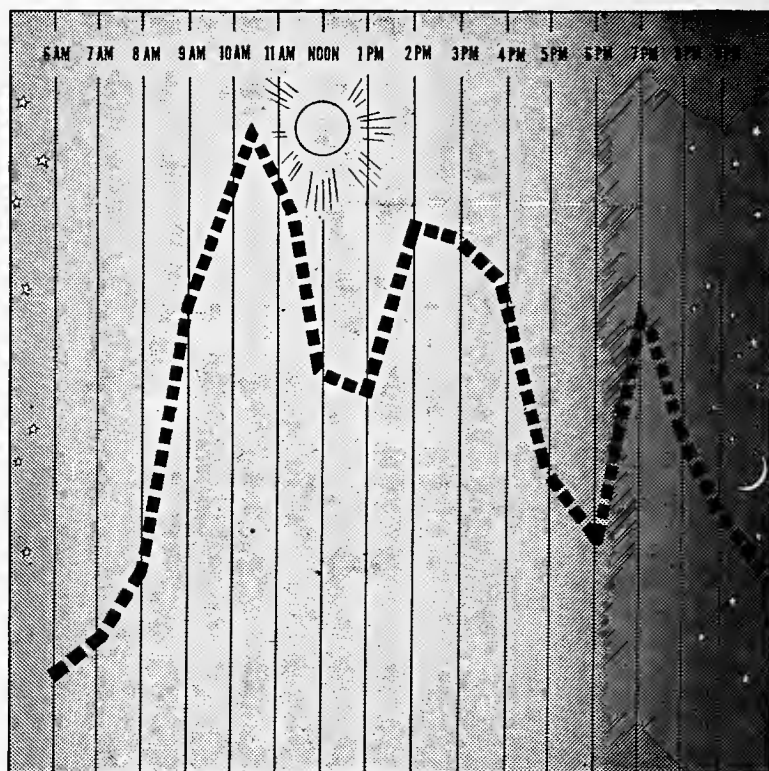
NEW STUDENTS

The freshman day students are: Lois Allshouse, Dorothy Barrett, Pauline Besenko, Jane Beck, Helen Brenner, Helen Bovers, Janet Brewster, Mary Jane Burtnett, Rosalie Calhoun, Mary Anne Church, Helen Clewer, Miriam Davis, Alice Craig, Nancy Jane Davison, Cynthia Dawe, Alice Demmler, Jean Dobson, Marjorie Elliott, Elma Emminger, Dorothy Firth, Louise Flood, Barbara Frank, Fern Gass, Barbara Haller, Jean Held, Nancy Herdt, Patricia Hull, Ruth Jenkins, Mary Kelly, Janet Kennedy, Marjorie Kohler, Mary Alma Lapsley, Marion Leach, Lois Lutz, Marjorie Mayhall, Betty McCrory, Mary Jane McFarland, Geneveve Meder, Catherine Mitz, Emily Montague, Betty Jean Nelson, Mearl Perry, Virginia Ricks, Marguerite Ringbloom, Marjorie Selleck, Patricia Smith, Eleanor St. Clair, Jane Strain, Edith Succup, Anna Thomas, Jean Thomas, Marion Updegraff, Betty Urban, Pauline Wilson, Charlotte Wray, and Mary Jane Youngling.

Freshmen in the dormitory are: Mary Jo Barr, Jane Beck, Olivia Bender, Helen Brenner, Peggy Chantler, June Collins, Carolyn Cosel, Martha Cox, Jean Dalzell, Anna Downing, Mary Gallagher, Jane Gilbert, Charlotte Gregson, Emma Griffiths, Alice Hanna, Virginia Harper, Audrey Heston, Phyllis Ingraham, Martha McFall, Jane Meub, Marie Minnemayer, Jane Murray, Emily Noll, Thelma Lou Paine, Georgia Raynor, Ann Richardson, Helen Robinson, Betty Shull, Patsy Speers, Nancy Strader, Marion Steuber, Jeanne Stewart, Marion Swannie, Monica Villa, Virginia Volkay, Winifred Wise, Jane Wood, and Helen Young.

The transfer students are: Betty Brown, Marion Cruciger, Patsey Culey, Margaret Donaldson, Helen Doemberger, Jacqueline Eckely, Mary Elizabeth Grove, Gladys Heimert, Louise Johnson, Kelly Jones, Betty Kerr, Joanne Knauss, Elizabeth Molvie, Frances Monroe, Mary Lou Oesterling, Jean Patterson, Hila Simon, Barbara Steele, Margaret Suppes, Martha Jane Truxel, and Mary Lee Ullom.

THE BEST TIMES TO MAKE LONG DISTANCE CALLS



ALTHOUGH it looks something like a sunrise over Pike's Peak, this is really a chart showing the ebb and flow of Long Distance calls during an average day.

Notice the sharp peaks in mid-morning, mid-afternoon and at 7 P. M.? That's when Long Distance lines are most crowded these busy days. Defense activities have put an extra heavy load on telephone facilities.

If you avoid these three peak periods, you'll get faster service on your calls—and you'll be helping to "speed the calls that speed defense."



The ARROW

Vol. XXI

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., November 12, 1941

No. 2



Carl Sandburg Explains

(See Page Seven)

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Wrong Attitude

It has long been the custom at PCW to try to make the freshmen feel at home from the very beginning. Everything is done to help them adjust themselves, to assist them in become acclimated to college life as quickly as possible. They are sent to counsellor groups to learn the ropes; they are given big sisters to help them over the rough places. They are entertained at parties such as the Big Little Sister Dance and Open House. They are given posts on committees that are concerned not only with their own class activities but also with general school affairs. They are encouraged to participate in upperclass doings.

And this is as it should be. There should be hazing, no period when it is necessary for them to play the part of the underdog. Such treatment has no place in the college picture of 1941.

But that is no reason to believe that the freshmen should do nothing in return, that they should sit and wait until everything is placed at their feet.

That there has been such an attitude this year cannot be denied by the freshmen, nor will it be contradicted by the upper classes.

Somehow the idea has spread that the freshmen have a right to expect everything handed to them on a silver platter. They are willing to accept things as they come without considering what they might do in return.

To make our case clear, we have but to cite one instance. Last Saturday night, the Freshman counsellors planned an Open House for the freshmen. They made all arrangements, called upon the freshmen, who had requested the affair, only to help with the decorations. On Saturday afternoon, one freshman appeared in the chapel to decorate. The work was done by upperclassmen.

This is not the only example of poor cooperation on the part of the incoming class. We might mention such things as the traditional Hallowe'en "costume" dinner for which some of the freshmen did not dress because, as one of the class of '45 was heard to remark . . . "it's only to humor the upperclassmen," the lack of common courtesy on the part of a number of girls, and the disrespect shown to members of the house board when they try to enforce quite rules in the dormitory.

On the other hand, the Freshmen have shown us they really do have spirit, as in the Freshman entertainment, which was tops. This proves that the class as a whole has the right cooperative attitude and leads us to believe that it is but a small group that has not learned the principles of give and take. Or it is thoughtlessness?

Whatever the trouble may be, we feel that a little effort on the part of the new students, who till now have shown little desire to conform, will not only make happier relations between them and their fellow classes but also will establish unity within their own class.

Support AA

The Athletic Association is one of the most important organizations in the school. It is the purpose of AA to promote cooperation and good sportsmanship, to provide a sport for each individual: for those who like hockey there are the class hockey teams and the possibility of being chosen for the honorary Army and Navy teams. Tennis, badminton, and swimming are offered, and for those who prefer less active sports, there are golf, horseback riding, and archery. For those who have keen eyes and recognize the thrill of good marksmanship there is the rifle team.

Your college life should be well-rounded. The girl who spends her time developing only one or two sides of college life is losing the sense and meaning of it, is failing to take advantage of the opportunities open to her. Your participation in the AA teaches you the spirit of cooperation, of team work, and the sense of fair play. It teaches that when you lose you must turn that loss to advantage, profit by the mistakes you made, that to give up is the only real failure.

AA is *your* organization. Its place in college life is the place you make for it. Your support of AA should be as unthinking and loyal as your support of the school itself, and the development of the healthy spirit of rivalry and competition should be your concern, for it is *you* who will profit by it, who will get the most from it.

EVENTS



"... Freshman Choice"

ELECTIONS

Heads Freshmen

Blond, smiling Polly Wilson, newly elected chairman of the freshman class, finds herself deeply engrossed in the numerous freshman activities, and loves it.

A graduate of Peabody High School, Polly was president of the Leaders' Club and an officer in the National Honor Society. Here at PCW, Polly believes that she may major in chemistry with an eye to becoming a chemical librarian.

As for hobbies she is interested in just about everything, but she did tell us that she loves to knit. Polly likes most sports, favors ice skating. At present she is learning to figure skate, is becoming quite proficient in that sport.

Plans Prom

No novice at committee work is competent Jane Evans who has been elected chairman of Junior Prom. Since coming to PCW from Wilkinsburg high school, Jane has taken part in Dramatic Club productions, worked on the **Arrow** staff, taken an active part in the AA, having played both hockey and tennis

during her freshman year. Her sophomore year found her serving on dance committees, working for the YWCA.

Other members of the Junior Prom Committee are: Elizabeth Shipley, Phyllis Tross, Betty Brown, Eleanor St. Clair.

Nominating Chairman

Senior Bea Dobson, newly appointed chairman of the permanent nominating committee, collects books, is interested in the Personal Library Contest to be held this spring. Bea lives in Forest Hills, was graduated from Wilkinsburg high school, spent her freshman year at the University of Michigan. Since coming to PCW, she has been an active committee worker.

Appointed to aid Chairman Dobson on the permanent nominating committee are: Janet Murray, Nina Maley, Jane Evans, Joan Bender, Jean Dobson (no monopoly here, as Jean is not related to Chairman Bea).

AA Representative

Freshman AA representative Alice Craig comes to PCW from Crafton. A graduate of Crafton High, Alice was president of the National Honor Society, was active on the school paper and the class yearbook staffs. She will probably major in English and eventually go into retail training.

While Alice enjoys a good game of pingpong, she likes all sports, says she has no particular favorite. When it comes to dance bands, however, she has something more definite to say. Partial to Tommy Dorsey, Alice has quite a collection of his records.

DEFENSE

On Campus

Right in the stride of President Roosevelt's defense program is PCW under the guidance of our own forward-looking president.

Last week Dr. Spencer inaugurated a civilian defense program at PCW when he appointed Dr. Edward Montgomery, head of the sociology department, general chairman. Assisting him are five committee sub-chairman including Dr. Ferguson, heading the Defense Training Committee; Dr. Martin, Conservation of Defense Materials; Dr. Wallace, Fire Prevention, Madame Owens, War Relief; and

Miss Walker, American Unity. Each faculty member has been asked to cooperate with Dr. Montgomery and to offer his services on one of the committees. Various student-leaders will be appointed to assist the committee heads.

Already Dr. Ferguson has organized her students' First Aid class, (see page 2) which meets every Friday afternoon for two hours. The faculty class in First Aid is held on Tuesday evenings in Andrew Mellon Hall.

The knitting group of YW is aiding Madame Owens' committee, Claire Horwitz and her group are working on a Christmas shipment for refugees in London.

Miss Walker is formulating plans for a "Bill of Rights Day" for the very near future; Dr. Wallace is planning bigger and more effective fire drills.

In the Office

Only woman teaching in the Penn State Division of the National Defense Training Course, Miss Hannah Gunderman spends Monday and Wednesday evening from 7:00 to 10:30 teaching office management at Peabody High School. There are 67 men instructors in the defense courses; Miss Gunderman makes the 68th member of the teaching staff.

Her students include many people who are working at present in offices in the Pittsburgh district, people who are taking the course to find a scientific and more efficient way to manage the many affairs in an office. Various methods of filing, familiarity with the types of business machines are only some of the subjects discussed during the class periods.

Miss Gunderman worked for a time with a budget director and spent a summer at Columbia University, where she took a course in office management, thereby gaining some of her adequate knowledge used in teaching this defense course.

In Industry

Dr. Spencer goes to Pennsylvania State College on Thursday to conduct a forum on the Defense Training Program for the National Association of Manufacturers. Three things are to be discussed: the emergency defense training of technical personnel, the adjustment of the individual to education and industry, and the post-war adjustment of education and industry.

EVENTS

SOCIAL

Fall Dance

Junior-Senior

Chairman Marjorie Higgins aided by able committee members Jane McCall '43, Marion Cruciger '43, Ruth Patton '42, and Midge Norris '42, has announced that Jimmy Stewart's orchestra will provide the music for the Junior-Senior Fall Formal scheduled for Friday night, November 14, from 9:00 to 12:00.

According to vivacious Chairman Higgins, theme of the dance is to be popular songs of the day, will be carried out in the decorations. Pictures representing boy-meets-girl songs, girl-loses-boy songs will cover the walls, musical notes will dance on the pillars, do re mi fa sol la ti do will climb the stage in back of the orchestra.

Frosh-Soph

Freshman-Sophomore Fall Formal will be chairmaned by Sally Frick '44 whose committee members are: Mary Schwab '44, Margaret Griffiths '44, Cynthia Daw, '43, Jane Wood, '43, Dale Sommers' orchestra will play for the Frosh-Soph dance Saturday night, November 15 from 9:00 to 12:00.

"We want to have a sort of formal-in-the-rough idea," says Chairman Frick, "and we hope to have small cabaret-style tables around the floor . . . perhaps red-checked table cloths. We've even heard requests for a floor show, but that remains to be seen."

Sadie Hawkins Dance

Saturday night, November 8, from 8:30 till 11:30, spotlights were turned on the class of '45 and their guests from Pitt, Tech, and W. & J. at PCW's first "All Freshman-Transfer Open House."

A Sadie Hawkins Day theme prevailed throughout the chapel with the familiar character representations as decorations.

Novelty dances including a Paul Jones, Lost Shoe, and Matched Numbers, added to the fun as couples danced to the latest recordings offered by the orchestra—a first-class juke box.

Fashions for the evening were sweaters and skirts, pearls and rib-

bons—as featured by the best dressed college girl this year.

Sponsors of open house were freshman adviser Jane Fitzpatrick, and freshman counsellors Amy McKay, Jean Archer, Nina Maley, Jean Wyre, Marion Teichmann, Sunny Croft, Ellen Copeland, Margaret Graham, Julie Wheldon and Louise Wallace.

Frosh Entertain

The time, November sixth; the place, Dilworth Hall; the purpose, Freshmen entertainment; the result, fun!

Dinner at Six

After the dinner at six planned by Jean De Woody and executed by McCann's, the student body adjourned to the chapel for several hours of original entertainment by the freshman class.

Latent Talent

There were long hard practices while the girls perfected their skits. Results brought forth some latent talent. During the course of the program a skit showing the difference between a past and present date was presented and a scene revealing barber shop life at PCM (Pennsylvania College for Men) with gay nineties songs and costumes.

Tunes and Take-offs

There was also a Jitterbug Dance, a harp solo by Helen Young, a song by Petie McFall, monologues by Billie Lapsley and Elma Emminger, song parodies arranged by Marie Minnemeyer, a telephone skit, an original poem written and read by Nancy Herdt, a few scenes in the "Hellzapoppin" style, an accordion solo by Pauline Basenko, a take-off on a faculty member, and the surprise—which of course you know turned out to be a Truth and Consequences game with prominent school and faculty members taking part. If you enjoyed it, the freshmen are glad and they assure you that they await with glee the faculty performance on Saint Valentine's Day.

The committee for the evening was headed by Carla Gregson with Ruth Jenkins as her sophomore adviser. Their assistants were: Janet Brewster, Billie Lapsley, Patti Smith, Louise Flood, Peggy Chantler, Virginia Volkay and Marion Swann.

Kiski Entertains

Saturday, November 1, four sophomores, 24 freshmen, and Miss Anderson traveled the 29 miles of Route 80 to Kiski Preparatory School. Promptly at 8:30, the special bus drew up at Kiski gymnasium. Looks of amazement spread over the girls' faces when they realized that all the boys wore uniforms—snappy blue-gray uniforms acquired just two days previously.

The dance got under way when girls and boys matched numbers assigned to them by master-of-ceremonies, J. L. Marks, Jr. A PA system and over a hundred borrowed records furnished the music. Entertainment was offered by overgrown "Quiz Kids." Features of the evening included a Cinderella dance, a Paul Jones, a balloon dance, jitterbug contest, and a game of Musical Chairs. Kiski bid PCW goodnight, presented the girls with a bag of doughnuts to stave off starvation on the long journey home.

Soph Tea

Wednesday afternoon, November 5, found the sophomores being entertained at a tea given for them by their faculty adviser, Dr. Martin, at Andrew Mellon Hall. Receptionists Barbara Caldwell, Joan Bender, Marjorie Harter, Peggy Craig, and Jean Bacon greeted the guests as they entered the Hall. Aides Norma Lewis, Martha Harlan, Jean Rigau-mont, Gladys Bistline, Mary Lou Reiber, and Virginia Grey served butter-pecan ice cream, meringue shells, nuts, mints, coffee and tea. Mrs. Spencer, Dr. Douth, Dr. Andrew and Dr. Butler poured.

Special guest at the tea was Dr. Spencer.

UPSET SENIORS

First major upset of the year at PCW occurred during the Color Day Song Contest (Arrow, October 15), when a two year precedent was broken. Head Judge Collins fumbled with his papers, dropped them, finally recovered in time to award the prize to the thrilled class of '44. Jubilant sophomores who had worked hard, went wild over their honor. Downcast seniors appeared next day in deepest black, hung a funeral wreath on their bulletin board.

EVENTS

Ladies in Retirement

Speech majors, busy with final rehearsals on their annual play, *Ladies in Retirement*, are planning a big week-end for themselves and audience. To be given Friday and Saturday, November 21 and 22, this year's show should evoke thrills and shudders from spectators. Afterwards, PCWites, dates, after a quick change of scenery, will dance to record music played by top name bands, via the recently installed public address system from the radio room. An innovation this year, dance is free; play will be 55c (including tax) for outsiders, and as usual, free to PCW students.

One Man—One Murder

The play boasts a real flesh-and-blood man in its cast. Tom Jones, senior dramat at Tech. was brave enough to venture within PCW's female-infested portals to play the part of Albert Feather. With a summer's experience at Tech with *Ladies* Tom should know his way around among the girls by this time.

Called by *Theatre Arts* a "successful London murder yarn concerned with a quiet spot of homicide committed with dignity in a timbered cottage on the Thames estuary," *Ladies in Retirement* was authored by Edward Percy and Reginald Denham. Most of its characters are house guests of fat, fiftyish Leonore Fisher, retired actress. Ellen Creed— austere, sinister, and "burdened with two mildly lunatic sisters"—makes prolonged visits with her relatives; plot is complicated by appearance of Albert Feather, another member of the Creed family who is a "thief as well as a rotter, and who spends the last two acts . . . unraveling the plot."

Double Cast

Ellen Creed is played by Lorraine Wolf, Emily Creed by Helen Jane Taylor, Albert Feather by Tom Jones. Rest of characters are doubly cast, Elizabeth Warner and Claire Horwitz portraying Leonore Fisher, Jane Evans and Gerry Strem taking part of Louisa Creed, Claire Horwitz and Virginia Gray in role of the sister, and Lucy being played by Alice Provost and Barbara Weil.

A London success, *Ladies in Retirement* was next produced in New York, where it was one of the Broadway hits of a season ago, then taken

on a tour of the country as a road show. Only recently released for amateur production, it is in great demand everywhere.

Science Weekend

Cold, food, fun, and Cook's Forest! That was the program for the seventeen science majors and faculty on their annual trip, October 25-26. Leaving the worries of school behind them at noon, they had a carefree weekend and memories galore to tide them over the year.

Among the group were Dr. Doult, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Dr. Scholl, his mother and sister, Dr. Wallace and his daughter, Louise. The chemistry and biology majors were about evenly matched, totaling ten.

Opinions Differ

Many were the aching limbs rubbed with alcohol (not that distilled in Buhl Hall) and the swollen feet bathed in hot water after the "little" Saturday evening walk, about which there is still much argument. Some insist they hiked seven miles while others go so far as to claim it was eleven. Incidentally, the pace was set by Dr. Doult and Dr. Wallace, who really had the others stepping.

Nutritious Menu

Food almost became a problem, for the food committee had counted on only twelve persons, but fortunately nobody came away hungry. Edith Cole, in her nutrition class, insisted that it was a very nutritious weekend. "I even helped plan the menu." Mary Pat David almost came up to her last year's pancake record, and for a while it was a draw as to which would hold out longer—Mary Pat or the food. The seniors decided to come back again for the trip next year, no matter what.

First Aid

On the 31st of October, the First Aid course, one of the Y. W. interest groups, met for the first time in the gym with an enrollment of thirty-two.

The course started as an outside activity of the biology classes under the supervision of Dr. Martin, head of the biology department. Because of increased interest and the requirement that all schools, department stores, and public buildings have a unit functioning as a First Aid Department, it was included in the Y. W. program.

Director Garrett

The group is now operating under the direction of Eleanor Garrett, a junior who has had four years' training in the course and is assisted by Miss Graham, Miss Errett, and Dr. Ferguson. They have arranged for the material to be covered in ten weeks including lectures, reviews of lectures, and practical return demonstrations. The classes are held in the gym from 2:30 to 4:30 on Friday afternoons as well as at ten-thirty on Friday mornings. The students are graded on their work and the grades are sent to the local Red Cross Chapter. They are then sent to the National Red Cross Chapter. After twenty hours of satisfactory work, the student is entitled to a Red Cross card authorizing her to act as a trained first-aid-er for three years.

Purpose

The purpose of the course is four-fold: to prevent accidents, to determine the nature and extent of injuries in case of accidents, to learn the correct thing to do, and to provide proper transportation in case of injury.

A survey shows the majority of deaths and injuries are due to accidents in the home and in automobiles. The Red Cross believes that by giving the public sufficient training in a first aid course the death rate may be reduced and many accidents avoided.

Alumnae Meet

The regular fall meeting of the PCW Alumnae Association, attended by 103 members, was a luncheon meeting. Guests included Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Miss Marks, Dr. Irene Ferguson, and Miss Irma Ayers.

Interesting reports were given by Dr. Ferguson on the newly equipped infirmary, gift of the Alumnae Association last June, and by Miss Marks on college activities. Introduced by President Spencer, home-planner Ayers told about new courses in Nutrition, Home Management, and Clothing.

Representing last year's class were Louise Caldwell, youngest member of the Alumnae Board, Jean Hammer, Mildred Johnston, Carolyn Martin, and Ruth Succop.

Present at the meeting was Mrs. Mary Llewellyn Irwin from Coronada, California, who attended prep school here in 1895.

PEOPLE

CHAPEL

Mary Gilson

Chapel speaker today was vocational expert Mary B. Gilson, author of "What's Past is Prologue," Professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, authority on problems of industrial employment. Her subject: "Are You a Spectator or a Participant?"

Well-known to Pittsburgh people, Miss Gilson began her professional career in this city as a librarian at Carnegie Library following her graduation from Wellesley College.

For the last ten years a faculty member at the University of Chicago, Mary Gilson has held diverse posts. She was vocational counsellor for a Girls' Trade School in Boston, employment manager for a mid-western clothing industry, member of the staff of Industrial Relations Counsellors, an organization of consultants in New York City. During the World War she established employment departments in Uniontown plants.

Author Gilson has made a study of labor conditions on the sugar plantations of Hawaii, of British unemployment insurance. She has traveled widely, observing industrial conditions in European countries, has spent six months in the International Labor Office in Geneva.

Mortimer Adler

"The Story of History" was the theme of Lecturer Mortimer Adler's address in chapel November 7.

Author Adler . . . *How to Read a Book, What Man Has Made of Man, Art and Prudence* . . . first gained attention in the educational field in 1930 when he was summoned to the University of Chicago by President Hutchins to be his right hand man in instituting a "return to the classics" theory of education. Through his publications at that time, he became known as one of the most brilliant thinkers in the United States.

From copy-boy to journalist, from journalist to philosopher, Adler talked, wrote his way to fame.

His *How to Read a Book*, published in 1940, was his first book for the man in the street, led the best-seller list, was written in a period of sixteen days: sixteen days, sixteen chapters.

Since 1930 Professor Adler has taught at the University of Chicago;

since 1937 has been visiting lecturer at St. John's College, Annapolis.

ACADEMIC

Speaker

Last Thursday Dr. Kinder left for Harrisburg to make a speech before the Association of Liberal Arts Colleges of Pennsylvania, Section on the Improvement of Teachers in our Public Schools.

Dr. Kinder spoke on the reasons for the lack of cooperation between the liberal arts teachers and the teachers of professional studies and education.

Who's Who

Dr. Nita L. Butler's fine work has earned for her a place in the "Who's Who" of American scholars. She is to be honored by the American Council of Learned Societies by being included in the first edition of the "Biographical Dictionary of American Scholars." This directory is published to help maintain a common interest among those working in the various fields of the humanities and the social sciences.

Dr. Butler is well known for her research in Italy and Pompeii, having spent three consecutive years abroad. At that time she had a foreign fellowship from the University of Michigan and three grants from the American Council of Learned Societies, although it usually is not their policy to offer more than two fellowships to one student.

Lone Woman

This summer Dr. Helen Calkins, of the mathematics department, had the singular honor of being the only woman member on a board of fifteen defense supervisors. The government organized educational units to prepare high school graduates for a part in the defense program, and this board was formed to supervise teachers who were sent out to the defense centers to conduct research and to evaluate the teachers' efforts. Dr. Calkins was the statistician for this research and the only woman supervisor in this part of the defense program.

When asked if the preponderance of male opinion wasn't a little overwhelming Dr. Calkins announced that the experience had been interesting, not frightening, since she had so often during her graduate work been the only woman student.

MRS. WATKINS ENTERTAINED

"I thought I was late or had done something wrong," laughed newly-wed Dorothy Hayford Watkins, speaking of the Faculty Club Meeting on October 21 when she sneaked into the dining room of Mellon Hall and found the other faculty members standing in solemn silence with punch glasses in hand. Not a reprimanding, but a party in her honor was Mrs. Watkins' due. Dr. Wallace proposed a toast to the bride, and Miss Robb, reciting an original poem, gave her the faculty's wedding present—a card table and matching chairs. "They took the ribbons off the table and the cake and put them on me!" she said, and giggled. "I guess we were all kind of silly, but it was a lot of fun and the table's BEAUTIFUL!"

EDITOR ON THE AIR

Last Tuesday, October twenty-eighth, from eleven-fifteen to eleven-thirty P. M., **Arrow** editor Joyce Wallis was a guest on the Greater Pittsburgh Presents program, heard over WJAS and sponsored by the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce. Joyce had been asked to participate in the broadcast because she won last spring the coveted prize, a one hundred dollar scholarship, in the Woman's Advertising Club of Pittsburgh's annual contest. The main topic of the radio program was a discussion of this year's contest. Joyce, of course, plugged the **Arrow**.

The contest itself will close next April and the club is most anxious for PCW entrants. However, the girls must be juniors. So keep this contest in mind, juniors, and try to carry the honors away again for PCW.

OPINION

CARL SANDBURG

Carl Sandburg—hobo, newspaperman, poet, biographer—talked to PCW students Friday morning, October 31.

Dr. Doxsee, before the lecture, said, "The question has often been asked and even by Carl Sandburg himself, 'Who speaks for America today?' and it can best be answered in two words: Carl Sandburg." Dr. Doxsee then asked Miss Mowry, who is a friend of Mr. Sandburg, to introduce him to the students.

Actually, Carl Sandburg needs no introduction. Any group of people anywhere—on construction gangs, in the sweat and grime of steel mills, in oyster white drawing rooms—will contain at least one person who knows Carl Sandburg intimately: knows him as he knows the milkman, his next door neighbor, his closest friend; knows him as he knows his own half-realized thoughts. To these Carl Sandburg is not only a man; he is the voice of the people, the nationalistic poet, truly American. But he is not only this. He is the voice of people everywhere who live and suffer and laugh and die, all nationalities, all races and creeds.

In his talk, Carl Sandburg spoke of war, spoke of it with the intensity of feeling of one who realizes the waste of all wars, the heartbreak which is the more bitter because there should be no necessity for it. He spoke of propaganda "... telling you what cigaret to buy, what car to drive ... emphasizing things, things, things!" And it was not because we had not heard these things before that his words kept the entire auditorium quiet, but because here was a man who knew and felt the things he said, who could realize the danger of them and communicate that realization with a sharp edge of feeling that remains fresh, not dulled through constant repetition.

He read some excerpts from *The People*, Yes, and a story called *The Alligator on Crutches*. "For those people who can spend hours figuring out the inner meanings in Browning," he said, "this story will provide hours of enjoyment. It has no deep inner meaning, it is just a story, but it has taken your minds off the war for a few minutes. I suppose some people would call it 'escape literature!'"

As always when he lectures, Carl Sandburg closed his program with some of the folk songs he has collected in his *American Songbag*, accompanying himself on the guitar. Encored twice, he was finally forced to refuse a third because of lack of time. "You have been very kind," he said.

When one talks to Carl Sandburg perhaps the strongest first impression is that he talks like his own poetry. His voice is resonant, rhythmic, and he pronounces each syllable very distinctly. His drawl, which is not only midwestern but Scandinavian, emphasizes certain words, giving them a peculiar intensity and power.

The first time he came to Pittsburgh, as he will tell you, he had a longer and less pleasant, though fully as interesting, stay as on this lecture tour. He had ridden the rails as far as McKees Rocks on his way to Chicago and there was picked up by a sheriff who got a certain cut on each

hobo. Carl Sandburg spent ten days in the Allegheny County Jail on a charge of vagrancy.

It is particularly interesting at this time when most people are looking to the colleges to preserve the liberal, democratic spirit to wonder what Carl Sandburg thinks of college education. That he cares little for its formal aspect is evident; when Harvard offered him an honorary degree he refused to wear the academic gown because he is not a college graduate. And he is not a college graduate because the spirit of wanderlust descended upon him four weeks before commencement at Lombard college, and he left without bothering to finish those four weeks. I think he believes that the essentials of college may not be measured by statements and degrees, by the right to wear a hood and gown, but rather by a more complete knowledge of oneself.

Carl Sandburg Speaks

October, 1941

"Follow your heart," he says
As he stands on the chapel platform,
Wearing a dark blue suit, his straight white hair
gleaming above his tanned face.
He leans on the golden oak desk,
And then his words roll on again
Like wheat on the prairie
Rippled by the wind;
Strong words that cry out freedom,
Something of Lincoln in them—
But the words mean less than his voice,
The spirit in his voice
That reaches hauntingly into the soul.
He slips a black ribbon over his shoulder
And his plain hands pick out a melody
On his guitar,
"Let my people go . . ."
His voice again, not the melody,
The singing spirit in his voice.
He bows his head quite humbly.
"Your faces have been kind to me," he says.
And then—a moment of deep silence
Before the applause.

MARDEN ARMSTRONG.

ARTS

PESCHA KAGAN

Artist At Home

For two days, two thrilled **Arrow** reporters trod on air. Pescha Kagan, when asked for an interview, had graciously invited them to have lunch with her, sent typed instructions to help them reach her home in Greentree.

Already attracted by her stage personality, reporters were pleased to find her an equally delightful hostess. Miss Kagan took such interest in them and their doings at PCW that the main purpose of their visit was almost forgotten.

Enthusiasm for Old and New

Entering the musician's attractive home, the nearest compromise to country life possible for a busy person with work to do in the city, a collection of bronze plaques—heads of famous musicians—brought from abroad was first to attract notice. An antique, carved wood nutcracker lying beside the plaques was eagerly scrutinized. Miss Kagan, recognizing the reporter's interest in things old, brought out books with pictures of old European buildings and architecture. But she reminded them that modern bridges and design also have their value and beauty, should not be forgotten in enthusiasm for the old. An appreciation of both, she asserted, is important.

After lunch, hostess Kagan confessed she was taking a day off, went for a walk through neighboring country lanes with **Arrow** reporters, while she answered their questions. Showing them her garden, she hospitably offered them flowers to take home.

Studies with Paderewski

Expressing her appreciation of her first PCW audience, she was most helpful in relating experiences she hoped the girls would enjoy.

Asked about her studies with Paderewski, she told of her first meeting with him, aboard ship. "We discussed general topics," she said, "besides music." Paderewski, statesman as well as musician believed that to be truly cultured in one subject, one must know the field which lies next to it. Later he heard her play, was much impressed. Result: she spent many summers studying

with him at Morges, on Lake Geneva. Reporters noticed an autographed photograph of the master who rarely signed his pictures. Miss Kagan treasures the last letter, now carefully framed, that she received from him in 1940. A partial quotation from it follows: "... I am sure that you deserve every success as well by your talent as by your ardent studies and relentless work. Having once, while you were studying music under my guidance, expressed my opinion about your great artistic qualities, it gives me now a personal satisfaction to know that my foretelling has become realized . . ."

Pescha Kagan also studied under the famed Schnabel, has a snapshot taken of the two of them. Among photographs inscribed to her is that of Walter Damrosch, under whose baton she first appeared with the Pittsburgh Symphony. A subsequent appearance with this orchestra was broadcast, while a third, under the direction of Fritz Reiner, took place very recently. Miss Kagan explained that a knowledge of all orchestral instruments is fundamental to a musical education.

Hobbies

Queried as to her hobbies, the hazel-eyed pianist promised to show her collection of original manuscripts of Bach, Handel, Mozart and Brahms; pointed out that in Bach the way in which he wrote the notes indicated the tempo he intended. Reporters spied and asked about a souvenir of a Vienna Philharmonic Schubert Concert and Ball held in 1930. Answer came as Pescha Kagan explained that the President, his Cabinet, and officials in full dress for the first time since the war, were present, glowingly described how after the last number had been played the Philharmonic began a Strauss Waltz which was picked up by the dance orchestra in the ballroom as couples slowly glided onto the floor.

Frequent Visitor

In weeks to come the petite musician with the charming smile will be a frequent visitor at PCW. Her series of ten lecture-recitals will extend into the middle of April. They will be given on alternate Mondays at 4:00 in PCW's new Art Center. Miss Kagan voiced her pleasure with the Art Center, was very pleased with the gardenias presented to her

at her first recital. Following her recital of Bach and his contemporaries (Monday, November 10th) will be a concert of Haydn and Mozart—next two devoted to works of Beethoven.

Anxious to meet all the PCW girls, Miss Kagan as she waved good-bye, called out to reporters that she would "see them Monday."

M. L., E. J. W.

Initial Recital

Monday, October 27, saw students, faculty, alumnae, friends of the college crowding the recital hall of the new Art Center to hear Pescha Kagan's first concert.

Dr. Spencer greeted students, guests, explained that because of defense priorities, the Art Center would not be completed for a week or two, expressed his gratitude to Paul Mellon for the building and to a friend of the college who made it possible for PCW to present pianist Kagan's series of concerts.

Dressed in black velvet trimmed with mink, Miss Kagan played, then charmingly expressed her pleasure in witnessing the dedication of a building to art and music in the present world crisis. As a tribute she played a number not previously scheduled . . . Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavichord*.

Miss Kagan's program included selections from Chopin, Beethoven, Debussy, and Shostekovitch. Responding to loud applause, Miss Kagan returned, played Scarlatti's *Sonata in C major* and Brahms's *Intermezzo*.

ART CENTER

PCW's Art Center, now formally open, houses music, art, and modern dance departments. Most impressive room, the recital hall with its gracious French door and windows, is to be used for student recitals and workshops.

The music department has four teaching studios, eight practice rooms, a music library, classrooms for music theory and music appreciation. Spacious and comfortable is Mr. Rosenbrg's Art Room.

Students' rest room, showers, powder room, and kitchenette add to comfort of Art Center, although latest reports indicate still no door-knobs because of defense.

FEATURES

Fiesta

General bedlam reigned in some four hundred Pittsburgh homes on the night of October 29th—mothers searched frantically for their Mexican rugs, fathers called pitifully for sashes to their lounging robes, sisters howled for their bright bandannas, brothers roared for missing neckties, and pianos stood bared of their silken shawls. And where were all these articles to be found? At the Fiesta!

Crepe Paper and Cornstalks

Berry Hall had its sagging face lifted in the South American way with decorations of all-concealing crepe paper and corn stalks. Girls turned carpenter and steeplejack to become regular manual laborers. One tried so hard to suspend a paper streamer that when she turned to get down from the ladder she found herself hung by a nail among the decorations. A sophomore helping load corn stalks on the roof of a booth got so much in her hair that she abandoned all thoughts of coming as a Spanish senorita and turned up as a country Jake. The professors were not exactly W. P. A. laborers either—four o'clock found Madam Owens sadly tangled in a mess of scotch tape, while other faculty members stewed over the recipe for the Peruvian popovers that they sold under the title of Picarones. Even while they were working so hard, a freshman was diligently painting a sign urging everyone not to patronize the refreshment booth because the teachers were unfair when giving tests.

Coronation

Coronation of Fiesta Queen Jean Patterson and a grand march started the entertainment in the evening. Janet Ross, hiding behind a bulbous pink nose and under an oversized top hat, officiated as master of festivities and introduced a bullfight—Louise Haldeman versus Higgins and Company. Picadors were Jean Wyre, Nancy Doerr, Jean Archer, and Betty Jonescu. Wiggling a wicked Conga, Gerry Strem and Barbara Weil gave two solo dances and then led an hilarious, if less expert, Conga chain. The prize for the most original and authentic costume was awarded to Jane Beck, who appeared in black lace and a mantilla.

The freshman Bingo game jammed

the cafeteria, while the sophomores' colored wishbones, ashtrays, and giddy hand-made pins, and the juniors' flowers and candy practically sold themselves. But it was the seniors' fortune-telling sanctum that took the prize for concessions—black crepe paper, a new moon, and silver stars graced the walls of the den, and the bigwigs in the wigwams—told fascinating, far-fetched fortunes.

Reward for Chairmen

Fitting climax to the activities and just reward for Fiesta chairmen Alice McKain, Margaret Graham, Jane Wilmot, Patty Leonard, Marjorie Higgins, Lillian Sheasby, Peggy Dietz, Peggy Matheny, Jean Faris, Jean Wyre, and Nina Maley, was the dinner given for them by the Roosevelt Hotel on November 3. Appropriate background for the dinner was the hotel's new Fiesta room. The girls and their guests, Jean Patterson and Monica Vila, were presented with corsages of tiger lilies. From Fiesta to honorary dinner to well-earned siesta—it's all in a day's work for them.

Fashions

With the Fiesta over and PCW still struggling with the Conga, our minds are settling back in the same old rut . . . hour-writtens and all that work we didn't do last week. But one little thought of pleasure has managed to creep into our harried lives and that is the one we will survive on till it's over . . . the Fall Formal. It's ever so near, so you probably have decided what to wear to gain that ultra-sophisticated look. But if we can't help you on that score there are still loads of off-campus dances in the next few weeks.

Nightlife

What would be more exciting than a black tulle dinner dress with a velvet bodice, and here's where a surprise comes in! White birds flutter all through the skirt! Not actually . . . but next best to the real thing, because as you move, the skirt swishes, the birds flutter, and there we are back where we started from. Another really top-flight number has a blue lame bodice and tulle skirt. The bodice is long-

sleeved and fitted and more of the lame stuff spills over the yards and yards of skirt. Yes, indeed! Bright, bright red still remains on top of the spectrum, and we therefore suggest a fire-engine formal of net with velvet bows and bands at shoulder and waist. The black-haired maidens will love the gypsy-type dress with a low round neckline bordered in black sequins which rival their own snapping black eyes. Imagine this one in a pale blue and black combination, or gold and emerald. Um-m-m-m!

If you want nothing more than to be a perfect fashion plate for the gala evenings ahead, by all means get yourself just yards of net to wrap around your pompadoured locks. Believe us, because we know, people will take a second look at you if you enter a ballroom with your head swathed in veiling and streamers trailing out hither and yon. It is a little daring we admit, but then that's the fun of any adventure!

On Campus

Back to the campus, for after all that's where we spend most of our time. For these chilly autumn days, and they're getting chillier every moment, the masculine jacket is still just the thing. In tweeds or smooth materials they come—or anything your little heart desires. Ever so popular with college girls on many of the Eastern campuses is the corduroy jacket with alligator buttons. You can wear them over shirts, sweaters or dickeys. They give that trim, tailored look which is so sought after these days.

Off Campus

There is no reason why you can't have a toasty-warm fur coat to snuggle into if you will just take a peek at the few we have singled out as deserving honorable mention. Mink-dyed muskrat wears like mad and you couldn't go wrong on this, for it has such a versatile personality it is seen everywhere from football games to formal dances. Linings in gay colors are new, so don't fail to investigate, say, an opossum lined with bright red. Or a nutria cape with wonderful shoulders and lined in aster-colored wool to match a softly tailored dress of the same wool. If your heart is still set on tweed, why there's the tweed coat with fur

(Continued on Page 15)

FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

Campus Talk

The Bull Fight is over, but the bull "ain't" (Carl Sandburg can use it—why not us?). Post mortems on the Fiesta—in case you missed something. Not only the faculty, friends, and student body turned out en masse for our South American heyday, but also a few of the Alumnae: Alice Chattaway, Gladys Patton, M. L. Marks, Ruth Ross and Peg Dunseath. It was great seeing them again. Also seen was Q. J. Bailey who is more at home here than a Senior on the F. D. R. plan.

Travel Talk:

Gas rationing and raised railroad rates do not cut our batting average. PCW's Penn State Pilgrimage has started again with the Fall House Party. Adherents of this classic pastime: Jackie Eckley, Donna Kihndle, M. L. Henry, Mildred Stewart, Jane McClung, M. A. Church, Carol Bostwick, Sally Frick, Nancy Maxwell, Mickey McCullough, and Marion Cruciger. Yale calls Marjorie Harter and Margie Anderson. Phyllis Tross, Fran Pollock, and Barbara Somers saw the Tech-Case game and Gussie made a trip down to Baltimore to see That Man. M. J. Burnett flew up for the Penn-Navy game to visit a member of the Army Air Corps. Lafayette greeted Alice Provost and Patty Wright last week-end; W. & J., Nancy Doerr and Jeanette Myers.

Just Chatter

Seen at the Kappa Sig Formal: Betty Molvie, Sally Meanor, Ginnie Gillespie, Ann McClymonds, Betty Jonescu, M. J. Fisher, Jean Wyre, Helen Young, Charlotte Shultz, C. Dodd, and A. Heston.

Jane Murray punching the clock 45 minutes late and telling the board, "I had to take my little brother to the Doctor's."

A. Richardson—pluck "I love him," pluck "I love him not." Daisy, daisy give me your answer true.

Combinations we like to see: J. Ross and Doug Dobson, Mauky Anderson and Sonny, and C. Stewart and Richard.

Latest addict of "Croon Away the Blues" is C. Horwitz who warbles "Jim" for the Defense men.

Add notes on faraway men: B.

Schull who received two phone calls from Michigan and many, many letters; Ruth Bristor whose man (a different one) calls from the same state. Also along this LINE we have a nomination for the 8th wonder of the world: M. Selick's F&M correspondent who never misses a day. Runner-up for title is Ginnie Hendryx.

Among the local wolf cubs: Nesbit up here again looking for unattached women. He drove Ann Driver and L. Rider home—watch that, gals.

Local intellectuals: J. Wheldon's men with M. A. degrees . . . and us with only a meagre B. A. wavering on the distant horizon.

Innovations

Innovations: B. Shipley who met a man at last year's Open House . . . fizzle, and met him again at this year's Open House . . . Explosion. P. Smith making a happy beginning at the Big and Little Sister Dance. D. L. Evans who celebrated a month's courtship with a new man (We retract the remark made about same in last *Arrow*—Ed.)

For a good chuckle ask L. Wolf about Ted.

Questions not to be answered: Why didn't J. Stuart accept the invitation to W&J?

C. Grepon sniffing with a bad cold caught in a convertible—Nuff said. Jane Wilmot lunching every day with Bill from one to four.

Add members to PPU: B. Caldwell and N. Davidson.

Well chillens, brush your teeth and comb your hair, close your eyes and say your prayer—and—well, we'll be back with you next month anyway.

M. H., G. S.

Career Girls

News has filtered—as it usually doesn't—into yon improvised *Arrow* office about last year's seniors and how they are faring in the outer chilly world. Frinstance:

Jane Shidemantle teaches English grammar and civics to an ornery bunch ("Scoop" and "Sailboat" being among her students) in Freeport, while Jean McGowan drills math into the heads of Steubenville's younger set. With three jobs from which to choose, Ruth Gracey ended up at a township grade school. Julie Wells, of the mean tennis racquet, is exercising her talents at the Y. W. in Erie.

Writers

We see ye olde *Arrow* ed Jo Anne Healey roaming the wilds of Flatbush hot on the trail of an elusive murderer whilst studying for her master's degree in journalism at Columbia. She also sits in on the committee that writes Mayor La Guardia's speeches and sees a lot of Rosemary Barck who is also at Columbia and staying at International House. Rosemary rated a picture and write-up in the July Radio Guide. Jeanne Anne Ayres works industriously from nine to twelve every morning on her first novel.

Stenos

Gladys Patton stenos at Westinghouse Air Brake while former roommate Alice Chattaway, receives and rebuffs salesmen at Westinghouse Electric, brought that ring out of hiding three weeks ago. Frances Johnson works at Mellon Institute, Susan Wooldridge at the Koppers Company, and Mildred Johnston in the laboratory of Columbia Hospital in Wilkesburg. Mary Rodd continues her library work at the Armstrong Cork Company, and May Oettinger is a chemist for the Duquesne Brewing Company. Taste-tester, perhaps?

More Stenos

Learning to pound a typewriter are Pat Kent, in Morgantown, and Charlotte Wolf here at Pinkerton's. Louise Caldwell is already doing stenographic work for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was recently elected to the Alumnae Board. Mary Linn Marks, assistant to the registrar at the central Y. W. C. A. down town, shares an apartment with Margie Longwell who is in the research department of the Koppers Company.

Louise McIntyre, with Carnegie-Illinois, and Elaine Fitzwilson, a secretary at Pittsburgh Steel, are doing most of their thinking (well—some of it) in terms of ingots and priorities. Shirley Clipson is a page in the tabulating department of the Union Trust Company, Mary Jane Daley is all tied up in her work in the film library, Betty Bacon is doing substitute teaching at Lansford. One of five Pittsburgh girls in Washington, D. C., is Natalie Lambing, receptionist at the central reservation bureau of T. W. A. Elizabeth Frey and Mildred Rudinsky are in a Hartford hospital (as employees, not patients).

(Continued on Page 12)

SPORTS



Donaldson and Anderson congratulate winners Keister and Wright

SPORTISCOPE

Seniors Hockey Champs

The Seniors are really hot this year. Just to upset your columnist's predictions, they cinched the hockey championship Wednesday the 5th as they swept to a thrilling victory over our selection, the Sophomores, 5-1. It wasn't a good game as far as teamwork, passing, and skillful playing go, but for pure excitement, it was a killer! With every man — or woman — for herself, the ball shot from one end of the field to the other with the Senior defense being superior. Outstanding in the game were the superb stick-handling of Phyllis Keister, the goal-guarding of Mauky Anderson, the alertness of Margie Higgins, all for the Upper-classwomen; for the Sophomores, the clever passing attack of Jean Rigau-mont and the all-round good play of tiny Nancy Raup, who wore herself to an even smaller shadow covering left wing.

The previous week the Yellow and White of '42 had flown triumphantly over their warriors as they galloped blithely over the Juniors. Those of the Rose and White were extremely disorganized and their playing very spotty as the Seniors overwhelmed them, 6-0.

Aces and Volleys

Phyllis Keister combined with Patty Wright to defeat the veteran Mauky Anderson and newcomer Peggy Donaldson, in the finals of the tennis doubles tournament. They stormed the net and assailed the base-lines to sweep three straight sets, 6-4, 6-2, and 6-4. New life in the tourney was Peggy Donaldson, sophomore transfer tyro, who gives promise of being one of PCW's outstanding athletes of the future.

New Notes

What's this we hear about faculty athletics? Let this be a lesson to you and take it to heart. When our faculty shows spirit enough to enter into the fellowship of good sports and companionship, we, the student body, should be ashamed of our attitude and cover our heads with remorse. Salutations and louds huzzas for the

profs.; we're sincerely proud of them.

DON'T FORGET! The Honorary Hockey Game between the Army and the Navy, Wednesday the 12th on our own field. See an innovation in the sporting world of today, the new six-player team. Come and root for your favorite. Bring pennants, cheers, and any old goats or mules you might have lying around. Surely you must have somebody's.

J. R.

Army and Navy Teams

Don't forget to be on the hockey field at four o'clock this afternoon for the Army-Navy championship game. Margaret Anderson is honorary captain of the Army team, Janet Ross of the Navy. The line-ups are as follows:

ARMY	NAVY
G....Anderson	Ross
C....Rigaumont	Fitzpatrick
L.I...Maley	Raup
R.I...Keister	Hazeltine
L.H...Patton	Craig
R.H...Donaldson	Springer
F....Bender	Driver

Substitutes

McCullough,	Higgins,
Noll.	Hendryx.

Managers—Norris; Harlan.

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OPINION

Campus Comments

If we seem rather pale and haunted this month the explanation is to be found in almost any *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar*. We were reading perfume ads and we came across that for Cobra. We think it strikes a new high in advertising through fear. The manufacturers (unless there aren't any, as we've suspected all along and it really is witches' brew) have named it Cobra "because you never know" and that sinister little phrase has been echoing through the pathways of our mind ever since we first read it. We have small mental pictures of terrified customers creeping up to perfume counters all over the country. They look about them cautiously, then: "Cobra" they whisper to a hollow-eyed clerk who immediately gives a loud shriek and goes up in a cloud of smoke. Running a close second to Cobra is Tabu, "the forbidden perfume," with an obscure sketch of a heavily shaded man clutching a woman to his heart with one hand and waving a rather superfluous violin in the other. We just haven't the mental stability to withstand the horror of this sort of thing. In fact, we have been so impressed that we are going right out to buy some Cobra and you may expect to see us slithering sinuously into our next party while some of the guests shriek and faint and others are mesmerised like rabbits.

One of the latest sports in the AA calendar is rifle and this year the freshmen seem to excel. We personally have always been rather terrified of anything that seems the least bit lethal, not only because we're not sure what we might do with it but also because we're not quite sure what it might do on its own hook with no help from us. However, as we said, the freshmen seem to handle their gats with perfect ease and we are even thinking of taking training from them in order to install our own peculiar type of home defense. To arms, America, we shout patriotically as the gun takes us by surprise and we shoot our dearest friend.

* * *

One of the most delightful bits of how to be nonchalant though frightened to death came to our attention recently with the return of Amy McKay and Barbara Maerker from the Vermont Conference. It seems there was a luncheon, one of those brutal affairs where they make you pay for your food by getting up and saying important things rather badly, and finally the quiz masters got around to the representatives from PCW. The two looked at each other blankly, got up bravely, and, of all things, brought forth the senior color day funny song. We wish we might have been there to watch the shock on awed faces as "Learn to be a greasy grind" rolled down the table. It was quite a success everyone said afterwards and we

imagine that it must have been excellent comedy relief after the youthfully sincere little talks the others gave. Sort of a nice memory of the school for the other delegates to take home with them and treasure. A little thought for the week.

One of the more confused members of the **Arrow** staff was having a slight spot of man trouble not long ago—nothing serious, he thought maybe she liked him more than she did and she was quite sure she didn't—and she went to quite a few people about it without getting any help at all. Just as despair seemed blackest a ray of light came as it always does, only this time in the rather strange guise of **Arrow** adviser Shupp who has always been so extremely helpful about everything else. Well, she took it to Mrs. Shupp all right and it did her a world of good, though she hasn't realized it yet. At least she's still wearing that puzzled stare she had on the day she told us about it. "I can't understand it," she said shaking her head mournfully, "she just sat there and laughed—oh, not nastily of course, not to hurt my feelings, but I just didn't think it was that funny." We think that Mrs. Shupp had the best idea we've heard of in a long time and we want her to know that when the **Arrow** finally descends to the level of advice to the lovelorn columns we would like her to take complete charge. We think it would be perfect if she could laugh at all of them, because it's the best way we know to settle almost anything at all. Including the **Arrow**.

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Career Girls

(Continued from Page 10)

Allison Meyer does graduate work in music at Carnegie Tech, Jane Hanauer has a position at Carnegie Library but still warbles here under the direction of Mrs. Ayres. Also returning to the fold for graduate study is Jane Zacharias.

Taking up careers of dish washing and dust blowing are young-marrieds Helen Weller, Jane Pierce, Dorothy Oliver, Anne Butler, Mary Kinter, Ruth Strickland (who hands out sample cakes of Sweetheart Soap on the side), Dorothy Geschwindt, and Anne Lindsay.

LITERATURE

THE LITTLE DOCTOR.....by Ann McClymonds

What is "fame" in a small town? To have a statue in the main square—a name plaque in the city hall? Or to have a woman listen to a child's cough and say, "I wish the Little Doctor were here!"? The Little Doctor, a squatty, sloppy old man, was not only well-known while he lived but is so well-remembered ten years after his death that unknown friends still place holly on his grave at Christmas time. In my opinion, he is really a famous man.

Every day for some fifty years, whether the tar on the streets was blistered with heat or swollen with cold, he could be seen making his rounds up the main streets and down the alleys of our town. From season to season, year to year, his costume-spotted brown suit bulging at the elbows and bagging at the knees, huge greatcoat flapping around his ankles, and battered derby hat sitting squarely and solidly on his balding head—never varied.

He was not a poor man by any means, yet he chose to look and act like one. He made all his calls on foot and would never ride in a car, except in cases of emergency, let alone own one. His shabbiness was not entirely due to miserliness, however, for he cared little for money, never bothered to send bills and consequently collected few fees. What little cash he did get from his practice sifted through his fingers into the pockets of the poor and the coffers of charities, good and bad. He seemed to have a knack of befriending the wrong people; beggars, peddlers, and gadget-sellers recognized him as an easy mark. A Polish girl came to his office one day selling magazines and stayed for two years as his housekeeper. He helped to send her through college and she rewarded him with the honor of delivering her fatherless baby.

His office was a shabby, airless cubbyhole in an old home that had been divided into small, dingy apartments. The waiting room was furnished with uncomfortable wicker porch chairs and scarred tables littered with magazines, and sometimes was actually jammed with patients. A mixed odor of chemicals, formaldehyde, gas fumes, and alcohol emanated from his small pharmacy, and was overpowered by the even stronger smell of his medicinal specialty—cough drops. The doctor concoct-

ed these potent brown squares in the basement of the apartment and displayed them prominently in the waiting room in huge glass jars. Like most of his other medicines, they were free, and in spite of their pungent, clinging odor were so tasty that many parents used them as bribes or rewards when less pleasant treatment was called for. I was among the hapless younger individuals who gagged on many a dose of castor oil in the hope that they might be followed by Little Doctor Drops.

The doctor's idiosyncrasies were almost innumerable, but everyone felt that a man in his position could well afford the luxury of being eccentric. His small feet were encased in thick-sole rubbers from the first of September until the first of May, and whenever he passed the schoolhouse on a cloudy day he would pause, inspect the feet of every child in the play yard, and say angrily, "Your rubbers, boys and girls! Remember your rubbers!" He loved children until they were old enough to talk, and then lost interest. His religion was to go to church every Sunday. There he would sit at the end of the pew, stretch his legs out into the aisle, and snore softly all through the service. When aroused by the recession he would sit up, rubbing his glasses briskly, and say loudly to anyone in the pew, "Excellent sermon! Excellent!"

The Little Doctor waged an unrelenting, if ineffectual, war on vice. Drinking, gambling, smoking, playing cards, and running on the Sabbath were his ideas of paving the road to Hell. His pet peeve was an ill-famed pool hall known as "Al's Emporium" which he had to pass daily as he made his calls. With baleful glances at the loafers around its doors he would always mumble, (or exclaim indignantly, if accompanied by some one else) "Straight to

the Devil! Straight to Hell, if I may say so!"

He depended greatly upon his patients to provide his dinners, and there were few evenings that he had to mix his bowl of toast and milk over the hot plate in his office. His first act at our table, after saying grace, was always to prop his feet comfortably on the shiny curved leg nearest him. The amount of scraping and scratching involved in this process caused great untold agony to my mother. His eating of the meal was accompanied by a loud gnashing and clattering of false teeth that fascinated me. It was always a great disappointment that his plates never became quite loose enough to fall into the soup.

One of the reasons for his great popularity as a doctor was the tireless energy with which he worked. When he said, "I'll be right over," he did not add mentally, as most physicians do, "... as soon as it's convenient." He would leave a dinner, a conversation, or a warm bed without the slightest irritation if he

(Continued on Page 16)

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LITERATURE

UNFORGETTABLE ADELE.....by Ruth Demmler

Adele was all that I can ever hope to be. She was a good mother, a gay companion, and a charming and gracious friend. She died several years ago, a young woman of thirty-two, ten years my senior.

My earliest recollections of her are as my piano teacher. Adele always loved music and during her lifetime she was organist in two churches and a member of the choir in another church. Teaching piano was one of her hobbies. I liked Saturday mornings because Adele would come to give me music lessons. My playing was mediocre and Adele must have been discouraged with me many times, but she never let me know how she felt. At times I was guilty of playing rather badly just so she would have to show me how "Tumble-weed" or "March Militaire" were supposed to be played, because I liked to watch her capable hands move up and down on the keyboard. Her broad hands were tipped with strong fingers that turned up at the ends. After the hour-lesson, Adele would chat with Mother for a few minutes and then drive away in her high old Buick. That was another reason I admired Adele. She could drive an automobile! Women drivers were in the minority

in the late twenties. I was proud to know one of that select group.

The first double wedding I ever attended was the one at which Adele and her sister, Charlotte, were married. How well I remember the brides going down the two center aisles in our church. I remember their white satin gowns and full veils. I remember the bridesmaids with their arms full of chrysanthemums tied with long golden ribbons.

After the first of Adele's three children was born, the music lessons were discontinued. But I did see her at least once a month. We both belonged to the NOMA Club, the letters N-O-M-A standing for No Old Maids Allowed. Some of the girls did fancy work, but most of the girls just talked. Adele, always the most ambitious member of the club, worked on quilts or rag rugs. She made more quilts in her short life than do most women who live to be eighty. She always had time to do things that she liked to do and at the same time efficiently run her city home and her farm.

Adele and her husband bought a farm near Conneautville. They spent all the time they could at their country place. As soon as the children had finished school at the end of May, the family would move to the country. During the summer months Adele canned beans, beets, apples, and peaches; drove the tractor; milked the cows at times; and helped her husband renovate the farm house. She helped dam up the creek near

the house so that the children would have a place to swim. In her bathing suit Adele tramped down weeds near the creek so that the children's legs wouldn't get tangled with dead stalks when the swimming pool was filled with water. Adele worked hard and whatever she did, she did with all her heart.

One summer I stayed at the farm for a few days. The monthly NOMA Club meeting was being held in Pittsburgh one of the evenings I was at Conneautville. Adele and I lay awake late that night and pretended we were at club. We could almost taste the chicken salad, hot rolls, chocolate nut sundaes, and coffee the girls were doubtless having. We didn't talk too long because we were both tired. During the night there was a storm. The old farm house swayed on its foundation. A sudden crash shattered the comparative quietness inside the house. What was it? I was afraid to move. Adele—Mother used to say that Adele had more nerve and stubborn determination than anyone she knew—got up quickly and searched the house for anything unusual. She came back to the bedroom laughing and told me to follow her. I went to the kitchen with her and there on the floor was the cause of the noise. The west kitchen window, frame and glass, had been blown onto the floor. Fortunately the glass was not broken. We put the window back in its proper place, went to bed again, and were undisturbed for the rest of the night.

Adele worked hard and conscientiously but she also liked to have a good time. She enjoyed football games on crisp fall Saturday afternoons; she liked swimming in lakes or creeks; and she was a good tennis player as well as a good golfer. She was a master in almost any situation. Her husband said that she was the perfect hostess, whether dressed in overalls, greeting the "gang" from the office at the farm for the weekend, or presiding over a candle-lit dinner table in the city, lovely in a black velvet gown.

Adele was a beautiful woman. Not the possessor of the kind of glamorous beauty that magazine-cover artists want; but the possessor of a clean healthy beauty that was more

(Continued on Page 16)

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Fashions

(Continued from Page 9)

tulle skirt. The bodice and tulle lining and there you have a bit of both.

A mere mention of suits is sufficient because everyone knows how indispensable they are to any wardrobe. Green wool with breast pockets and kick pleat front and rear makes a good background for any occasion. Beige is luscious and can be worn with a wide variety of colors. Top-notch is a suit with long, long jacket and trimmed with saddle-stitching. Wear a suit under your fur coat or topcoat to the next game and forget about those hot-water bottles and blankets.

You have always wanted a hat you could just plop on your head, regardless of what you were wearing, and still look mighty snorky. The new Eton cap comes in every shade of the rainbow and looks neat and smart at all times. Wear it with skirts, sweaters, saddle shoes and it's perfect.

So, females, the die is cast, as the saying goes; make the most of it. And we'll see you soon looking your loveliest at the Fall Formal.

M. A., J. Mc.

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GREYHOUND
LINES

The Little Doctor

(Continued from Page 13)

thought that he was really needed. For instance, on Christmas Eve ten years ago I was taken violently ill at seven o'clock—the doctor left his daughter's Christmas dinner and appeared at our door at seven-fifteen shifting his heavy bag from one cold hand to the other and smiling cheerfully. It was the last professional call he ever made.

He wandered up street to watch the last-minute shoppers and buy a bag of apples. There were crowds of youngsters, throngs of oldsters—and young boys driving trucks to help out in the delivery rush. He stepped out briskly to cross the street—the light was red, but then, weren't traffic signals just a passing fancy of the machine age?—and was down on his face in the street in an instant. They carried him into the nearest building—no need for an ambulance, they said—and the Little Doctor died without ever knowing what hit him . . . died on a bright red and green pool table in Al's Emporium.

Unforgettable Adele

(Continued from Page 14)

than skin deep. She was a tall well-proportioned woman with soft blonde hair and blue-gray eyes set well in a good complexion. She wore her clothes nicely and I remember that she looked especially attractive one Easter when she wore a navy blue suit and a large blue hat with a single pink rose for trimming.

The last time I saw her alive was at the farm. I had stopped there for a few hours on my way home from Erie and had eaten lunch with her. As I drove down the dusty country road, Adele and her three children were waving good-bye from the farm-yard. She died suddenly after an operation a few weeks later.

I shall never forget her because I am reminded of her every Sunday. When the chimes, installed in the organ in loving memory of Adele, are played, I think of her. When I glance at the choir loft, I hear her singing the soprano solo in the Easter anthem. When my eyes rest

on the chancel, I remember her as the Madonna in the Christmas pageant. And when I see Adele's three growing children sitting in the tenth row, I pray that they will not forget her.

Panther Invasion

Celebrating their first victory of the current football season, the "Pointless Panthers" invaded the campus last Monday.

Cars overflowing with exuberant Pitt men roared up Woodland Road for more than an hour—one shift left with almost a minimum of horn-blowing and yoo-hooing, and another arrived to take its place. Miss Bair took personal charge of the front door of Woodland Hall and valiantly withstood the advancing troops, sighed with relief when only a few decided to stay for lunch and the rest departed for more rejoicing elsewhere.



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The ARROW

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No. 3



—Photo by Nelson Crooks.

Merry Christmas

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

War has been declared and Americans who looked forward to celebrating Christmas safely remote from bombs and cannon are realizing that today an ocean is no barrier which can isolate us from events in other countries.

Even though most of us had believed that war would eventually come, that our peace was, at best, a precarious one, the sudden attack made by Japan on Sunday, December 7, and the events which followed came as a shock which has made the war, for the first time, a reality to Americans . . . The spilling of American blood on American soil has brought home to us the meaning of war.

Some have said bitterly, "What is there for our generation to look forward to? We can't plan ahead, things are so uncertain . . . it's all so futile." We must have no patience with such a defeatist and ignorant attitude.

Every generation has had to fight for its life. War, internal troubles, inflation, and all the evils which we have a tendency to regard as modern, have harassed every age. Each generation has had its dark period when what lay ahead seemed hidden in clouds of evil . . . when all

the pathways seemed the same and none a way out . . . when it was "futile to make plans because things were so uncertain." They fought through and so shall we . . . But not by sitting down and bewailing the futility of war.

Now is the time for action. We are not fighting this war because we feel that war is the way to settle things . . . any student of history knows that war settles few problems. We are fighting because we have been forced into it in order to maintain our way of life, our freedom . . . in order to save our very lives. It is a war we *must* fight . . . an unpleasant job that *must* be done . . . And there will be reconstruction aplenty to worry us after this is over. We shall have to work and fight for that, too.

We must remember that there will be many rumors and wild stories in this as in every war . . . We must remember to think carefully and discriminatingly . . . to accept no unfounded reports . . . to do what we can for straight thinking by not, ourselves, repeating unsubstantiated stories we have heard. One of the enemy's methods of attack is the circulation of just such stories designed to create a reign of terror. We must not aid in the establishment of such uncertainty here in America.

This year, more than any other year, we must recognize the deep significance of Christmas. By many of us Christmas has come to be regarded for its exchange of gifts . . . its dances and parties . . . the holly wreaths with their bright berries . . . the sweet-swelling pine trees whose needles drop softly to the carpet. These are but the external manifestations of Christmas.

We must remember the true meaning of Christmas when we hang our holly . . . wear the little bells and bright red bows . . . when we hear the old story of Christmas interrupted on the radio to bring the latest news flash . . . when we sing the old hymns whose beautiful message seems so incongruous to some. It is not incongruous . . . it is the expression of the Christian ideal, for which we fight against a man who has made his nation deny it.

We must remember not to hate. It is so easy to become bitter in war time, and bitterness warps our hearts . . . and we must have no bitterness to blind us in our days of reconstruction after this is over.

We must remember the message of "peace on earth, good will toward men" . . . remembering always that before we can accomplish the former, we must make the latter a reality in our own hearts.

CONSERVATION

One of the most important things to remember, now that we are at war, is that power must not be wasted. Students can help their country by remembering to turn off lights when they leave a room, by eliminating use of electricity which is not absolutely necessary.

If students would plan their days so that they make the most of the daylight hours, they would not have to work late at night: thus conserving not only electricity, because their lights would go out earlier, but health, because they would be getting more sleep.

Let us try to eliminate as much waste as possible, to conserve, as far as we can, those things which are necessary to our country now we are at war.

DEFENSE

CIVILIAN DEFENSE

On November 11, 1941, the anniversary of the proclamation of the armistice, PCW made a different sort of proclamation: announcement was made of PCW's forming a Civilian Defense Unit in the college division of Pittsburgh's council of defense. Thus PCW responded to the request of A. C. Marts executive director for the State Council of Defense.

A complete surprise to most of the girls, the organization had not been worked up overnight. Late in October when word of the request was first received, appointments to the various committees had been made. Dr. Edward W. Montgomery was appointed General Chairman of PCW's civilian defense. Under him were placed five distinct committees, each headed by one faculty member, one student member. These classifications are: Conservation, Dr. Martin, Jean Rigauumont; Defense Training, Dr. Ferguson, Virginia Hendryx; War Relief, Mrs. Owens, Eileen Wessel; American Unity, Miss Walker, Margaret Hibbs; and Fire Protection, Dr. Wallace and Ruth Bristor.

Concrete opportunities for service are implied in the work of each of these committees. It is hoped that each student will eventually find her place in this defense organization. Meanwhile Chairman Montgomery announces that "should any already organized group be desirous of a task to do in this civilian defense, we will be glad to discuss possibilities with them, and give them an assignment."

Conservation

A few days after announcement of the program had been made, alert Conservation Chairman Martin passed out pledges to be signed, has since had two hundred ninety-one of them returned. The pledge, taken from the one originally published by the Office of Price Administration, read: "As a consumer in the total defense of democracy, I will do my part to make my home, my community, my country, ready, efficient and strong. I will buy carefully. I will take good care of the things I have. I will not waste." Signed pledges will be sent to Miss Harriet Elliott, Associate Administrator, Consumer Division, Office of Price Administration. As chairman of sub-committees, these faculty members

are in charge of conservation of specific items: Health, Miss Marks; Textiles, (clothing and household), Miss Ayres; Food, Dr. Douth; College property, Miss Lasky, Miss McCarthy; Public Utilities, Mrs. Hubbs. Publicity Chairman is Miss Anderson. All students are asked to remember that by limiting their own personal buying to essentials, workers can be freed for defense production, and that in not wasting food, they are making it possible for the army to have proper food supply. Next specific item on Conservation agenda is a chapel program, January 12, which will be in charge of Miss Ayers and Jean Rigauumont and her student committee.

Disaster Chest

Faculty and student first aid courses are only one phase of the work carried on by Dr. Ferguson's Defense Training Committee. Also in this division are the Water Safety Committee (including the Life Saving Course) in Miss Graham's charge; a Nurses Aid group, under Mrs. Watkins, in which the Alumnae will participate; a recreation group which will eventually sponsor a training course for recreational leaders, chairmanned by Miss Errett, and a Food Committee headed by Miss Bair.

Dr. Holbrook's committee on hazards is in this division. This sub-committee has already made a survey of the campus, and pointed out specific hazards, making recommendations for improvements. A project, which will be mainly carried out by Mu Sigma—an already organized group—under the chairmanship of Miss Mowry, is the Disaster Chest. This is to be used in case of destruction of the infirmary. Two army trunks, belonging to Dr. Spencer and Dr. Wallace, will be used to store supplies: one will be for doctor's use; the other for laymen. A demonstration of possible equipment for these chests will be made soon by the Mine Safety Appliance Co.

War Relief

Under tireless chairman Owens, the War Relief committee is working quickly and efficiently, already has shipped Christmas bags as a part of the work of its sub-committee on War Emergency Relief, with Dr. Kinder and Jean Gray in charge. An important division of the group is the committee for Worn Clothing, of which Julia Wheldon is chairman.

Any wearable article of men's, women's, and children's clothing will be appreciated. All contributions will be carefully sorted, and those items discarded as not in good enough condition to be sent abroad will be turned over to Mrs. Harris, chairman of the Reclaiming Committee, who will change such articles into some usable form. Knitting is an important activity of the War Relief Committee, utilizing the services not only of the YWCA Interest Group, but also of other girls who like to knit and have volunteered their services. Claire Horwitz chairmans the knitters. Vance Hyde is in charge of the Production sub-committee to determine ways of raising money, while the Sales Force is headed by Mary Jane Harter and Janet Murray. Betsy Colbaugh, Amanda Harris, and Miriam Rosenbloom are in charge of publicity, while Dorothy Vale heads the clipping service. A bulletin board, constructed by Mr. Owens, hangs on the wall close by Mrs. Owens' office, announces news of committee doings. Treasurer for the group is Dr. Evans. All output of the War Relief committee, clothes, knitted goods, etc., has been sent to England, for London refugees, using the Secours-Franco American as a means of exit. Chairman Owens wants it clearly understood that the aim of her committee is, in so far as possible, to alleviate suffering wherever it is—in our country, and among all people fighting for the same cause as our own. Plans are being made for a Post-War Rehabilitation committee.

American Unity

Main aim of the committee on American Unity, chairmanned by Miss Walker, is to preserve morale. This will be done through Chapel programs on national holidays; (first one took place on Bill of Rights Day, December 15). Also planned is a panel discussion, under the leadership of Margaret Hibbs. This committee is now using a small part of the bulletin board marked faculty, which will probably be taken over soon for Civilian Defense.

Dr. Wallace and his Fire Protection committee are making a study of PCW fire alarm and drill systems, have already sponsored a fire drill. This committee includes the Fire Captains in the dormitory in its scope. When air raid precautions are undertaken, they will be classified in this group.

EVENTS

ELECTIONS

President Polly Wilson

Friendly, still smiling (see **Arrow**: November 12), Polly Wilson has passed officially, and by a unanimous vote, from chairman to president of the freshman class. Knitting and figure skating still hold her interest, but she has thrown herself wholeheartedly into freshmen plans. Right now, the play contest looms ahead, and according to Polly, "The frosh entry will be a most magnificent production and most certain to win."

Vice President Dalzell

Sharing Polly's sentiments on the possibilities of freshmen achievement, Jean Dalzell, vice-president, is helping to bring them to fulfillment. She feels that class unity is all-important. She is now making scrap-books for defense and has confessed that her great passion is collecting Norman Rockwell paintings and Hummel characters.

Secretary Chantler

Secretary Peggy Chantler, graduate of Oliver High, is a very active worker for war relief programs. She knits almost constantly, and now finds herself a member of the health conservation committee. Her great love is Mr. Chips (a dog), and she has aspirations to raise dogs and horses. She was finance secretary and room president in high school and may be a future speech major.

Treasurer Dobson

Jean Dobson, class treasurer, is aiming for a place in the world of merchandising. She is a graduate of Mt. Lebanon High School and just loves dogs, Spanish music, and jittersbugging. Here at PCW, she is a member of the permanent nominating committee and was on the advertising committee for Fiesta. Her present ambition is to learn to ski, and she is determined to accomplish it this winter.

Posters . . . Plugs . . .

From now on, anyone who wants a poster painted for a meeting, dance, or campaign, or a clever announcement made in chapel, or a publicity item put in the **Arrow** can contact

the newly-formed General Publicity Committee and place her problem in the capable hands of its members. Of course, any group which already has a working publicity committee of its own need not go to the G. P. C.

The general committee under chairman Amanda Harris is divided into three sub-committees. On the **Arrow** committee are Suzanne McLean and Miriam Rosenbloom. Barbara Weil is chairman of the chapel announcements committee, which includes Marjorie Higgins, Gerry Strem, Leona Painter, Alice Provost, Janet Ross, Billie Lapsley, Louise Flood, and Lorraine Wolf. The poster committee has Lillian Sheasby as chairman and Marion Kieffer, Billie Lapsley, Peggy Dietz, Jean DeWoody, Leona Painter, Lois Allshouse, Norma Lewis, Ruth Laird, Helen Dornberger, Marion Rowell, Patty Leonard, Aida DeBellis, and Evelyn Glick as committeemen.

Dr. Spencer Speaks

On Sunday, December 7, Japan treacherously attacked United States possessions in the Pacific Ocean. On Monday, December 8, the United States was officially at war with Japan. Monday morning ordinary chapel plans were changed to make time for Dr. Spencer, who addressed the student body.

Opening his speech with a prayer for "the men who were murdered yesterday," Dr. Spencer told the students that now the people of America must forget small quarrels and unite under the leadership of the President. "America . . . has been lucky to have a man who could see ahead in the office of President . . ." said Dr. Spencer, and students, agreeing with him, had reason to add that PCW too was lucky to have a President who could see ahead. The ESMDT program, which has been organized all over the country, has its largest enrollment in the state of Pennsylvania . . . twice as large as in any other single state . . . and the largest single unit in the country is centered here at PCW where 8,124 students are enrolled. PCW was the first woman's college in the country to take a lead in defense training.

Dr. Spencer asked the students to remember that now, especially, there

must be no waste, that we must conserve our health as well as materials, that the duty of every student is to do, as well as she can, the work that lies before her.

Discussion Groups

Activities Council

In answer to the growing need for discussion which was felt by the student body in view of current world affairs, a discussion group was formed under the sponsorship of the Activities Council.

Certain Thursday evenings have already been devoted to discussions of important questions, and afterward the girls have listened to the same questions debated over the Town Meeting of the Air. The attendance at these meetings has been fairly large and more of them have been planned.

Intercollegiate Discussion Groups

On January 13, PCW will be hostess to the city's Intercollegiate Discussion Group, composed of debate and discussion students from Pitt, Tech, Mt. Mercy, Duquesne, and PCW. Each monthly meeting features a dinner followed by a symposium at which a representative from each school speaks on a certain phase of the given subject. This is followed by a period of open discussion between the audience and the speakers.

Last month the meeting was held at Pitt; Evelyn Glick, representing PCW, spoke on *Labor Emergency Problems*.

Women in Defense

Under the Engineering Science Management Defense Training Program, courses are being offered in Ordnance Inspection to prepare students for inspector's work for the army and navy departments. In the course just completed there was only one woman. The war department, however, wants more women in these jobs; so any who are interested in mathematics, blue-print reading, gauges and gauging, shop processes, interchangeable manufacturing, professional relations—in short, in doing a man's job—remember the evening course scheduled to begin just after the new year.

EVENTS

Library Contest

Once again PCW will conduct its library contest for senior girls who are interested in books and who have accumulated personal libraries during their four college years. The contest will be held shortly after spring vacation by library committee members Miss Shamburger, Dr. Butler, Dr. Doult, Miss Errett, Marjorie Noonan, Norma Lewis, Dorothy Firth. This faculty-student group will be headed by co-chairmen Miss McCarthy and Joan Meyers, who express a hope that the contest will attract many of the girls.

Because the library contest is to become an annual event, Miss McCarthy urges under-classmen to build up their collections so they will be ready for participation in their senior year.

The library committee wishes also to call attention to the exhibit of inexpensive editions which was on display a few weeks ago. They feel that such an exhibit should prove to college students that it is possible to acquire a representative collection at little expense.

Incentive

The prize to be offered to the winning senior is ten dollars. The decision will be made on the basis of the wisdom shown in selecting books that will form the nucleus for a personal library in later years.

The rules of the contest are:

- (1.) A prize of \$10.00 will be awarded to the senior who has acquired the best personal library during her college years.
- (2.) All books shall be the personal property of the contestant and they shall bear a bookplate or some other proof of ownership.
- (3.) The libraries shall be judged on evidence of discriminating judgment shown in selecting books and in forming a nucleus for a personal library after college.
- (4.) Neither the size of the library nor money value shall have weight in the decision, and books that are distinctly textbook in character shall be excluded.
- (5.) The judges shall be persons familiar with and interested in books, but not members of administration or faculty.
- (6.) The books submitted are to be exhibited in the library.

Chapel Programs

Christmas Chapel

Christmas chapel was held today, December 17, with Dr. Carl August Voss, of the Evangelical Protestant Lutheran church as guest speaker. Glee Club sang several selections and the student body sang Christmas carols.

Bill of Rights Day

Last Monday, December 15, PCW, following President Roosevelt's suggestion for the country, celebrated the date as Bill of Rights Day. Miss Effie Walker, in charge of chapel, talked about the Bill of Rights, giving its historical background, showing its application in the courts of the United States.

Carols

Subject of the Friday, December 12, chapel, was the history of Christmas carols, told by Mr. Earl Collins. He explained the origins of many of the carols and showed how they have been changed throughout the years by the different countries.

Music Department

Every year brings forth some original compositions by PCW music students, this year no exception. For December third's chapel program included both originals and others. Small, dark Marjorie Norris '42, played two of her own compositions, *Twilight*, and *Waltz in C minor*. College pianist Marion Cohen '44, played her *Variations on a French Folk Song* and also Chopin's *Etudes in F* and *in G flat*.

Other contributions to the program were Delius' *Dance for Harpsichord* and Brahms' *Intermezzo*, played by Jacqueline Eckley '44, and Hageman's *Miranda*, sung by Gladys Cooper '42, accompanied by organist Collins at the piano.

Under the able direction of Miss Helene Welker, the program aimed to acquaint all of PCW with the productions of its music department.

Play Contest

With the swiftly approaching second semester will come February 18, the night of the class play contest sponsored annually by the Activities Council. Following on the heels of the faculty's Valentine performance, it looks like another friendly tussle between classes. This time the weapons will be "original plays done in original ways" with

each class bringing forth its own creation. The seniors and the faculty will sit in the seat of Judgment. (Seniors present what they are pleased to think of as their "chef-d'oeuvre" in May). Class presidents are about to pull the trigger for this fight to the finish with the announcement of committee chairmen.

National Assembly

Miami College in Oxford, Ohio, will be the scene of the National Assembly of Student Christian Groups meeting December 27 to January 3 to discuss "Christian Living and Social Reconstruction."

Representatives from nation-wide YWCA's and YMCA's will attend the conference. YW President Betty Gahagen, Norma Bailey, and Ruth Notz will represent PCW.

Pittsburgh students have prepared for this national assembly in three district conferences.

SFC REPORT

On Friday, December 5, the Student-Faculty Council met to talk over problems confronting the school. Council members met in Miss Marks' sitting room in Andrew Mellon Hall.

It was suggested that many students do not fully understand the point system of averaging grades and that this be explained in the next issue of the *Arrow* (see page seven for explanation).

The report on the vote taken in SGA concerning the Valentine Dinner was brought up and discussed. The students had voted to have the two upper classes and the two lower classes eat together, instead of having the former arrangement, which made a division between the dormitory students and the day students. The Council felt that it might not be possible to make the necessary catering arrangements, but decided that members of the Council should investigate to find out if such arrangements can be made.

Many students have complained that there have been time, when several hour writtens have been scheduled for the same day. The council decided to remind professors that hour writtens must be signed for in Miss McFarland's office a week in advance to avoid is many such conflicts as is possible.

EVENTS

SOCIAL

Dancing in the Clouds

Hold on to your halos, girls. There's a big surprise coming . . . The Day Student's Christmas Dance! No ordinary party is this! It is a real trip to Heaven—above the vegetation and smog line. So fasten your wings; the express leaves at 9:00 and we'll be dancing in the clouds 'til 12:00.

Under their dependable chairman, Justine Swan, a diligent group of girls began before Thanksgiving to materialize their vague plans.

Working hard making bows, angels, and secrets which are part of the surprise are Chairman Helen Dornberger, Marion Springer, Norma Lewis, Norma Bailey, and Suzanne McLean. If you're wondering who's responsible for those swell signs that made you decide to come, it was Chairman Amanda Harris and Committee Lillian Sheasby. They also are arranging for the flowers. The exciting orchestra was arranged for by Chairman and Committee Barbara Weil. And the committee for those attractive programs you just bought consists of Shirley Mays, Chairman; Evelyn Glick, Ruth Lynch, Virginia Alexander, and Nancy Raup. (Incidentally, Amanda Harris drew the program cover.)

In the receiving line will be Dr. and Mrs. Martin, Dr. Andrew, Barbara Caldwell, Justine Swan, and Dr. and Mrs. Spencer and Dean Marks who will divide their time between the two receiving lines of the two dances.

The chaperones will be Dr. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Shupp, and the day students would like to extend an invitation to all the Faculty.

So you see, it's all set. All we want is you. And you'll be there for only \$1.50 for you and Jack. Now polish your halo and put your best face forward. You're Dancing in the Clouds tomorrow!

Snowballs and Santa

Tomorrow night at six-thirty, dormitory students, faculty, and guests will assemble in the holly-decked

dining room for the annual Christmas dinner, will find their places at the candle lit banquet tables by means of snowmen masking as place cards, created by Jane Beck and her committee: Amy McKay, Jane Ruch, and Kay Morse.

Jean Patterson hopes to have a big snowman as well, although her decorating committee, Marjorie Hibbs, Nancy Doerr, Peggy Suppes, Nancy Maxwell, Evelyn Fulton, Peggy Chantler, and Jane Meub expect to concentrate most of their efforts on the huge Christmas tree which will stand in the middle of the floor.

When the last course of Miss Bair's traditionally delicious Christmas fare has disappeared, Barbara Matthews, M. J. Truxal, and Patsy Cullen will open Santa's pack, into which the dorm girls have been popping surprises and jingles all week.

After dinner, the tables will be whisked away and there will be dancing from nine to twelve. Nina Maley, Mildred Stewart, Betty Johnescu, and Virginia Volkay put their heads together and decided that Ches Walters should provide the music and Margaret Graham promises that that the house board will have Christmas cheer to impart to all.

AAUP

Arranged by Madame Mainsonnat Owens, President, and her aides, the regular monthly meeting of the American Association of University Professors, PCW chapter, was held on December 12, at 6:30 P. M., in Andrew Mellon Hall. President Owens' committee included Miss Walker, Chairman of the Program, and Miss Shamburger, Chairman of the Arrangements, who have planned for the whole year and given out printed programs.

Subject for the year is: *The Liberal Arts College in the Present Crisis*. Mrs. Hazel Cole Shupp, speaker for December 12, talked on *The Adaptation of Faculty Procedure in the Present Crisis*.

The dinner, served by President Owens and committee members, Miss Kerst, Miss Gunderman, and Dr. Kinder, consisted of French foods, included delicacies such as potage a l'oignon avec grillades and hors-d'oeuvres varies.

Miss Marks Entertains

Faculty, trustees, and a few other friends were welcomed at a tea given by Dean M. Helen Marks, December 8, from 3:00 to 5:00, in Andrew Mellon Hall.

Red candles, red tablecloths, and red sandwiches carried out the Christmas theme. Carols were softly played by members of the school ensemble.

Aiding Miss Marks were Mrs. Watkins, Miss Campbell, Miss Mowry, Miss Laskey, Miss Anderson, Miss Graham, Mrs. Moore, Miss Gangloff, Miss Dodds, Miss Bair, Miss MacFarland and Mrs. Gilmore.

The task of pouring was delegated to Mrs. George W. Martin, Mrs. J. H. Marks, Mrs. Ogden Thompson, and Mrs. Charles H. Spencer.

AA Fling

Saturday night, December 6, from 8:30 till 12:00, AA entertained juniors and seniors and their dates in Andrew Mellon Hall. Conover Room echoed strains of "Chattanooga Choo Choo" from a juke box, as couples danced. The patter of ping-pong balls added to the din. Bridge fans found delight in the faculty room, while bowling enthusiasts flocked to the alleys.

Coca-cola and doughnuts were served during the evening. Towards the close of the dance, prizes were announced. Door prizes went to Peggy Matheny and Bob Mahall; bowling high score prizes were awarded to Helen Shelkopf and date, Hal Cline.

Senior committee included Betty Hazeltine, chairman, and members Bebe Shipley, Mid Stewart, Jean Faris and Midge Norris.

Junior committee, headed by Ginny Hendryx, included Jane McCall, Barbara Heinz, Louise Wallace, and Ann Baker.

Junior Prom Chairman Jane Evans has announced the date for the Junior Prom, Friday, March 6. Place: Twentieth Century Club. Chairman Evans guarantees no Pitt or Tech dances will conflict, playfully warns that she expects all PCWites to be present, or else!

EVENTS

CHRISTMAS FARE

Christmas Pageant

Sunday evening, December 14, the annual Christmas Pageant was presented in PCW chapel. There were two performances, one at 5:30 and the other at 6:45. This year, the Pageant was simpler than it has been in the past few years, because many people believe a less elaborate program to be more representative of the true Christmas feeling.

The chapel was lighted by candelabra and two gay Christmas trees stood on either side of the stage. The choir, dressed in black robes and blue caps, formed a frame for the tableaux with its angels in Fra Angelica costumes.

Divided into three parts, the program consisted of scripture readings, songs, and tableaux. The Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Ayars, sang *Lo, How a Rose* by Praetorius, *The Little Jesu of Braga* and *The Shepherd and the Inn*, both by Harvey Gaul. Other songs included Bach's *Alleluia* and a *Gloria*, and an Alsatian lullaby, *Noel d'Alsace*, arranged by Miranda, which was sung by Eileen Wessel. Four members of the Glee Club read from the scriptures: Gladys Heimert, Evelyn Fulton, Phyllis Jones, and Nancy Stauffer.

The five tableaux represented moments of that long ago Christmas: the Annunciation, the Shepherds, the Heavenly Hosts, the Wise Men, and the Holy Family. Mary was portrayed by Dorothy Ann Minneci, Joseph by Marion Rowe, and Gabriel by Emily Montague.

Children's Party

YWCA's annual Christmas party for settlement house children was held Monday, December 15. Children from Davis House, Irene Kaufmann Settlement, and Kingsley House attended the affair, held in PCW gym. Committee, under YW Social Service Chairman Dorothy Andrews, was composed of: Shirley Mays, in charge of food; Gladys Heimert, decorations; and Margaret Malanos, entertainment. Aides were PCW girls who work in the settlement houses.

Following PCW custom, children were presented with gifts, donated by students. Dolls, usually contributed by a patron and dressed by students, this year were bought by the students. Ruth Jenkins, '44, took charge of the dolls.

Bags for Britain

Just before Thanksgiving, PCW's War Relief unit, through the Secours Franco-Americain, shipped forty-two Christmas bags of clothing and toys to England, where they are to be distributed to English and refugee children. Bags were collected under the leadership of Jean Gray.

Only requirement for contents of the 10 by 12 inch bags was a bar of soap. Chairman Gray suggested anything that might be needed or wanted "on the other side," to make up the contents of the bags. A Christmas card with the name and address of the sender was placed in each package.

Senior Dinner

On the evening of December 10th, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Spencer entertained the senior class at a dinner in their home. Their guests were Dr. Butler, Miss Marks, Miss Bair, Mrs. Gilmore, and the class of '42. Holly-bedecked mantles, card tables bearing miniature Christmas trees, bells, wreaths, and red and white flowers testified to the approach of Christmas and the Christmas spirit. After the dinner seniors played bridge and other games, pronounced it one of the nicest parties of the year.

Point System

The point system of grading assigns weights to the different letter grades: thus, A, counts four points; B, three points; C, two points; and D, one point. A failing grade is zero and must be averaged in with the others.

The student who wishes to find her point average must first multiply the number of hours in each course by the number of points assigned to the letter grade she has received, then add the result for each course and divide by the total number of hours averaged. Thus if a student has a C in a three hour course she multiplies the three hours by two, the number of points assigned to that grade; if her other grades consist of three B's and an A, all in three hour courses, she does the same for each and in adding the total number of points gets forty-five which is divided by fifteen, the total number of hours. The result, 3.00, is her point average.

A two point average is required for graduation.

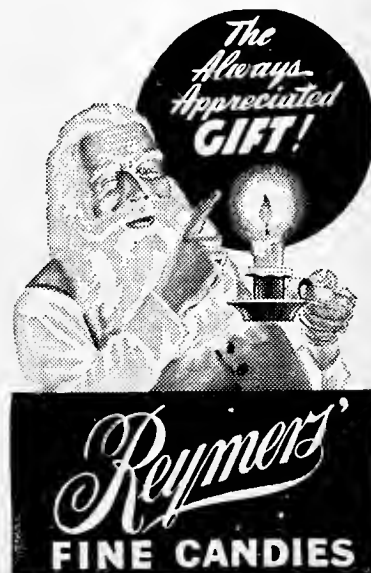
Fiesta Fund

Activities Council's little nest egg of seventy dollars and some odd shekels is still being knocked about. The prized lucre which was gained for the Council at October's Fiesta is still the subject of discussion. It was almost funded for speakers on Pan-American friendship. That proposal was shelved for what may turn out to be a more definitely American cause. B. Cooper's plea for a defense bond is still circulating and from some directions we hear rumors of contribution to the soon-to-be-started Red Cross drive. It shouldn't be hard to find the worthy cause—and it's certainly nice to be able to be on the giving end right now!

Music Workshop

PCW's music workshop, under the leadership of Mrs. Ayars, meets every other Monday. December 8 found voice and piano students assembled at the art center once again. Highlight of the meeting's entertainment was the piano duet of the Rubenstein concerto given by Miss Welker and Alison Meyer.

Other features were songs by Dale Kirsopp, Phyllis Ingraham, Helen Hersperger, Peg Johnson, Edna Schuh, Marion Kiefer, and Eileen Wessel; piano selections by Dorothy Firth, Virginia Ditges, and Mary Kay Eisenberg.



PEOPLE

HERE AND THERE

Faculty

Former graduate Louise Lean was feted December 8 with a surprise bridge given by Joan Dodds, Francis Clark Moore, and Eleanor Gangloff, in the Berry Hall Drawing Room. Last Friday afternoon her fellow workers had a small farewell party in the Science Building. This week the Faculty Club is presenting Miss Lean with a wedding present, a seventeen piece luncheon set. Miss Jean Fox, 1941 graduate of Margaret Morrison, Carnegie College for Women, a major in Costume Economics, will take Miss Lean's place in the Research Fellowship conducted by Westinghouse.

On Campus

Santa Claus and Bags for Britain, Christmas lists and people knittin', harassed people, weary feet, prayers for snow instead of sleet, Christmas wreaths and bright red bows, and here is ye ed back again with holly berries draped over one eye, a wreath on each ear and a big red bow around her neck.

Ringin' belles this month are Jean Faris, senior, and Beth Grove, freshman, with no junior and sophomore entries at the moment. Jean plans to march down the aisle clutching her diploma, and Beth thinks she'll desert higher education for the home some time next year.

Celebrating Christmas by entering PCW's PPU are Kelly Jones who is sporting a Delt pin from a he-man at Pitt and Mary Lou Henry who joined unwillingly and is planning to resign as soon as she sees him again.

Jottings on the Margin

M. L. Reiber giving an English Navy man a big build up . . . Anna Mae Devlin boosting morale with a trip to Fort Meade . . . G. Cooper in the role of patient Griselda waiting for the shift to change . . . V. Ricks, one of the more romantic freshmen, trying to choose between a man from the RAF and Errol Flynn . . . Fran Pollick, B. Somers, M. J. McComb and Connie Meyers going Mason-Dixon in a big way waiting for the annual Southern Club Ball . . . J. Archer and Jay man

enjoying nature while walking in Frick Park . . . Alice Provost invited to the Annapolis Ring Dance by the wrong man . . . Midge Stewart's smooth Delt man and Betty Johnescu with one—or several—of the same (we're nearsighted and we're not sure. Ed.) . . . L. Warner's good luck piece to get her through a speech exam—a fraternity pin (permanent? Ed.) . . . P. Tross hearing that a cousin at Tech, whom she hasn't seen for years and years, is definitely smooth and deciding that maybe a family reunion would be a good idea.

Among Those Present

The Pitt PiKA Christmas Dance saw P. Matheny, S. Thomas, R. Bristol, and N. Bailey Christmas cheering the brothers, and the Pitt Delt Formal, Saturday, December 20, will see Pinky Garrett, C. Lauer, J. Sweet, M. Higgins (with the famous Flips) catching up on their extra-curricular activities.

Furthering our Good Neighbor policy at Jay Swingout tonight are J. Wallis, N. Doerr, J. Faris, B. Caldwell, P. Speers, and E. Griffith.

Combinations That Count

Ruth Notz and the man that got the build-up from YWCA, Dean Leeper . . . Mary Campbell who plays the field but whose heart belongs to Bob . . . Justine Swan and Quigley, though it doesn't seem to be permanent . . . Nicky Haldeman and Jim who does bring her pretty flowers . . . Dorothy Minneci and Jack . . . Mary Singer and Roy in double time.

Well, Merry Christmas everybody and if you see us circling the campus with a gun over our shoulder, it's the defense program—look for the mistletoe tucked in the barrel. See you and Santa Claus in the air-raid shelter.

Off Campus

Author

Miss Rachel L. Carson, PCW graduate and former Pittsburgh resident, is the author of a book which has been announced this month as a selection of the Scientific Book Club and a recommendation of The Book-of-the-Month Club. *Under the Sea-Wind*, A Naturalist's Picture of Ocean Life, is a book which combines the two major interests she developed

while she was at PCW, where she is remembered for her ability in writing and in biology.

Since her graduation from PCW, she has taken a graduate degree at Johns Hopkins University, and carried on special studies at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Since 1936 she has been a biologist on the staff of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, now part of the Fish and Wildlife Service.

Commentator

Rosemay Barck '41 is not only taking graduate work at Columbia University, but is also working five days a week for Columbia Broadcasting Company. Each afternoon from 3:30 to 3:35 she broadcasts to Sweden, translating and arranging all the material she uses.

FRESHMAN REPLY

We, the freshmen, do not mind taking constructive criticism, but we do dislike being blamed for something that was beyond our control. The upper classmen should refrain from making sweeping statements about our poor spirit without a complete and unbiased investigation.

Six girls, not the whole freshman class, were asked to help decorate the chapel for the Freshmen Open House. Due to a misunderstanding, the girls were not sure whether they had to come and help or bring newspapers for decorations. No one can be blamed for this misunderstanding—it was just "one of those things."

There is just as much spirit in the freshman class as in any other class. Throughout the semester, we have proved this in our freshman entertainment, our booth at the Fiesta, our Color Day songs, and in our knitting. Look at the knitting chart on the bulletin board; the freshmen are responding admirably to the appeal for RAF knitting.

There is one thing we would like to know. Why is it necessary to use the side door of Berry Hall all the time? Now that winter is coming, it is very inconvenient to have to walk around to the side. The freshmen didn't have to do it last year. Why do we?

Let us hope in the future that such misunderstandings will not arise.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

FEATURES

CAMPUS COMMENTS

Last week saw the death of yet another American institution . . . or, rather, our realization of its death. We have a five-month-old friend who has been hinting that Christmas is getting closer and closer, and being resigned as well as gray-haired, we braved the toy department in search of a Kewpie doll. We had a time getting to the proper counter what with stumbling over fortifications and anti-aircraft guns, and when we finally arrived breathless we could only gasp the words telling the clerk what we wanted. The clerk dropped a bomb at our feet in her amazement and we jumped nervously. "Kewpie dolls! I haven't seen them in years!" And then, as though afraid she might be accused of unprofessional conduct, she gripped a machine gun yet more firmly under her arm. "How about a model of the new B19?" she asked hopefully producing a silver thing which looked as though it might bite. We backed away shaking our heads. "Complete with crew, removable pontoons, guaranteed motor," she continued, following us. "Free supply of one-inch bombs . . ." We backed as far as we could, narrowly avoiding the wrong end of a bayonet, and finally made our escape under cover of the southeast battle line. Once our escape was over we not only thought bitterly on the passing of the Kewpie doll, but, more importantly, on the possible fatal trend that toy manufacturing has recently taken. No longer will fifth columnists have to hang around government offices, paying through the nose and often with their lives, for every scrap of information gleaned; no longer will beautiful ladies have to escort important government officials to quiet candle-lit dinners, treasuring each carelessly dropped fact on defense. We have seen the passing of an era. In the future we can see the hordes of badly disguised little yellow men creeping up to toy counters all over the country. "I want the latest model of the Sperry bomb-sight," they will whisper from the middle of their false beards—and stalk away with all the information they want in large boxes innocuously labelled "toys," carried carelessly under their arms.

* * *

As always at this season, and especially this year, there is a whirl of

parties, benefits, contests, dances, and other student-sponsored affairs which frequently conflict, to the dismay of some people who make several engagements and then find that they all happen at the same time. As the students have been told and should realize, the Activities Council was created, not only to replace the confusion and enlarge the scope of the clubs, but also to act as a clearing-house for all campus activities. If student chairmen would only take the trouble to inform the Council concerning their plans and the proposed dates, the unfortunate conflicts would be eliminated and most of the difficulties smoothed over by the expert hands of the Council.

* * *

Harrowing experience of the year has been our closer association with the practice teachers who are extremely nice people in their spare time, if they get any spare time. It has affected us so strongly that we whisper the ABC's when we get up in the morning, and we were only stunned, not really shocked, when we accidentally picked up a book the other day and saw *Learning to Count* staring at us balefully from the title page. We wouldn't mind quite so much if we didn't feel rather sorry for the children; education today seems to consist of tricking them into learning in spite of themselves, a method vile to us because we hate to see people deceived. Even children. What finally drove us into our somewhat battered ivory tower, however, was a little scene upon which we intruded one day. Unthinkingly we walked into one of the rooms and saw one of the once strong-minded *Arrow* editors on her hands and knees amidst a morass of paper, pencils, and cigarettes. "But it doesn't look like a Disney reindeer," she complained defiantly, and the practice teacher replied patiently, "Never mind, just copy it as it is in the book. It isn't *supposed* to look like a Dis-

ney reindeer." It was the horrible glassy patience that affected us most. Silently and tactfully we withdrew, not wanting Ye Ed to realize that we had witnessed her bitter defeat.

NEW MOVES

Certain freshmen (and others) are once more having difficulties finding various points on the campus because of the many changes that have been made recently. If the physical education classes have suddenly been depleted, it is not because of a cutting lack of interest but rather because the sport students can no longer find the gymnasium. Now there are no familiar strains of Beethoven, Bach, and Mozart issuing from above the athletic department to guide the gymnasts to their goal, for the music group has moved bag and baggage to their new residence in the Mellon Art Center and are revelling in the comforts and beauty of their own headquarters.

The little practice rooms in which the music students have been struggling with their sonatas for years are not standing idle. They house one of the most important groups on the campus—the Defense Training Organization—which is working furiously to train Pittsburghers for the national emergency. A visit to this section of the college reveals a bustling, industrious squad working in rooms with such high-sounding names as "The Coordinators' Office," "The Penn State Extension," and "The Engineering, Science, and Management Office."

A new railing stands by the steps in front of Dr. Spencer's home to guide the faltering steps of weary Andrew Mellon Hall girls, and new lights shine brightly on the path leading to the Mellon buildings. This is good news for music students—now they can throw away the flashlights and lengths of lead pipe they've been toting over to the Art Center each night.

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FEATURES

FASHIONS

We're all in the same boat—meaning, of course, that our Christmas lists are very vague and at this point we're searching madly for a few timely suggestions. We'll all find ourselves jammed into that same last minute rush—but never let it be said that we let you down. Just cast your eyes on yon list of suggestions we have concocted.

Problem Man

For the man in your life—and what problem could be worse than that—we've made several startling discoveries. A tweed tobacco pouch to match his favorite sport jacket plus a Kaywoodie pipe (they tell us there are none finer) and he'll never forget you. It's new, it's novel and it certainly is useful.

Something to make him smell "pretty" and they all love it—even the most masculine ones. Lenthieric's new cologne for men, Tan Bark. Grand for after shaving and good just to rub on one's face.

Excellent for those of you who have a "poker fan" in the way of a man is a compact game set—complete with dice, cards, and poker chips all set up in a circular leather case. He might forsake you for a poker game on Saturday night—but then you want him to be happy, don't you?

For your man in the Service, give a snugly fitted writing case with stationery, ink and pen—it will please him immensely and is bound to make his letters come in more and more often. He would also appreciate a flat cigarette case to eliminate bulges in his uniform.

'Nuff said about the man's world—if you don't like these suggestions, there are always hankies, and even ties—that is, if you trust your judgment along those lines. Whoever heard of a man who liked a tie chosen by a woman?

Problem Girl

Roommates come next in line of problem gifts—and here's where we really wracked our brains. You think she has everything imaginable and that there is nothing she could possibly want. But just look around—there's plenty. Write down on a slip of paper everything she wants to borrow and there you have a Christmas list in no time at all!

She's forever borrowing your nail polish, and you're getting pretty fed up—? Well don't! Get her a Peggy Sage manicure case and your problem is solved. But—be sure to get a shade you like—then you can borrow it!!

Show us the girl who can honestly say she can't use another purse. There just isn't such an animal—and the roommate is no exception. Something very special in this line is the calf envelope bag with a bar clasp. It's the kind of purse she can use with just about everything and it will look wonderful with your new suit!

For the record collector—and that's becoming the great American hobby—there is the new album of Bruno Walter's "Eroica"—six records and worth the price to the last chord.

Nightlife

And speaking of Christmas—what about the dance New Year's Eve—in fact, all those dances for two entire weeks. Have you thought about a formal? Well—here's something to make you think! A *very, very* formal stiff net, white in color and simply gobs of skirt swishing about your slippered feet. But that's not all—all over this bee-oot-iful skirt are ermine tails and a very slight bit at the neckline. It couldn't possibly be in my price range, you say. Well, we say, take a look. We guarantee you'll go stark, raving mad. But first, be wise—take your mother along. She's a woman, too, and no woman could resist this dress—think what the poor man will do.

But just to show you we can get down to earth, be sure to take a peek at a lovely toast-colored faille, simple but appealing with a spider-web design of gold sequins.

For that mad rush of teas, luncheons, and the usual holiday hustle,
(Continued on page sixteen)

VACATION BLUES

"Two more days 'til vacation, then we go to the station!" Everybody hums the tune hopefully for weeks and smiles happily at the thought of December 19 — after they have mentally dismissed the academic hurdles of blue-books, papers, reports and whatever unpleasant tasks the faculty have decided that you will certainly want to have finished before Christmas vacation. That glittering date makes life worth existing for weeks.

But after December 19 — What? (I'll send Benchley a Christmas card for that!) I ask you—where do we go from there? This involves us in the subject of "How To Be a Christmas Belle," or "Home Was Never Like This." Both subjects, as you can see, are very involved so we won't go into them here. (Ten cents will cover the charges of mailing and wrapping, however!) That is why we push madly through Christmas crowds never finding the right thing, that is why we dread fateful blue-book days, and that is why we want to end it all.

Frankly, the Christmas social whirl doesn't find us quite the dizzy hometown belles of other days. A few lucky gals have steadies next door, but as for the rest of us! After all our academic successes (pure optimism!) our families can't quite understand our diminishing social success in the old home town. On the other hand, some of them will be pathetically happy at the thought that at last we've settled down. (But we won't be—not much!)

(Continued on page eleven)



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FEATURES

Christmas Spirit

Mrs. Ayars, in a Get-the-Christmas-Spirit campaign, set the student body to carol singing soon after Thanksgiving vacation. In rehearsal after rehearsal in chapel the students perfected their renditions of such old favorites as *Little Town of Bethlehem*, *Love Came Down at Christmas*, and *O Come All Ye Faithful*, and tonight they will go carolling on Woodland Road. They will meet in Berry Hall at half past seven and after singing their songs will go to the Conover Room in Andrew Mellon Hall for hot chocolate and cookies.

For the members of the Glee Club, the carolling will climax another celebration of their own—a dinner in Berry Hall. After exchanging gifts they will gather around the Christmas tree and sing. Their president, Sally Thomas, has announced the committees for the dinner: Claire Stewart is chairman of the decoration committee, Mildred Stewart of the serving committee, and Eileen Wesel of the gift committee. The dinner committee, under the direction of Alison Croft, will prepare the meal.

The girls in Andrew Mellon Hall are going to treat themselves to a party after the Christmas Dance on December 18. President Anna Betty Saylor is making the plans, which include the hanging of Christmas stockings, a huge log fire, and, of course, refreshments. After the dance the girls will gather around the fire, open their present-filled stockings, sing carols. Don't be surprised if you hear that Miss Marks played the piano for them!

(Vacation Blues, Cont'd from page 10)

We began writing weeks ago to all the boys we ever knew in high school—subtly suggesting Christmas vacation. It was quite a complete poll. There are enough answers in now to assure us that marriage is the up and coming thing.

So far the outlook is very glum. Our date books look bad. Scores run all the way from 'way down at fifteen dates out of eighteen nights to seventeen out of eighteen. (Repeats count too, of course.) But we are resigned to fate. Education has done this terrible thing to us! Have a Merry Christmas and try to live it down!



"'Twas the night before Christmas . . ."

Dear Santa . . .

Here we are again, Santa, with our letter of "I want's"—see what you can do, please? Most of the things aren't on the priorities list—except our men, of course, and if we thought you could do anything about that we wouldn't have let you cool your heels up at your North Pole for the last year or so.

All the girls put in a dutiful request for snappy shoes and donate three inches of their skirts to keep your reindeer warm. A kind soul has shown us the light, and we no longer want to be so terribly out of style.

Mary Lou Reiber wants a proof-reader for her letters to Clyde and Cliff—they no longer know what their right names are, and neither does she. Janet Swanson wants information on the subject "The Steady's Attitude," or "What's he going to do when he learns about the new?"

Dr. Evans would like to get her hands on Hitler; Miss Harrison wants some new pep pills for the girls. The *Arrow* wants an office, or at least two typewriters and a jar of paste for Joyce Wallis's room. Dr. Piel would like to be able to call her car her own.

Jean Burchinal still wants the

sleep that you didn't give her last year, although we claim an organized day would be more to the point. Ann McClymonds would like a thirty-two hour day . . . while Marden Armstrong tops this with a request for a forty-eight hour day.

Betty Shull wants nothing more than a one-way ticket to Michigan, while Marion Cohen still hopes to find her speech book.

For Margie Hibbs, Martha Hutchison, Nancy Stauffer, a fourth for bridge, though it does seem a shame to break into those three-handed sessions. For Peggy Suppes, a bacteria exterminator for those endless hours spent in the bacteriology lab.

With a final request for a brand new, 1942 model, super stream-lined toy kitchen for Miss Ayers, we shall bring this to a close. It isn't much we ask, dear Santa, and we're counting on the old-time Christmas spirit, so we say thank you, a Happy Holiday, and we'll see you at the Christmas dance!

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SPORTS

SPORTISCOPE

Volleys and Points

Did you see that sign on the AA Bulletin Board? Did you see that 26 seniors, 24 juniors, 15 sophomores, and 25 freshmen signed up for volleyball? It's unbelievable! No doubt many of you who are familiar with the usual turnout for sports are curious to know just what caused this avalanche of enthusiasts. Today the *Sportiscope* turns detective and prints the expose of the instigator of this cause for celebration. Part of the credit goes to the AA Board for choosing capable managers, but a full eighty-five per cent is bestowed upon Julie Wheldon, manager of the senior team, who inveigled her fourth-year friends into signing up, and the other classes were caught in the flame of enthusiasm and roared along to put their John Hancocks in full view. All this just for a chance to meet our seniors in open combat, but even in volleyball they show what experience and time can do. Yes, the Yellow and White have another championship in full tow as they have swept by the juniors and sophomores and have only the freshmen to meet. But the best part of the whole volleyball campaign is the presence of many girls who have rarely put in an appearance at our other sports attractions and what's more, your reporter has heard many of them speaking in amazement of the fun they had just pushing a little ball over a net. Hope we see some of you out for basketball after the Christmas holidays. And we mean some of the two younger classes too! Don't think that just because you're college gals now that you're too grown up to play ball.

Strikes and Spares

Toppling pins and spinning balls are upon us with the bowling tournament running along in full swing. Pin boy or not, a constant line of enthusiasts has been filing in and out of Andrew Mellon Hall heading for the alleys and a chance to set up a few before their next match. High score—at least, the highest recorded on ye olde scoreboard—is 115 by one Ginny Hendryx. And speaking of high scores, why aren't some of you stars who were really rolling solidly at the AA Fling in the tourney? Or is it the male element that inspires you? Anyway, at the time of writing, we are

in the quarter-finals, with Ginny Hendryx and Phil Keister, a little more alert, already in the semi-finals, with four others vying and holding out for the championship.

Cuts and Slices

From the distant corridors of third floor, Berry Hall, scurrying out of corners, lifting her sheet so as to display an absence of ectoplasm as far as the knees would be—if they were there—swooping down the banisters and dashing down the hall to the office of defense comes the ghost of third floor, out again. "Defense, defense!" she screams. "I need defense. They're at it again. And in my room. Back and forth. To and fro. Fro and to. I can't stand it. Not another year. Ping-pong. Ping-pong!" An eerie scream echoes through the air as the top of white sheet scoots round the corner and down the stairs.

It's really not as ghastly as it sounds, but the ping-pong tournament has begun and the contestants have usurped our little ghost friend's room. Please play your matches off quickly, so our iratic freak, the spook, can come home for Christmas.

Gone But Not Forgotten

This was quite a while ago, but just the same, I bet you haven't forgotten the SGA Skating Party. The music was so good that we all sat on the floor to hear it. And sat out the rest of the week on a cushion. How about having the next one on ice—at least you can't get splinters. And until then, a Merry Christmas and a Sporting New Year.

Faculty Sports

Tennis is fast becoming a hobby with several members of the faculty. While they have not as yet worked the champions into a state of nervousness about the loss of their crowns, with constant work and diligent practice for the next few years we should hear great things. Mellon Court reports that friendly competition is the spirit that prevails and Miss Laskey is proud of her little teams.

The latest official up-to-the-minute report shows that the tennis menace consists of the following: Miss Errett, Miss Dodds, Dr. Spencer, Miss Anderson, Miss Gangloff, Dr. Wallace, Miss Graham, Dr. School, Miss Somerfield, Miss Laskey, Mrs. Douth.

At the moment tennis has been discontinued due to bad weather but will be continued in the spring.

Meanwhile ping-pong is a fair substitute.

Those with other inclinations are finding the bowling tournament a source of enjoyment every Thursday evening. The thirty-two faculty members are divided into four teams, two teams playing while the other two set 'em up. They will continue to play throughout the year, the team with the highest average being winner.

There are plenty of groups to please the versatile interests of every member. Bridge and discussion groups are popular and the faculty is looking forward to the added attractions of volley ball and square dancing later on.

Water Safety Demonstration

Members of life-saving, swimming, and first-aid classes looked on with open mouths as a demonstration of water-safety took place at the swimming pool in Andrew Mellon Hall on Friday, December 5. Demonstrator was John J. Komp aided ably by torpedo buoys, a surf board, a canoe, and his wife. Mr. Komp, who hails from Wilmerding, is the director of First Aid, Life Saving, and Accident Prevention in Allegheny County, and in the past was the gentleman who brought fame to the Wilmerding "Y" Pool with his championship swimming and diving teams.

Launching the lesson by a talk on rescues by swimmers or non-swimmers, Mr. Komp took his audience entirely by surprise when he stated that most drownings take place near shore and safety, and such tragedies could be averted in most cases. With the aid of Mrs. Komp, a willing subject, he then illustrated how to save those beyond reaching distance with the aid of a surf-board or a torpedo buoy.

The remainder of the demonstration was spent on discussing canoe safety. Mr. Komp told of the stigma "dangerous" mis-applied to the canoe because of its instability and the many accidents that have been a result of ignorance in handling the small craft. The complete buoyancy of the canoe makes it safe when filled with water or even capsized. The expert drew the demonstration to a close by manipulating the canoe in several stunts and tricks and left the pool stating: "Kneel or sit on the floor of a canoe and don't get in at all unless you can swim!"

LITERATURE

THE BEGINNING OF WAITING Amy McKay '43

She stood isolated on the fringe of Mrs. Carter's and Bill's conversation and watched the gilt clocks at the ends of the station jerk on to the next minute mark which meant that there were just nine minutes left until train time. The Pennsylvania station was a huge, yawning, place. Who were the builders of anything so gigantic? Why had they made it such a vast echoing cavern? Thousands of lights were lit constantly to pierce the darkness. They made a dazzling array overhead all of the night and most of the day, but they couldn't chase the gloom. It clung stubbornly to the smoky ribs of the ceiling and lurked in the telephone booths and the rest rooms. It lurked in the check room and the baggage office and just outside the bright glare of the dingy soda fountain which sold orange juice at a scandalous profit. Just beyond the light of the gates and along the ramps of the train sheds it seemed to swallow you up. But the station was really very nice as stations go. The Savarin restaurant was quite adequate. There was both Postal and Western Union service, and Bell Telephone had a whole room to itself. Most of the important eastbound trains left from this station and all of the commuters' trains. Every morning trainloads of men and women streamed through the building and again in the evening hurried back to the trains.

That had been her life for a year now—the 7:45 in the morning and the 5:33 at night. She had hustled and hurried along in the same routine each day. The most important things in life often seemed to be whether or not she would make those two trains on time. The station was a very subconscious part of her life—an external shell in which she moved—familiar, but yet apart. She never even stopped to buy anything there except monthly tickets. When she had first begun commuting she had gotten her magazines at the corner drugstore and read those on the train, but now that she was a seasoned commuter she took along a book. She had read a great deal that way—all sorts of things—from *Tom Jones* to *Native Son*.

Tonight the station was foreboding. It wasn't the familiar shell, the unconscious background of her life.

She was terribly aware of it. It was a strange distant world and she was seeing it with newly awakened perceptions. She was concentrating on the tiny details of it. There were only three ticket windows open tonight. A woman was haggling with the ticket-seller. He looked safe and protected in his barred cage, as though he had been there all his life and would continue to be there forever. The light was burning by the Traveler's Aid Society, but it had closed at five and the travelers were shifting for themselves. Business men were coming in briskly and matter-of-factly. A young mother came in laden with her child and its extensive equipage—a pink rubber bag and a cuddly doll. Several school-girls dashed past. Everywhere there was a liberal sprinkling of uniforms—brown, blue, and olive drab—sailors, national guard, army men, and draftees.

"Draftee!" That was what Bill would be. That was what he was now in fact! It was a horrible word, a horrible thought! Bill had told her that draftee wasn't really the correct word. But it amounted to the same thing, didn't it? Why not call a spade a spade? What did the families and sweethearts of all these other uniformed men think when they said good-bye? They had probably cried. She couldn't cry with Mrs. Carter standing there talking about the insurance and pointedly ignoring her. It didn't help much to know that there were lots of others in the same boat. That didn't change the fact or soothe her heart. She felt strangely as though she were in a new girdle—tight and stiff and uncomfortable. She had felt that same tightness the night that he had told her about his papers. It hadn't seemed real then.

It didn't seem real now.

Her fingers stroked the black suede bag nervously. Some of the black came off on her fingers. That was a test of really good leather the saleswoman had said. It was a bargain and went so beautifully with her black outfit that she hadn't resisted. She'd be wearing that dress that Bill liked to teas and woman's club meetings from now on. She had dressed especially carefully tonight—beginning as soon as the dinner table was cleared. She wasn't the usual ten minutes behind schedule. She always gave her parents that much time to talk to Bill. They were always glad to see him.

Bill had come up the steps quickly tonight. She heard his step—she had been listening for it for fifteen agonizing minutes. The noisy alarm on her bedtable had beat a thunderous tattoo into her mind—the train leaves at 9:40—leaves at 9:40—9:40! She started at the sound of the doorbell. She seized her purse and gloves, rushed to the top of the stairs, straightened her skirt, and then walked slowly down. It was that same old crooked grin of Bill's awaiting her at the bottom of the steps.

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LITERATURE

She had said "Hi." Their smiles had met and then their masks had dropped for a moment. He had looked at her with a curiously solemn stare. She felt a sudden transparency, as though he really could see how much this all meant to her. She wanted to tell him, she wanted to comfort him with her love. If he'd only say something—anything to let her know that that love would be a comfort. He had never said the words. Not knowing hadn't been so bad before when she saw him every Saturday night. There was always something to look forward to—a hope that perhaps this would be the time. No, there was no more time left.

Their hands had met on the newel post. Then the portiers had parted and her mother and dad were there to say goodbye, too. Her mother hoped that the food at camp was good and that Bill would get home soon. Her dad shifted his pipe and paper long enough for a hearty handshake. Then they had the warm light of the house behind them. They were free of the farewells, down the broad walk, and at the door of the car.

"I'm sorry to rush you away like this," he had said. "Mother didn't want to get out of the car when there was so little time. She's always afraid of being late for trains."

She got in the car a bit woodenly and smiled stiffly as Mrs. Carter had chattered about how late it was—

how trains didn't wait for anyone—how the younger people never went anywhere on time. The dashboard clock had said 9:10 and it was a twenty-minute ride to the station. Mrs. Carter had been in the front seat between them the whole way. She remembered with a sharp intensity the rows of lights along the boulevard, vague murmurs in answer to Mrs. Carter's questions, and wishing that this whole ghastly thing were over. Bill already seemed millions of miles away even at the other end of the seat. He was separated by his mother's stream of advice—endless instructions and questions! Why hadn't they settled these things before? Mrs. Carter had mentioned the insurance twice. Why did these trivial things have to be rehearsed again and again? She had a brief flare of hatred against Mrs. Carter. She resented everybody and everything. But it wasn't hate or anger so much as just that tight hard ball that was growing inside her. That ball of stubborn pride which wouldn't let her weep to relieve the sorrow that had made her eyes ache far more than tears and had tightened her throat far more than sobs.

It had been a relief to escape from the snug car and go into the station's echoing emptiness. It was queer how one's past could melt away so suddenly. Had they really ever met and talked and played and danced together last summer? Was it true that Saturday had been the only important day of the week for months? And what had they done with those Wednesday nights that had slipped into their routine lately? All that precious time was past. They had talked about everything—she couldn't remember any of it except that they'd never talked about the important thing! If only there were a few of those squandered hours left. She said mute prayers to the gilt clocks.

Mrs. Carter's voice was drumming in her ears. "There's boiled ham in the lunch—they say army trains don't have diners. I've packed an extra bag of clothes that you forgot—warm woolen things. Do write to Reverend Haskins and tell him about army life—he wants some first hand material for a sermon soon. Mrs. Fitch wants me to speak about you at the Shakespeare Club, too! You might let me know some of the things that go on for a change. I've never known anyone so close-mouthed since your father passed on. It just doesn't seem right to have you going away like this now that you've got that nice job and I've had a little bit coming in after all my sacrifices. Did you see about the insurance and are you sure that Mr. Henderson understands just how everything is to be?"

Why had she come? It was so useless! Mrs. Carter resented her here she was sure. She longed to be at home. She could have said her meagre goodbye so much more gracefully and then she could have had the comfort of her own bed—a private weeping wall. Now she must drive Mrs. Carter home and hear her talk about Bill. That was why she had been asked to come probably. She had been following a lost hope. He wouldn't say anything now. He couldn't.

Her time was up! They were moving toward the train sheds. She tossed her hopes in the ash can as she went by. The blackness of the tunnels was taking them in. Mrs. Carter was hurrying them along so she could keep her suspicious eye on the porter. Bill tried to get them both through the crowd. She moved mechanically along. Suddenly Mrs. Carter darted off.

"It's that stupid porter," she said. "He's gone two cars beyond!"

They were at the steps. Bill turned her about. "Ann, this is a hell of a time and place and I've tried not to say anything to mess things up for you, but I'd like to see you on the other side of the breakfast table after this is over. But I don't want you to get stuck waiting around for me! Understand?"

She felt the tug as the tightness in her crumbled to bits. She smiled and then she laughed.

"I'm beginning to wait right now, Dope! Understand?"

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LITERATURE

VIGNETTE

Nancy Raup '44

Red and yellow and orange fruits were lined in regular, unvarying rows in the sections that separated each phase from the other. There was sunlight in the street and on the sidewalk. The clerk rubbed his hand over his white apron high up on his leg. He wiped his face in the crook of his arm—a line of dirt streaked the rolled cuff of his shirt-sleeve. He polished a waxy-looking demonstration apple on his waist, pushed the palm of his hand against the hollow on the stem end and thrust it into the vision of a black, straggly-haired woman.

"Like some apples, lady?"

The woman reached for a grape-fruit in the next box. The hand was grotesque against the yellow fruit. Around the knuckles pink lines showed in the creases of skin.

Willie was on the other side of the woman from the clerk. He leaned his heavy frame over the fruit, squinting the brown skin around his eyes into lines that were almost straight across. In the gloom at the back of the stall he could only make out the back of the chair and a body that slumped away from it. He stared. A clerk rattled a bag, "Help you, bud?" Willie stepped back from the stand. He walked back around the rows of fruit to the back of the stall. Another, darker Negro shuffled after him; his eyes bulged and gleamed and shifted in his face—white against the shiny brown.

Willie said, "Why'd you come heah?"

The slumped figure didn't move.

He poked her shoulder. "Why you come heah, Bubbles?"

She still didn't move. "De debil's in mah side. Ah come heah to Joe's. Cun't go no farther."

"You oughta go home, gal."

The other nigger shifted his feet and stared at the crates piled against the side wall. The cash register bell from the front of the stall rang often. It was Saturday. Someone was repeating orders to the sidewalk customers in a loud, unceasing stream. A woman in a blue hat said, "Don't be so noisy." He droned on, "Who's noisy, madam? Like some bananas? Just came in. Puttin' them on special, two dozen for forty-nine." The sound of people was a buzz, trucks a clank as they hit and bumped over a loose man-hole covering. A police horse clopped by; his

rider was almost motionless in the saddle. Willie poked Bubbles. He poked her again.

"You oughta go home."

Then she muttered, "Ain't goin'."

Willie said, "What you got agains' home?" He waited a minute. "Ain' no woman b'longs any place else."

She moved a little and dug her fists deeper into her abdomen. "De pain. He done punched me dere." She moaned. "Ain' evah goin' home."

The other nigger stared at her, then shifted his gaze back to the packing boxes.

"Ah'm goin' 'way. Ain' goin' back." She moaned louder.

"How you goin' run away? You ain' got no place t'go. Huh, wha' you think they is somebody goin' take ole niggah woman in?"

One of the clerks came back behind the stand. He took out a crate of oranges, lifted and balanced it on his shoulder. On his way out he grabbed the box tighter and swung around. "You niggers get out here soon," he said. He walked out round the stand and lined up more oranges in rows. "These're juicy Florida's, ma'm. Just thirty-three a dozen."

"Ain' goin' back. You ain' goin' 'suade me. Ah'm thru." Her body swayed. The chair tottered a little. "He hit me here." She still had her fist pressed against the spot. "He come home drunk."

"Lissen woman. Ain' no niggah cain' come home drunk." He thought about that. "Ain' no niggah cain' come drunk any night he got de money t'get drunk on. His ol' woman ain' got no right to run 'way on dat accoun'."

She just moaned, rocking back and forth. The chair tipped again. Willie's big hand felt around in his pants pocket. His hand stopped. He pulled a nickel out of his pocket and walked over to the fruit stand.

"What's yours, bud?" The loud-mouthed clerk shook out a bag.

Willie didn't say anything. He pulled an apple from near the bottom and handed the nickel to the clerk. The line sagged. He held the apple deep in the palm of his hand the way an ape would. There was a cracking sound as he pulled a bite away with his teeth.

She spoke. "Ah ain' goin' back. You don' need try an' make me. Ah done left some vomit in de alley back there. Evah since den, ah ain' goin' back, nevah!"

Willie kept on at his apple. He poked Bubbles and tried to laugh, but no sound came. Just his teeth showed.

"You don' need t'try. Ah ain' goin' back. Had t'stop here cause a this pain. But Ah'm goin' 'way. It stopped me. You foun' me heah. But I goin' on anyway."

"Quit talkin' so foolish, woman. You b'long t'home. What about them li'l niggahs a yours?"

"Oh, mah po' li'l chil'ren." She stopped swaying. She was silent a long time. People came, bought apples and bananas and pears, and carried them away in green bags, bumpy and nobby like bags of marbles. Women who smelled of garlic and onions came, and picked over

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LITERATURE

the fruit and complained to the clerk that the bananas were too ripe and the grapefruit spoiled and the apples bruised in the hope that the price would be lowered. The loud-mouthed clerk kept on announcing, "Here's your cheapest prices. Grapefruit fifty a dozen. Pears three for five."

Bubbles straightened a little. She said, "But Ah ain' goin back."

Willie looked around at a young colored girl buying tomatoes. "Li'l niggahs gits into lots of troubles and scrapes wi'out a mammy."

"Dese niggahs goin' hav' t'git long widout no mammy. Dey done git into 'nuff wid a mammy." Bubbles began to rock again. Up front some woman demanded figs—fresh figs. The clerk said, "Don't have any figs." Then he yelled, "How about some prunes? Prunes is mighty good fer ya, ma'm."

Bubbles said, "Dey is so many li'l

niggahs runnin' 'round dere, dey ain' nobody goin' notice a diff'runce." Willie stayed silent for a long time. His face went blank. A woman in a red dress walked past the stand. There were the clicks of her heels and the scraping of hob-nailed boots and the thump of heavily-laden feet. Women picked and men picked and the little urchins eyed the white-aproned figures slyly and many a grimy hand slipped oranges into the market bag leaning against cotton-stockinged legs. Somewhere at the stand a box fell over. Willie turned and walked out.

Bubbles remained in the same position for a moment, then she turned her head sidewise to look after them as they went out onto the street. She muttered, "They try stop me. Ole pain try stop me. Li'l niggahs try stop me. But Ah'm goin'. Ain' nobody goin' stop me. Ah may even go t' Florida."

(Fashions . . . Cont'd from page ten)
we suggest a flame-colored silk jersey with voluminous skirt and draped bodice. On Christmas Day why not rival the crispy glitter of cellophane with a blue velveteen frock with full skirt and pearl buttons prancing down the front—fits like a dream.

The perennial favorite—skirts and sweaters are here in brand new mouth-watering shades of leaf green, shell, and soft bluish-purple. Put in your request for these early because the selection of wools and cashmeres is getting scare (as if you hadn't heard.)

We hope we have solved at least a part of your gift and clothes worries and know that if we have, we'll all have a wonderful vacation!



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LITERATURE

FUNERAL *Jean Burchinal '42*

Judith walked down the street very sedately, trying to make the rhythm of her short jerky steps match that of her mother's easy long-ones. Her blonde braids bobbed as she walked and her blue eyes were large and solemn.

Usually she skipped, her scuffed brown oxfords showing the scars of trips and tumbles, but today she had on her good black slippers and she didn't feel like skipping.

She was going to play with Janie. Any other day she would have been excited and happy because Janie lived two blocks away and going to see her was still an adventure in crossing streets and finding the house, but today was different and strange. Janie's father had gone to Heaven. Judith wasn't quite sure where Heaven was, but she did know that people who had gone there didn't seem to come back. She was going to play with Janie while her mother went to the funeral. She wasn't quite sure what a funeral was, but it, too, had something to do with Mr. Robinson's not being there any more. And so Judith, who usually skipped and ran, sometimes in front of her mother, sometimes behind, was very quiet and dignified because this was something grownup and new.

There were a lot of cars in front of Janie's house, and there were people standing around outside, but it was very quiet and still and not like a party. There were flowers on the front of the house.

"Look at the flowers, Mother. What are they for?" she whispered, and several people turned and looked at her and smiled. Mother leaned over and said very quietly,

"They're because Mr. Robinson has gone to Heaven, Judith, so people will know."

Judith nodded her head as though she understood.

Mother took Judith through the hall quickly and all she saw was a lot of people and flowers in the living room and the people were all whispering. Judith didn't like the sound of their whispering. It made her feel funny, as though if she said anything it would echo and echo. Mother took her all the way through the house to the back. Janie and Janie's Aunt Martha were on the back porch. Janie's aunt had on a shiny black dress that looked stiff

and new.

"See, Jane, here's little Judith to play with you," said Aunt Martha. "Why don't you take the dogs for a nice run?"

Janie said, "Hello," very softly to Judith, and Judith nodded her head and just stood there. Mother gave her a little push.

"Go ahead, dear," she said, "Janie's aunt and I are going in to help Mrs. Robinson. Take the dogs for a nice long run."

Janie and Judith stood watching them go into the house and then Judith looked down and scraped one smooth black patent-leather toe against the other. Janie took charge.

"Come on," she said, "let's get the old dogs out. Maybe they'll scare up a rabbit."

"Okay," said Judith and they ran down the long stretch of lawn to the kennels. Mumps and Measles, two gay and reproachful little Cocker Spaniels, bounded out of their kennel and bounced delightedly around the girls.

Janie picked up a stick and threw it for them and both the dogs ran after it, their floppy ears streaming behind like little wings. They tumbled over one another trying to get the stick, fighting over it with mock growls and snaps. Measles caught it at last and ran back to the girls, eluding the younger and more awkward Mumps who had not yet learned to keep his feet out of the way.

Janie leaned over and took the stick from Measles and gave it to Judith.

"Your turn, Jude," she said, not looking at her.

Judith took the stick and tossed it and this time Mumps, who had a head start, got it. He wasn't so polite about giving it up and Judith had to chase and catch him to get it. She gave it to Janie.

"Your turn."

Janie was sitting on the grass, digging her heels into the sod.

"Let's don't throw it any more. It's too hot."

"Okay," said Judith and she sat down on the grass carefully because she had her good dress on. She carefully picked a nice long stem of grass and chewed the tender part near the root.

"I can make a grass whistle," she

said suddenly. "Tony showed me how yesterday. Want to see?"

"Sure."

Judith took a blade of grass and worked with it, then put it in her mouth and blew. It had a funny squeaky whistle.

"Show me how," asked Janie, and Judith showed her how to fix the grass. She wiped her hand across her mouth.

"It tickles funny in your mouth when you blow," she explained. Janie blew on hers a few times and it squeaked almost as loud as Judith's.

"I never knew it was so easy," she said, and put the whistle down.

"That's nothing," said Judith proudly, "he told me how to make a willow whistle, too, only we have to wait 'til it's spring, 'cause in the summer the trees are too stiff. In the spring they're easy to bend. I betcha we can make lots of them next spring and sell them."

"Sure," said Janie. Judith was suddenly embarrassed because Janie wasn't listening.

"Could I have a drink of water, please?" she asked shyly.

"Sure thing," said Janie and they ran up to the back door. Kate, large and clean and bustling, came to the door.

"Thirsty, are you?" she asked sympathetically. "I don't wonder. Sun's as hot as hot today. Want some lemonade and cookies?" Both children smiled back at her and she got them a pitcher of lemonade, a nice pitcher medium size, just big enough for two little girls, and a big plate of soft, filled cookies.

"Why don't you have them down at the swing?" she said. "I'll carry them down for you." She took them to the swing and set them on the little table that fitted between the two seats. She poured both glasses half full.

"There, now, you won't tip them glasses over if you get to swinging," she said and left them.

It was almost like a party, Judith thought. Usually they ate at the kitchen door, begging Kate for "just one more cookie please and we'll eat all our dinner, we promise." It didn't seem right to be sitting so still and grownup on the swing.

The lemonade was good and Judith was thirsty, but she noticed that Janie only drank a little bit of hers

LITERATURE

and only took one bite of cookie. Noticing it, her own cookie didn't taste very good so she put it down slowly on the table. Measles and Mumps were sitting up waving their feathery front legs begging for a bite, so Judith fed them the rest.

"Don't give them any more," Janie said when the last bite was gone, "a little bit won't hurt them but if they have very much, Da—if they have very much it gives them worms." Judith looked away embarrassed. She knew Janie had started to say "Daddy" and that she didn't want to say it. Mother had said that Heaven was a nice place and that Mr. Robinson would be happy there, but Janie wasn't glad he had gone, and Judith didn't see how he could be happy without Janie and Janie's mother and Measles and Mumps.

Judith saw Janie jump up and saw that her mother and Janie's mother had come out of the house. Judith and Janie went to meet them. Mrs. Robinson's face was white and tired.

Suddenly Judith saw two great big tears roll down Mrs. Robinson's face, and Janie ran to her mother and started to cry a little too, quietly.

"Darling, don't," said Janie's mother holding her tightly, "you've been such a brave girl."

Mother held out her hand.

"Come, Judith," she said softly and Judith went with her. They walked around the house together, Judith very close and very quiet, until they reached the sidewalk.

"Didn't Mrs. Robinson want Mr. Robinson to go to Heaven, Mother?" she whispered, her eyes big and bewildered. "I thought you said it was a nice place."

"It is, dear, but they won't see him again for a long, long time and they'll both miss him very much," Mother said.

Judith thought of a little bird she had found not long ago. It had been cold and stiff and she had tried to warm it, before somebody told her.

"Mother," Judith said in a small voice, "Janie's father's dead isn't he?"

Mother looked down at her strangely.

"Yes, Judith," she answered.

"Then I don't see how they'll ever see him again—he'll be all cold and gone."

"That isn't the real part of him. Judith. Don't worry about it, dear,

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AT RUTGERS UNIVERSITY, we hear, they have a course in practical telephone speech. In this course, two students talk by telephone while the class hears their conversation by means of a loud speaker.

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Do you dial with care to avoid wrong numbers? Do you hang up properly after every call? Do you answer every call promptly?

We hope you can answer "yes" to all these questions because—

**Good Telephone Habits Are
a Business and Social Asset**



you'll understand better when you're older."

Judith walked along quietly for awhile and then pretty soon she was skipping instead of walking, now ahead, now behind, her mother. She pulled a leaf from a low tree branch and sucked it, but it was bitter and made her mouth pucker and she threw it away.

"Chocolate ice cream for dinner, Mother?" she asked, and Mother nodded, smiling.

"Oh boy! Race you to the corner," she shouted and was off like a small whirlwind, blonde braids flying. Only when she reached the corner she waited until her mother caught up with her and then she took her Mother's hand and looked carefully up and down the street before she started across.

First Semester—1941-42

SOPHOMORES

Gladys Edna Bistline
Marion Cohen
Ann Joyce Cowan
Aida DeBellis
Evelyn Glick
Virginia Elizabeth Gray
Betty Martha Johnescu
Phyllis Jones
Dale Kirsopp
Ann Louise McClymonds
Martha Ellen McCullough
Sally Meanor
Nancy Jane Raup
Miriam Rosenbloom
Nancy Stauffer
Adelyne Gloria Supowitz

JUNIORS

Jean Archer
Ruth Bristor
Edith Cole
Peggy Dietz
Rosemarie Filippelli
Claire Horwitz
Marian Lambie
Althea Lowe
Marjorie Noonan
Marion Rowell

SENIORS

Margaret Anderson
Dorothy Andrews
Marden Armstrong
Mary Elizabeth Balmer
Alison Croft
Virginia Helen Crouch
Jane Davies
Margaret Elizabeth Hibbs
Jean Miller
Janet Murray
Joan Myers
Elizabeth Ann Shipley
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Claire Stewart
Florence Succop
Eileen Wessel



by

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Parkersburg	3.15	5.70
Toledo	3.60	6.50
Harrisburg	3.75	6.75
Wilkes-Barre	4.85	8.75
Baltimore	4.85	8.75
Washington, D. C.	4.85	8.75
Scranton	5.10	9.20
Charleston	5.25	9.45
Philadelphia	5.25	9.45
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The ARROW

Vol. XXI

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., February 25, 1942

No. 4



PCW disaster chest equipment is put to use as home nursing students and science majors who assembled the exhibit watch first aid demonstration.

THE ARROW

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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TOO MANY CHAPELS

Last week in SGA, the **Arrow** conducted a poll to determine student opinion on the present chapel system.

For some time now, students have felt that we have too many chapels—that too much time is wasted in poorly planned chapel programs, when that same time could be put to much better advantage elsewhere. The **Arrow** poll revealed that the students were anxious to see this opinion in print, but they were even more eager to make constructive criticism and offer plans whereby the situation could be remedied. There were a few students, of course, who dogmatically said, “do away with chapel entirely,” but the majority of PCW students, realizing chapel to be a necessary and vital part of college activity, made sensible suggestions for much needed improvement.

To begin with, more than 75 per cent of the students present in SGA last Thursday felt that, under the present system, we have too many chapels. Last year, we had four chapels a week. Our Tuesdays were free and were convenient times in which to schedule board meetings and committee meetings. This year, we can no

longer count on having our Tuesdays free for such purposes.

We all are aware of the difficulty our class presidents experience in trying to schedule class meetings. At present, there are just two periods in which class officers even attempt to call the class together—that is, in the minute or two that is sometimes, though not very frequently, left at the end of the regular chapel period, or immediately after lunch. In either case, there is never more than five or ten minutes in which to accomplish the business of the day. In the latter case, there is no guarantee that even a dozen people will turn up. Just how worthwhile is a meeting of this sort?

It has been said that daily chapels are essential in order to see that everyone gets the necessary announcements. Yet the **Arrow** poll showed that over 90 per cent of the students admitted they could just as readily get the announcements from the class and general bulletin boards. In fact, the one type of chapel program most frequently and most severely condemned by the students is the one in which we are herded into the chapel to receive the announcements for the day—then asked to sing a hymn or two while we're there. This interspersing of hymns and bulletins, which was quite a common occurrence, especially last semester, is, by popular student opinion, all wrong. There is nothing finer than a moving religious service, but in order to be effective, the hymns must necessarily be part of an entire religious program in which a good speaker is featured.

First and foremost, the student body would like to hear good lectures. Eighty per cent of the questionnaires turned in clamored for interesting lecturers, good religious speakers, “someone who really has something to tell us.”

Second only to their desire for outside speakers is their wish to have more school songs. Students are criticized for being lacking in class spirit and enthusiasm, yet only on special occasions are they given an opportunity to sing the songs that build school unity and loyalty.

Taking into consideration the opinions of the students, as revealed in the **Arrow** poll, and realizing the needs of the classes for time in which to have meetings and build spirit, and admitting the urgency of the times, it would seem that there is but one solution—have fewer, but more pointed, and therefore better attended, chapels. Set aside one chapel period every other week for regular class meetings, devoting the same day of the alternate week to school singing. Have one free day each week on which chapel is never scheduled and so avoid the inefficiency that results when the various boards cannot meet. Confine religious services to one particular day, thereby making it possible to secure a good speaker for each religious program.

If there is a good lecturer to be heard or a good educational movie to be seen, schedule an extra chapel. If it's really good, the students don't want to miss it.

Because these are times when we are all called upon to do more than ever before, to assume responsibilities that are new to us, it is necessary for us to use our time to advantage. This is a day when everything is being speeded up to a new high in efficiency. We say—let it begin with chapel.

DEFENSE

PCW

Bonds and Blood

While standing in line for your Tuesday hamburger, or lounging in the third floor hall waiting for room B to empty, have you heard, "I suppose I'm letting my country down but with all my labs I just don't have time to take a first aid course, and I never could learn to knit"? If you feel that you would like to do more for America why not take advantage of the following opportunities to help "set the Rising Sun"?

Sale of Stamps

Every Tuesday from 8:30 until 2:30, members of Dr. Martin's Conservation Committee are selling defense stamps and bonds in Berry Hall. To date they have sold two bonds . . . one to Dr. Doult and the other to Midge Norris. The total number of stamps sold here up to February 10 was 1,294 at a total value of \$323.50. The greatest number of stamps was sold in the week of February 3 when 388 stamps passed into the hands of PCWites and \$97 went into the U. S. treasury. The faculty have bought the most stamps with a total purchase of 596 and the sophomores rank second with 333 stamps. The seniors are third in the running, the freshmen fourth, and the juniors last.

The sales for the week of February 10 were: Faculty 106, seniors 14, juniors 14, sophomores 71, and freshmen 38.

Blood Bank

PCW also has organized a committee to arrange for donations to the Pittsburgh blood bank. Dr. Ferguson and Mary Campbell have already sent volunteers to the Red Cross headquarters at the Wabash Building. Here at PCW the girls fill out applications which are checked by Dr. Ferguson. Those between the ages of 18 and 21 must have written permissions from a parent or legal guardian. Appointments are then made for the volunteers at the Red Cross. There the person donating the blood is examined and if acceptable the doctor withdraws about a pint of blood. The procedure requires fifteen or twenty minutes, and the donor may then resume his activities. This blood is put into a flask, wrapped with cloth, and shipped by refrigerated express to Philadelphia, where it is reduced to dry plasma at

the Reichel laboratories. This is restored when needed by adding $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of distilled water and used directly. Thus the army and navy are provided with sufficient stores of dry blood plasma to save many lives in time of disaster. This plasma is also to be used for the emergency needs of civilians.

Blood Donors

Faculty members Miss Marks, Dr. Martin, Dr. Montgomery, and Miss Shamburger, and some of the employees of the college have already donated blood to the Blood Bank. Aida DeBellis, Carol Bostwick, Agnes Conner, Florence Jardini, Marion Leach, Ruth Laird, Genevieve Meder, Ruth Notz, and Dorothy Vale have already made their contributions, but many other students who signed up to give some of their blood have not yet done so because they have not brought in permissions from home.

President's New Titles

Energetic President Spencer has added some new titles to his fast-growing collection. Latest two are: Chairman of the College and University Section of Civilian Defense in Pittsburgh, and Coordinator for Radio Technicians, U. S. Office of Education.

January 30 found Chairman Spencer and PCW Chairman of Civilian Defense Montgomery in Harrisburg, attending a meeting of representatives of the College councils of defense, held under the auspices of the State Council. General conclusion was that though some of the eastern colleges had made more preparations for air raids, PCW had started earlier, gone farther than most of the other colleges.

At a special meeting of the Association of College Presidents of Pennsylvania the pros and cons of accelerating student programs were discussed. Though the men's and co-ed colleges are speeding up and inaugurating trimester programs, women's colleges agree that there is no need for such procedure on their part at the present time, will keep on with their semester plan. This means that PCWites will be able to enjoy their usual Spring vacation, will have their Commencement as scheduled. Some special courses pertinent to the war effort (health corps, farmerettes) are being planned for the summer.

CITY

Urban Defense Council

"If war does come into the United States, it will definitely come to Pittsburgh—we're hoping against air raids, but trying to prepare for them," said Paul H. Martin, secretary of the Civilian Defense Council of Allegheny County. Mr. Martin explained that civilian defense organizations, of which the Council is in charge, are passive and protective units independent of the government's active military organizations. They function to prevent disaster on the home front just as the fighting forces try to prevent disaster on the battle field.

In Case of Attack

In case of any attack on a city, the alarm must first be given to the people. Unfortunately, no system for public alarm exists in Pittsburgh at the present time. A few boroughs and small towns have devices for spreading a disaster or fire alarm to the residents; some have fire sirens which can be heard for a great distance, or are small enough so that the people can be aroused by the mere ringing of the church bells. In Pittsburgh all calls for the police and fire departments are telephoned in to the local stations, and the people are aware of accidents only when they hear the sirens of fire engines or ambulances on their way to give aid.

Air Raid Sirens

Experiments with air raid sirens have been conducted recently in the city with moderate success. Because of the many stone building and skyscrapers, the sound of sirens will not carry through the streets but is deflected back to the source. Sirens sounded from Mount Washington and Duquesne Bluff have not been heard in the downtown section, and the sound of twelve sirens placed on the tops of Pittsburgh's highest buildings has failed to carry far. It is possible for a public address system to broadcast the sound of a few sirens a great distance, or for each community to purchase its own siren if necessary.

Blackouts

Mr. Martin said of the blackout situation in Pittsburgh, "Because of the rivers and blast furnaces, it is improbable that the city can be completely blacked out, but a partial

DEFENSE

blackout may be effective." When asked if the city might have to depend on its anti-aircraft guns alone for protection, he said tersely, "Pittsburgh doesn't own one." However, the government is appropriating \$1,500,000 to be given to the county in the form of equipment such as fire hose, bomb extinguishers, and emergency mechanized units. This should provide adequate protection for all vital areas.

No Unauthorized Units

The Council for Defense is trying to keep the civilian movement well coordinated because independent, unauthorized units are a hindrance rather than a help. To discourage unqualified persons from assuming defense duties, a bill has been introduced in Congress to provide compensation for all registered, authorized defense workers who may be injured in line of duty. This will encourage those who want to help to get in touch with their local Civilian Defense organizations and register for training or work where they are needed.

Ben G. Graham, superintendent of public schools in Pittsburgh, is in charge of the instruction of active defense workers. Many teachers and principals are air raid wardens and have made plans for the protection of the pupils in case of attack. A demonstration of the various types of incendiary and explosive bombs was given recently for air raid wardens. They were shown how to extinguish them and how to prevent serious damage and injury when they strike.

Corporations Plan Defense

Many large firms and corporations, cooperating with the Civilian Defense Council, are making plans to protect themselves. In Pittsburgh, the First National Bank, Westinghouse Electric and Airbrake, and the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company are among those making plans for their own defense. In case of attack, their preparations may be of great value to the city. The searchlights that have been sending powerful beams of light into the sky recently at night are the property of the government. Others will probably be added later with the additional government equipment.

Mr. Martin believes that a well-organized defense unit such as exists at PCW is of great value. "Peo-

ple who are joining up 'for defense,'" he said, "sometimes forget that they're protecting their own lives and property by doing so. It's just common sense to defend yourself, and now by defending yourself you're working for the defense of the nation." A. McC.

Registration for CDO

On Thursday, February 5, a committee of six women headed by Mrs. Olburn from the main Civilian Defense Office of Pittsburgh registered the PCW students who are interested in doing their part for defense. Seventy-two members of the faculty and the student body signed up to serve if needed as swimming instructors, typists, radio workers, translators and interpreters, recreational leaders, and home nurses.

Committees

To simplify its operation, the Civilian Defense Office has appointed many committees with specific duties—Production, Social Education, Social Welfare, Canteen, Administrative, Health, Motor Service, and Recreational. Many positions are open to citizens who want an opportunity to help in the present emergency. The CDO can use civilians as instructors in sewing and knitting, research aides, shoppers, day nursery workers, teachers of crafts, dietary planners, emergency food distributors, clerical workers, ambulance drivers, messengers, and entertainers of children.

Faculty Registration

Among the faculty members who registered with the CDO for defense work are: Dr. Wallace, Dr. Scholl, Dr. Kinder, Mrs. Shupp, Mrs. Gilmore, Mrs. Benn, Mrs. Hubbs, Mrs. Owens, and the Misses Shields, Anderson, Andrew, Ayers, Weigand, Held, Perry, Piel, Campbell, Dysart, Gunderman, Evans, Graham, Griggs, Harrison, Walker, Howell, Shamburger, McCarty, and Mowry.

Student Registration

The students who registered are: B. Weil, A. Harris, N. Maxwell, P. Jones, J. Burchinal, J. McClung, R. Demmler, B. Dobson, M. Matheny, J. Chantler, J. Shook, M. L. Balmer, D. Evans, D. Vale, A. Croft, H. Moore, J. Patterson, A. B. Saylor, G. Horton, A. Downing, H. Robin-

son, E. St. Clair, J. Meub, M. Minnemeyer, R. Wayne, P. Leonard, B. McCrory, V. Volkay, J. Dobson, J. Murray, M. Swannee, M. McFarland, M. Youngling, M. Burtnett, H. Brenner, A. Craig, P. Basenko, L. Allshouse, M. Noonan, J. Rigamont, M. Rosenbloom, W. Watson, S. McLean, M. Teichmann, P. Tross, M. Rowell, M. Malanos J. McCall, F. Pollick, V. Ditzes, C. Horwitz, B. Heinz, L. Haldeman, L. Haller, M. Gallagher, M. Cohen, A. M. Devlin, D. Purkiss, A. J. Cowan, M. Griffith, R. Jenkins, F. Jardini, N. Bailey, and P. Craig.

President on the Air

PCW president, defense-minded Herbert L. Spencer, took to the air waves, Monday, February 16. On behalf of the ESMDT, Dr. Spencer discussed defense courses, offered suggestions to women as to the course opened to them in war-changed industry and ordnance work.

Red Cross

Dr. Evans, treasurer, and Eileen Wessel, student representative, of the War Relief Committee of the PCW Civilian Defense Council announced the results of the recent Red Cross drive: \$608.79, which has since been handed over to the Red Cross.

Speaker Shupp

The drive was opened January 9 with a program in chapel. Mrs. E. J. Owens introduced speaker Hazel Cole Shupp who spoke about the meaning of the Red Cross to us today.

Mr. Collins had obtained the services of two talented Pittsburgh singers: Viola Byrgerson and Helen Bell Rush, who added a musical touch to the occasion.

English Film Shown

The committee showed two films lent by the Red Cross which gave a realistic demonstration of the tragedy in England and the work done by the American Red Cross. The program was brought to a close by the singing of the *Star-Spangled Banner*.

In view of the excellent results of the drive, the committee wishes to thank students, faculty and employees for their splendid cooperation.

CONTESTS

Scripts for Defense

Saturday, February 28, at noon, marks the deadline for the radio script-writing contest being sponsored by Miss Kerst's radio workshop. A prize of \$10.00 will be awarded to the author of the best fifteen-minute or half-hour radio script written on the current situation and suitable for use on a defense program. In addition, there will be two honorable mentions, all scripts becoming the property of the radio workshop.

Entrants may consult Miss Kerst for additional information, must receive from her a number to accompany the final typewritten script. Contestants' names will not appear on their entries.

Judges will be chosen from the Pittsburgh radio field; the contest scripts may be used on a series of defense broadcasts now being planned by the radio workshop.

Ad Club Scholarship

Of great interest to juniors is the fact that the Women's Advertising Club of Pittsburgh has announced again this year its advertising contest: award—a one-hundred dollar scholarship applied to next year's tuition; also the privilege of becoming an associate member of the club for a year, with no assessment. Only personal qualification is that the contestant must have officially maintained a high scholastic standard thus far this year. Rules for the contest are few, not at all complicated. All entries must be mailed by March 15.

Girls interested in the contest should go for further information to Mrs. Shupp, who is anxious to keep the award at PCW. A talk with last year's winner, Joyce Wallis, will convince any junior that this contest is a splendid opportunity for any girl interested in an advertising career.

PCW Places Second

Last Sunday, February 22, three PCW students representing the **Arrow** competed with students representing the student publications of the other four Pittsburgh colleges on a Quiz program sponsored by the Contemporary Bookshop. The questions asked demanded specific answers on general information and the first

prize was five dollars worth of books to be chosen by the students.

The three students representing the **Arrow** were: Marjorie Noonan, junior; Jean Archer, junior; and Ann McClymonds, sophomore. Results of the Quiz were: Pitt, first; PCW, second; Tech, third; Duquesne, fourth.

Juniors Win Trophy

The sudden appearance last Thursday of lollipops in the corners of junior mouths was due to their triumph in the annual class play contest presented February 8. The trophy on which the name and year of the winning class is to be inscribed had not yet arrived the evening of the performance, and the lollipops served as temporary though welcome substitutes. Judges for the evening were Eugenie Miller, PCW graduate, a member of the Pittsburgh Savoyards and well known in Pittsburgh dramatic circles; Jean Hill '41, who majored in Speech here and last year had the difficult leading role in the play *Kind Lady* given jointly by PCW and W&J; and **Arrow** Editor Joyce Walli, '42, representing the Activities Council.

Faculty Take-off

I Wake Up Screaming, the junior play, was written by Marion Rowell and directed by Jane Evans. It was a take-off on PCW's faculty. Nina Maley played the part of the psychology student who falls asleep the night before her exam and sees members of the faculty haunting her nightmare. The Rabbit, played by Helen Jane Taylor, served as commentator and introduced the various characters as they appeared on the scene. Lorraine Wolf mimicked Mr. Yeager so successfully that students who were in his last semester's classes started to take notes . . . and just a few minutes after the contest was over a near-sighted sophomore asked Peggy Suppes, dean-for-a-night, for a late permission..

Miss Griggs was played by Jean Archer; Miss Gunderman by Jean Wyre; Mrs. Ayres by Marion Kieffer; Miss Held by Amy McKay; Dr. Andrew by Rosella Wayne; Dr. Spencer by Barbara Heinz; Mrs. Shupp by Rosemary Phillipelli; Dr. Wallace by Edith Cole and Miss Welker by Jean DeWoody.

Sophomores Drafted

Asleep in the Draft or It Wouldn't Happen To a Dog was written by Norma Lewis and directed by Evelyn Glick, was the sophomore contribution to the evening's entertainment. Making use of the dream idea in a different manner, the plot dealt with the problems of drafting women and the even worse problem of female finding a male for a dance when all the men have been drafted.

Unfortunately a few obstreperous pieces of scenery failed to cooperate: thus when Clark Gable appeared on the scene he was on the wrong side of the moon and had to be carefully turned toward the audience; and the Chattanooga Choo Choo suffered a breakdown after being changed into the PCWoo-Woo.

Laugh-lines

Patty Leonard as the dreamer, Trudy, and Martha Harlan provided many laughs, but one of the best lines of the evening was "She still has that 'Mamma, what is beer' look on her face." Highlights of the play included May Lou Reiber's singing and Phyllis Jones' characterization of a colored mammy.

Other members of the cast included Anna Mae Devlin, Jean Grey, Jeanne McKeag, and Norma Bailey.

Mistaken Identity

A Reasonable Facsimile was the title of the freshman production, of which Billie Lapsley was both the authoress and director. The plot of the play, complicated but original, concerned the efforts of a group of girls to pass a boy off as his twin sister. Unfortunately, the scheme failed when younger sister Margie Sellek betrayed the disguised boy. Outstanding performance of the evening is awarded to Patty Smith as the girl dressed as a boy dressed as a girl.

Other members of the cast included Alice Craig, Jane Gilbert, Virginia Ricks, Eleanor St. Clair, Jane Wood, Ruth Jenkins, Marion Swannee, Peggy Chantler, Patsy Speers, and Carolyn Cosel.

Better and Better

The play contest seems fated to produce better entertainment every year. As the classes gain more experience, they realize just what constitutes a good play, what is suitable for one-act productions, and the difficulties of presentation that must be considered. This year's group of plays was better than last year's and hit a new high in class spirit and enthusiasm.

EVENTS



"... stardust melodies"

Spotlight Dance

PCW's Spotlight dance of the year, its annual Junior Prom, will be held March 6, from 9 till 1, at the Twentieth Century Club. Club ballroom will be decorated with candelabra and ferns in the traditional theme: a Candlelight Ball. Within this romantic setting couples will dance to the soft, sweet, Stardust Melodies of Baron Elliott and his orchestra.

Prom Committee is headed by Jane Evans, includes Elizabeth Shipley, Phyllis Tross, Betty Brown, and Eleanor St. Clair, representing their respective classes.

Charming chairman Evans reminds PCWites to "Bring your smoothest man to PCW's smoothest dance," adds this special P.S.: "Uncle Sam may take him for the Army, but let's hope he won't keep him from the Prom!"

Tickets will go on sale soon, at \$3.50 plus federal tax.

Suivez-Moi

To make their glorious Prom week-end complete, PCWites come each year to Woodland Hall to the tea dance, held this year on Saturday, March 7 from 3 to 5. Perfume is the motif, and they're calling it—"Suivez-moi."

Not just a good time is in store for the tea-dancers, but also a chance to win some exciting prizes at the

drawing, held to contribute to the Student Loan Fund, vital PCW project.

Tea dance chairman is Nina Maley; her committee includes Louise Halde- man, Ann Baker, Helen Shelkop, and Virginia Crouch.

Chairman Maley has not yet decided on just the right band, promises that the orchestra chosen will do its best to make the afternoon a big success.

Address Your Partner

Plans for this year's PCW-W&J Quadrille are as yet tentative. The Quadrille, presented under the sponsorship of Henry Ford who each year has sent Mr. and Mrs. Lovett of Dearborn, Michigan, to give the students their final instruction, will this year be presented on May 1, in the ballroom of the George Washington Hotel in Washington, Pennsylvania.

After the Quadrille a formal dinner is given for the eighty couples who have participated in the dance.

Rehearsals have been scheduled for February 25, March 24, April 29, and April 30, although word has not yet been received from Mr. Ford.

Fashions for the USO

Activities Council and SGA are joining forces to present, on April 18, an afternoon of fashions and bridge for the benefit of the USO. The benefit will be held in AMH from 2:30 until 5:00. Joseph Horne and Company will display spring styles; ten PCW girls and four professionals from Horne's will model.

Following the fashion show and an hour of bridge, tea will be served in AMH dining room.

Ticket arrangements and committee members will be announced at a later date.

Group Visits Armory

A group of twenty-five girls will go to Logan Armory Saturday night, February 28, to an evening of dancing planned by Chaplain Belt of the Armory. Mrs. Watkins and Miss Anderson will accompany the girls. If the idea proves successful, Saturday night will be the first in a series of exchange dances between PCW and the Armory, where some 300 soldiers are stationed.

South American Theme

Colloquium Club members gathered at PCW Monday, February 26, to hear a program prepared by Miss Marks, PCW dean. "Women in South America" was the subject of the discussion, ably led by Maristella Hockensmith, who attended PCW in 1939, and Monica Vila, Chilean exchange student. Additional ideas about the role women play in South American life were obtained from a letter recently received from Yvonne da Silva, former PCW exchange student, who is now employed in a government position in Rio de Janeiro, and doing articles and translations for a Brazilian newspaper.

Music Students Entertain

Members of the Alumnae Association were entertained at a luncheon at the home of Mrs. A. S. F. Keister, on Saturday, February 7. Mrs. Keister, a prominent Alumnae member, is an enthusiastic music patroness, staunchly supports all of Pittsburgh's musical projects.

Program for the affair was given by PCW music students, Marion Cohen, Pauline Basenko, Midge Norris, Allison Meyer, Phyllis Keister. Entertainment included three Chopin Etudes, played by Marion Cohen; several clarinet solos by Pauline Basenko; several harp selections, played by Phyllis Keister; two original compositions by Marion Cohen and Midge Norris, and a selection by both Marion Cohen and Allison Meyer. Alumnae were most appreciative of PCW musicians, requested another performance in the near future.

AMH Scene

February 27 is the date for a tea to be given for the Smith Club. Place: Andrew Mellon Hall. Hostesses will be Miss Marks, Dr. Evans, Mrs. Marie Roberts, Mrs. H. G. Botset, and Mrs. J. R. Charles.

Andrew Mellon Hall also was the locale for the last meeting of the PCW chapter of the AAUP, February 11. Theme was a Valentine luncheon, arranged by Drs. Piel, Andrew, Griggs, and Montgomery. Field Secretary Campbell spoke to the group, told them interesting information, gleaned from the records, about PCW students.

EVENTS

STUDENTS CONVENE ISGA

To Bucknell University last weekend went **Arrow** columnist (see Sports) Janet Ross, and Ruth Brister, Defense Council member, as SGA representatives to the Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Student Government Association Convention. Convention subject: "The Role of Colleges and Universities in the Present War." Its aim: to arrive at a specific program which student government associations in the various colleges can carry out.

Speaking at the meetings were Dr. Arnaud C. Marts, Director of Pennsylvania Civilian Defense Council, and State Council of Defense's Director of Youth Activities George Munger, also head football coach at the University of Pennsylvania. PCW representatives attended round-table discussions.

Saturday night was devoted to fun. Delegates watched a varsity sports program, then went on to an informal dance.

ICC

Plans are being formulated for the Intercollegiate Conference on Government scheduled to meet the last weekend in March (March 26-29) at Harrisburg. The form of this year's meeting will be a model peace conference—the theme having been chosen by a clear majority of the member schools participating. Probable committees at the conference include those on peace terms—including boundaries, penalties, armaments, and the maintenance of peace. In addition, various committees will be concerned with the economic, political, and social problems of the future. Taking part in the conference will be Pitt, Seton Hill, PCW, and other schools in this region.

Said Dr. Shields, "Obviously it cannot be determined how long the war will last, what turns it will take, or what economic, social, and political conditions will prevail when it is over. But the member schools feel that it is vitally necessary that young people should be thinking of the kind of world they would like to live in once the war has been won."

A meeting of all those interested

in attending the conference will be called in the near future.

Discussions and Debates

Sponsored by the American Unity Committee of the PCW Defense Council, an informative program discussing the past, present and future of the Japanese situation was held in the chapel on February 10. Speakers were Phyllis Jones, Evelyn Glick, and Miriam Rosenbloom, with Margaret Hibbs presiding.

The Freshman debating team will meet with girls from Mt. Mercy today. Jane Chantler will lead the discussion and Marion Swannee and Jane Gilbert will be on the group panel on "Should Women Be Drafted?"

Another in the series of Intercollegiate discussion meetings between the five city colleges will be held at Mt. Mercy on March 4. In preparation for the Penn State Debaters' Conference, the meeting will be a parliamentary session. Miriam Rosenbloom will present PCW's majority report on the problem "What is Youth's Stake in the War?"

Also in line with the Penn State Conference to be held at State College March 21 and 22, Geneva College is holding a preliminary parliamentary conference on February 28, to which PCW is sending about five representatives.

Brotherhood Week

The National Conference of Christians and Jews celebrated "Brotherhood Week" from February 15 to February 22. Miss Robb, adviser to the debate groups at PCW, was chairman of booking arrangements for the Pittsburgh committee for celebration of the week. Four PCW students met with various members from other schools before religious groups and meetings all over the city for discussion on the problem "What Kind of a World Do We Want to Live In?"

Claire Horwitz spoke at the United Presbyterian Church on February 15; Miriam Rosenbloom and Dorothy Andrews are to be at the United Presbyterian Church and Phyllis Jones will be one of the speakers at a meeting sponsored by the YW here this afternoon, at which students from Mt. Mercy and Pitt will also speak.

Chapels

Says the old adage: "Variety is the spice of life." In keeping with this motto, a varied and instructive schedule of chapel programs has been planned.

First of this series, sponsored by the Vocational Committee chairmanned by Ruth Demmler, was a talk by Miss Ruby Mae Jordan, from Katharine Gibbs' Secretarial School, New York. Her subject: "How to Apply for a Job." Included were many helpful aids in making appointments and selling yourself to prospective employers.

PCW Library Committee was in charge of the program for February 18. Joan Meyers, senior member of the committee, announced the personal library contest for seniors. Marjorie Noonan, junior member of the committee, and English professor Shamburger, who chairmanned the program, discussed "The Value of Books in a Liberal Arts Education."

Shown on February 23, was the forty-five minute TWA color movie "Winged Horizons," the story of a business man's trip from New York to the Coast in a four-motor plane. More than a travelogue, the film also showed the development of air transportation with behind-the-scene shots of various departments essential to the industry.

Harvey Gaul

A distinct personality strolled into the Chapel on Monday, January 19, delivered a unique lecture. Topic: "Sleuthing for Folk Tunes Around the Globe." Speaker was well known musician and critic, Dr. Harvey B. Gaul.

Assisted by Marion Kieffer, Gladys Cooper, Jane Hanauer, who sang Negro spirituals, and Eileen Wessel, who sang a Pennsylvania Dutch Lullaby, Dr. Gaul discussed Pennsylvania Dutch melodies, and mountain tunes, most of which are imported from England. Musician Gaul brought along trophies bagged on his musical hunts, showed them to his audience.

Judge Soffel Speaks

Listed among future programs are: a chapel talk by Miss Dysart, today; an hour lecture by prominent Judge Soffel, February 27; a speech, scheduled for March 4, by Dr. Shields, just returned from Goucher College where she taught during her leave of absence from PCW.

EVENTS

RADIO WORKSHOP

Quizicale Returns

Quizicale, a monthly quiz program sponsored by PCW's radio workshop, will return to the air on Monday morning, March 2, at 10:30. At its initial presentation, Phyllis Jones '44 came out on top, was dubbed the "Quiz Kid" of the month. Quiz Kid Jones will be the sophomore representative March 2, and each of the other classes and the faculty will elect one candidate. In future programs this procedure will be continued and PCWites next month will be asked to submit questions. A box will be placed outside of chapel to receive these questions.

Speech major Lorraine Wolf will act as mistress of ceremonies for the coming program and will be assisted by members of the radio class.

On the Air

PCW Radio Workshop returns to the air Tuesday, March 3, at 11:00 P. M. over WJAS. Appearing on the Greater Pittsburgh Presents program, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, members of the radio class will discuss "Defense Activities at PCW."

PATRIOTIC TEXT

This year the Choral Speaking group under the direction of Miss Kerst is concentrating all efforts on patriotic material. Most outstanding number on their program is the *Ballad for Americans*, text by John Latouche and music by Earl Robinson. This number will be presented by the Choral Speaking Group in chapel on Monday, March 16. It will be the first time such an experiment has been made with the famous *Ballad*.

Special work is in progress on Amy Lowell's *Bombardment* as well as selections from Carl Sandburg's work. The chorus is also working on a group of selections suitable for radio presentation so that they will be ready at a moment's notice to aid in the series of ten radio programs being planned for the Radio Workshop.

SENIOR DINNER

On Monday, February 9, the senior dinner was held in Andrew Mellon Hall. An annual event, this year the dinner was chairmanned by able Dorothy Purkiss, who had on her committee Jane McClung, Ethel Herrod, Helen Moore, and Ruth Demmler. The decorations were yellow and white flowers, carrying out the class colors.

Faculty guests at the dinner were Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Miss Kerst, Miss Robb, Dr. Butler, Dr. Andrew, and Miss Marks.

After the dinner, seniors adjourned to AMH library to hear the reading of the class play, written by Jean Faris and Marjory Higgins. The music for the play was played by Peggy Matheny and Marjorie Norris who composed it. A few alterations are being made in the play before the tryouts, which will be held shortly.

VALENTINE DINNER

Breaking a long-established PCW tradition this year, House Students' formal Valentine dinner was extended to include Day Students and was divided into two parts. Freshmen and Sophomores sat down to turkey with all the fixin's in Berry Hall cafeteria, while Juniors and Seniors ate together in Woodland Hall. Students commented on attractive decorations, Miss Bair's excellent food, and smooth efficiency marking the dinner. After PCWites had eaten their fill, joined in community singing during the meal, remarked on each other's formals, and peered at Faculty husbands and wives, all adjourned to Chapel to cheer, stomp at, and clap the long-awaited Faculty Play.

Faculty Entertain

Faculty Play this year was a disjointed, but thoroughly enjoyable show of three one-act plays.

In first act, female faculty members appeared in blue jeans, straw hats at the Spencer's farm. Highlights were Miss Shamburger's performance and Mrs. Spencer's line, "My husband's out shooting defense officials." Audience chuckled also at faculty imbibing goat's-milk cocktails.

Shades of 1917

Faculty fashion show, next on program, gave faculty their chance to "strut their stuff" in strange looking styles of World War I. A screaming audience howled as each new model appeared; outstanding were Dr. Martin's negligee, Dr. Grigg's "senorita," Miss Robb's sack-like outfit. Miss Errett and Mr. Collins, as Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, were hit of the show. The "chorus girls," Dr. and Mrs. Spencer's "Merry Oldsmobile" scene, and Miss Shamburger's blushing bride were other highlights.

Under the Greenwood Tree

Final playlet was Shakespearean, and will long be remembered for the Dean's girlish Rosalind, historian Dysart's clinging Celia, long-legged male faculty members' appearance in tights. Biggest laugh line was the Dean's reference to Mr. Yeager's love life, with Miss Dysart's eloquent "It stinks," running a close second.

Dual MC's

Dr. Wallace was an effectively befuddled MC for the first part of the evening, with Mrs. Shupp taking over for the last act.

General student opinion at end of evening was that 1942's Faculty Play was a howling success.

Pennsylvanian Plea

Pennsylvanian Editor Marden Armstrong issues a plea for snapshots taken on the PCW campus. The Yearbook goes to the printer around the middle of March, and these pictures are needed.

Nineteen hundred and forty-two *Pennsylvanian* will be an ultra-edition, with a "smooth" white cover, bearing the college seal. Charm girl pictures will be in it, plus, it is rumored, "Something new and different."

Copies will be distributed after Moving-Up Day. Anyone desiring an extra copy should see Editor Armstrong promptly.



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ARTS

DRAMA

PCW-W&J Play

Continuing tradition in spite of scarcity of tires, PCW and W&J will present their joint dramatic production just before spring vacation. After lengthy discussion and many suggestions, *The Male Animal*, recent Broadway hit, was chosen. This play opened the current season at the Pittsburgh Playhouse, was well received by Pittsburgh theater-goers. *The Male Animal* offers excellent opportunities for both W&J and PCW thespians, has a cast of five women and eight men.

Deviating from tradition, the play will have just a single night's run at PCW on Wednesday, March 25, rather than two performances as in the past. It will be presented at Washington, Pa., on March 26.

Tryouts were held last week under the direction of Miss Robb, and the following cast has been announced:

Cleota Lorraine Wolf
Ellen Turner.....Peggy Chantler
Patricia Stanley.....Alice Provost
Mrs. Damon.....Carla Gregson
Myrtle Keller.....Becky Steuber

Actress

Mary Evelyn Ducey, a former PCW student, has the leading role in the play that opened at the Pittsburgh Playhouse beginning February 24. It is *Green Grow the Lilacs*, by Lynn Riggs—a tender and simple love story which takes place in the Indian territory of Oklahoma. Mary Evelyn says that there is no role she would enjoy playing more than the one she has now of the romantic heroine. She has been interested in dramatics ever since she attended high school in Sewickley, and had parts in three plays while at PCW. She says that she had her first chance at a really good part when she won the second lead in *Holiday*, the PCW-W&J production in her freshman year.

Mary Evelyn was also elected freshman Charm Girl here, and has done modelling for Kaufmann's, Joseph Horne's, and Gimbel's department stores. It was through her modelling jobs that she became acquainted with Frederick Burleigh,

director of the Pittsburgh Playhouse production. Last summer she was a member of a stock company that presented plays in a little theater near Pittsburgh, and is going to New York this fall to do professional modelling. She hopes that this work will lead to a place on the New York legitimate stage, and that eventually she may have an opportunity to act on the screen.

MUSIC

Students Win Award

Music theory students Marion Cohen and Marjorie Snyder recently received the Foster Memorial Award of twenty-five dollars which is offered annually by this organization under the direction of the Civic Club of Pittsburgh. The winning compositions were titled *Variations on a French Nursery Song* and *Rhapsody Nocturne*.

PCW's Competition

PCW competes annually with Pitt, Tech, and Duquesne for honors in original music composition, last year received honorable mention and yielded winning honors to Pitt. This year, besides copping the first award, PCW walked off with two honorable mentions; recognized thus were senior Midge Norris for her piano composition *Twilight*, and Pauline Basenko for her theme with variations on the clarinet.

Judges

Contestants wrote under assumed names. Each judge worked alone on the entries, total scores determining the winners. The judges were pianist Dallmeyer Russell, co-director of the Pittsburgh Music Institute, Pittsburgh Symphony concertmaster Vladimir Bakaleinikoff, and Dr. Harvey B. Gaul, Calvary Church organist, composer, and feature editor of *The Musical Forecast*. Winners played their compositions at the North Side Carnegie Music Hall Sunday afternoon, February 15.

Student Recital

Monday, March 16, Allison Meyer will give an evening recital in the Art Center, assisted by Eileen Wesel as solo vocalist. PCW graduate '41 Meyer takes piano courses here, a public school music teaching

course at Tech. Her program includes:

Beethoven.....Sonata Op. 90
Chopin.....Etude in F Minor

Prelude in C Major

Etude in C Sharp Minor

Waltz in G Flat

Rubenstein Con-
certo in D Minor; first movement.

Symphony Violinist

February 16, at 11:30, students and faculty gathered in the chapel to hear a recital by Hans Bassermann, Pittsburgh Symphony violinist. During the introduction by Chairman Welker came an interruption. Music Critic Harvey Gaul, recent PCW speaker, entered the room, assured the audience he was not returning to finish his speech.

Concertmaster and Soloist

Musician Bassermann is considered one of the best violinists of his generation. His mother was a pupil of Clara Schumann, and Brahms and Joachim were intimate friends of both his parents. The young Hans studied music at the Berlin Hochschule under Henri Marteau. At twenty-two, he was concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic under Arthur Nikisch. Later he held the same position at Leipzig and at Geneva. A soloist in the leading circles of Europe under famous conductors he also taught at the Berlin Hochschule, was a professor at the State Hochschule at Weimar, and succeeded Henri Marteau as teacher at the Leipzig Conservatory.

His PCW audience genuinely appreciated the fine music skillfully drawn from his Stradivarius violin. Smiling Nan Laudig accompanied Mr. Bassermann; obliging Mrs. Bassermann turned the pages.

Program

Program was interesting and varied. Included was the Kentucky Suite, dedicated to the artist by its composer, Wendell Otey (Pittsburgh composer, now in Hollywood, who formerly accompanied Mr. Bassermann). Violinist Bassermann responded graciously to audience applause, returned to play an encore, *Sarasate*, a Spanish Dance.

PEOPLE

FACULTY

Chairman Montgomery

Dr. E. W. Montgomery, PCW sociology professor, has been elected chairman of the newly-established Sociology Club of Pittsburgh. This organization was founded on January 30 by ten teaching and practicing sociologists who met at the University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Verne Wright of the University was named secretary-treasurer, and Mr. Edward B. Old, research specialist of the Bureau of Social Research, program chairman.

Topics to be discussed in meetings are related to those fields in which the club feels that its functions lie: practical sociology, teaching of sociology, sociological problems and developments, and war and civilian defense.

Who's Who

On Sunday, January 25, PCW faculty member Earl Collins was honored by the Who's Who column in the Pittsburgh Press. The article, written by Ralph Lewando, gave a brief account of organist Collins' life and musical accomplishments.

Students of PCW will remember Mr. Collins particularly for his spirited participation in the faculty entertainments.

Dr. Holbrook

The *Arrow* aims to be helpful. So, feeling helpful, we pulled up with a screeching of brakes beside Doctor Holbrook, who was peacefully walking through AMH grounds, and demanded of him a formula for happiness.

"Mental hygiene," said Dr. Holbrook, surprised but agreeable, "has been defined as the science of happiness. That science includes, among other things, looking ahead to prevent unhappiness; then dealing with it matter-of-factly if and when it does come . . .

"Plan your college work," he suggested, "work your plan—and give it your best. Then smile regardless."

"The best example I can think of is right here on our campus," he said; "Dr. Spencer is one man who can make his plans, and then smile—regardless. That is sportsmanship. That is life at its best."

He smiled again and bade us goodbye. We drove away breathless.

STUDENTS

Here and There

Have you missed us? Back again, with malice dripping from our pen, chocolate dripping from the corners of our mouth, a bedraggled flower hanging dejectedly from our hair, and a wistful valentine stuck in front of our typewriter.

Something New Has Been Added

Catching up with those be-diamonded gals: Emily Montague, sophomore; Petie McCall and Rosella Wayne, juniors; and G. M. Horton, B. Colbaugh, F. Burge, C. Stewart, E. Herrod, F. Succop, and S. Thomas, seniors—all sporting decorated fingers.

Wedding Belles: G. Strem and B. Frank, Alice Chattaway '41, who will be married Saturday, February 28, and D. Dodds, married last October.

B. McCrory, C. Cosel, Justine Swan, P. Matheny, M. Graham and N. Lewis have been initiated into the PPU. Martha Harlan played a one-night stand with a pin and then resigned. N. Davidson tripped all the way to Dickinson to hand in her resignation.

B. Weil seen sporting wings—from the air corps; and R. Weston surrounded by dark rumors about a South American Navy man whom we haven't checked on yet.

Hearts and Flowers

M. Schweppe receiving an extra quota of posies from Paul . . . Donna Kindle boasting two enormous boxes of flowers . . . B. Monroe with three orchids . . . Kay Morse with lovely spring flowers.

J. Patterson's Scotty came through with candy and flowers . . . M. Stewart with so many boxes of candy that we lost our appetite trying to eat some of every kind.

And B. Maerker topping the list with a wrist watch

Around, About, And Out of Town

H. Dornberger and P. Geyer haunting the Tuck Shop . . . B. Brown, J. Meyers, M. K. Strathearn, M. Balmer, P. Matheny, H. Shellkopf, J. Faris, and J. Chantler laughing at *Louisiana Purchase* . . . Among those present at Tech's Junior Prom: G. Volkay, J. Collins, A. Craig, B. Urban, N. Stader, S. Mays, G. Gillespie, A. McClymonds, J. Dobson.

B. Somers, F. Pollick, C. Myers, and M. J. McComb tripped to Cleveland to celebrate the final Final.

Cornell Junior Week saw J. Fitzpatrick, A. Provost and Petie McFall extending the scope of PCW's Good Neighbor Policy . . . prom weekend here will see B. Hazeltine, M. Anderson and M. Schwalb trotting to Yale . . . And among those present at the Jay Pan-Hell will be P. Culley, who has temporarily deserted Mellon Institute.

Pitt's I. F. this Friday will see PCW ably represented by N. Maley, C. Lauer, M. Stewart, K. Jones (all at the Delt house) and M. Monks (at the Fiji house).

Lehigh routed out M. L. Reiber, P. Keister, and L. Wallace . . . B. Caldwell went for a man named Brindle, discovered the Phi Gam house had burned down and took him some clothes labeled "Bundles for Brindle."

Comments and Chat

Add returning men: P. Smith's Navy man from South America . . . A. B. Saylor's midshipman from Annapolis . . . G. Teichmann's C. V. coming for a visit and sending

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FEATURES

Gussie into a complete case of jitters . . . G. Crouch's Bob Everett from Lehigh hopping home for a surprise visit during exams and almost dragging Ginny off the Dean's List . . . M. Graham's Earl who returns night after night.

B. Molvie getting flowers every night for the last two weeks from H. Edmonds . . . and on a par is Martha Hutchinson with a letter a day since goodness knows when . . .

Jeanne Stewart walking on air because of letters from Elg . . . Ann Richardson dating a smoothie named Tut . . . R. Jenkins running out of gas in a convenient spot . . . L. Rider jumping the gun and getting asked to the Quadrille before she could sign up . . . Margie Brown, transfer, with a nice man named Busty Bortz . . . A. Driver and her pre-med from Pitt with a middle-aisle look on their faces . . .

M. J. Hyland—Aluminum Co. vs. the Army—will it be the man behind the gun, or the man behind the man behind the gun?

A hearty welcome from *Here and There* to transfers M. Brown, B. Kinney, and C. Jardin . . .

And our deepest sympathy to B. Johnescu who is home with the measles.

Quotes on Pitt Men

As garnered by Marjorie Higgins who has a certain attachment for them—one in particular . . .

P. Leonard (philosophically): "A man's a man as long as he has two legs and a head" . . . M. Monks (wistfully): "They're all pretty smooth" . . . J. Evans (with a dreamy look): "They're all nice" (Continued on Page 12)

SPORTSCOPE

Whistles shrilling, feet slapping, and loud cheers welcomed in the new 1942 basketball season. Mondays and Wednesdays are eagerly awaited by our basketeers as they practice swish shots, angle plays, and zone guarding in color games.

The sophomores are out in full array and our noble frosh have donned their fighting togs and are rarin' to wipe out the shadow of their hockey fiasco. And take it from me, they are good! Profit by their example, you high and mighty third and fourth year women; hie yourselves out of the library (???) and get a grip on your prospective class teams. Remember now that we are in our dotage—at least it feels like it—the old joints and muscles need some limbering, not to speak of the lost wind we must find. A little too much of this breath has been lost telling just how good we are and how we will be mopping up the floor with our opponents, and not enough in getting our classmates out to support the pennants of '42 and '43. It is time that something new be added and we get down to work before our youthful rivals have usurped the crown of victory.

Writing on the Wall

Somehow, somewhere, when your writer was out to lunch, these predictions appeared on her magic writing tablet. A wide-open race for the hoopsters' championship and this is the way we see the individual teams:

Our Exalted Seniors

Here, of course, enters the factor of experience. But experience does not always thwart speed and enthusiasm. Mauky Anderson, capable forward, has the reach and height advantage over most of her adversaries, but she can be guarded. Phyllis Keister, whose pseudonym is "Dead-eye Dick," is a set shot specialist and if kept on the run, can be

effectively stopped. But leave her unguarded for ten seconds and swish, chalk up two for the seniors. It takes a very fast and alert guard to catch up with Betty Hazeltine, who is the playmaker of the Yellow and White. A layup artist who will run you off your feet is this mighty mid-get, while hard-fighting Janet Murray at guard can cover a forward like a net. Some new faces will sparkle in the senior roster as Alice McKain, Sunny Croft, Joyce Wallis—who rumor states is a whiz—and others come out for a final fling. It's a good team which rates highly in the season's predictions.

The Jovial Juniors

Here is a problem team which has always managed to frighten its opponents. Since its freshman year the Rose and White has been plagued by a lack of defense materials, usually appearing on the floor with seven forwards and two guards. This year the team is badly hampered by the loss of Brice Black, the outstanding forward ace, and Barbara Browne, stellar guard. Still possessing their fighting spirit, the juniors have, remaining among many, Jean Archer, forward, whose shooting eye has pulled up the sinking ship many times; Jean Sweet, an excellent guard who literally swarms over her opponents, and Janet Ross, a forward who is good when she is on. The juniors seem on paper to be the weakest team of the four, but their enthusiasm carries them over some of the better playing teams.

Serious Sophomores

The Green and White is an excellent defensive team which will hold down a score in any game. Jean Rigamont, the tiny terror, Virginia Alexander, alert and aggressive, and Mickey McCullough, tall and steady, form a backfield combination that is hard to beat. Their main hopes in the shooting line, as your reporter sees it, are Peggy Craig and Bunny Bender, who tear around the floor leaving their guard bewitched, bothered, and bewildered.

The Fervent Freshmen

Now we see some of the most spectacular shooting that has hit old PCW in many a moon. Wonder of wonders, they all shoot with one hand and you never know which one it's going to be. At the forward posts they have Obie Bender, who is

(Continued on Page 15)

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FEATURES

FASHIONS

While some people are hoarding sugar and silk stockings, we've been hoarding a few fashion ideas which we think are pretty tremendous. And now the time has come to let our secrets out and deluge you with our information. Here goes, gals—hold on to your snoods!

Mops or Stripes

First of all, we want to tell you about the Raggedy Ann hats that are clever and new. Made out of yarn, they sit snugly on top of your curls and are anchored with hat pins made of matching yarn. Of course, we must admit that they do look like the lower half of a mop, but with your curls peeking out from under, you'll see that the resemblance is of minor importance.

Or if your mind runs to the more sophisticated headgear, black and white striped taffeta trimmed with black velvet ribbon should strike your fancy. And if you really go for these stripes, add a pair of gloves to match, black suede with striped taffeta backs. With a black dress . . . well, just try it!

Ballet Slippers

The tall gals have taken to wearing ballet slippers for dancing—and we don't mean dancing school. Thought we'd pass the good word along, because while said slippers do take inches off your height their merits don't stop there. They can be painted any color you wish, but are inexpensive enough so that you can have several pairs in different colors.

Gadgets

A word on gifts—a sterling silver ash tray and match box holder for your roommate will give her room a "something new has been added" look and prove useful as well.

If you need a belt to put flash in a much-worn dress, why not one with the signs of the zodiac on it? In any color you can name and a lot you can't—just set the indicator at your own zodiacal sign and you have a belt strictly your own.

If your fancy runs to lapel pins—and whose doesn't?—skip down pronto and take a look at Giselda. She is all an animal should be—especially a lapel animal—sans bark and bite. Giselda is a lady gazelle. She is made of gold metal with white

markings, and upon close inspection you will find that the green leaves she is chewing are emerald green stones. Giselda is all that is needed to take away that three-seasons-old look of your favorite suit.

Whoopsy Daisy

Like Sweet Clover? Then a sachet of the same is for you! However the essential thing is that it is done up in a tiny suit of red flannel underwear and called "Whoopsy Daisy." Don't believe it till you see it because it must be seen to be appreciated. We know you won't want to put it away in a drawer even though that's where sachets are usually hidden.

Daring at the Prom

Daring is such an exciting word that most of us would give our eye teeth to be just that—yet you haven't come close to it till you've appeared in an evening gown that has set the stag line stalking. Comes the Prom in two weeks! Comes your chance! Try the latest in the bold South American print skirt and the subtle top of rayon jersey. On your shoulder the print is carried out. You'll cause them literally to bow down to you, if you but take our suggestion.

You're an athlete with an eye to the feminine side? Then you certainly will be interested in the newest in bowling togs. In flannel culottes with kick pleats on front and back of either leg, topped off with a crisp white shirt, you'll really bowl them over.

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Red-hot

"There's nothing new under the sun" can no longer hold its place with the sage sayings of history. For red-shoe-lovers, and a fan club is fast being organized, there's the sensational new cherry patent. It's not a wild red, but a subtle, deep cherry color that's perfection in toe-less pumps. For a navy blue costume it's just the thing—and the handbags, belts, and other accessories in cherry patent are something to rave about.

With that bit of red-hot news we take our leave of you for this month. But not before we remind you that the next time we're with you the crocuses (all right—croci) will be in bloom and our scoops for your spring wardrobe will be colossal. Happy Prom-Trotting!

J. M., M. A.

(Here and There, cont. from Page 11) enough to be asked to the Junior Prom" . . . C. Bostwick: "I'd rather be a Pitt man than a Pitt woman" . . . J. McCall (blankly): "Who?" . . .

Well, time to slide the typewriter back in its case and relax, so til next month remember that none of the recent slogans on talking too much apply to this column—and keep your mouths and ears wide open.

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OPINION

LETTERS

*Last year we inaugurated this space for letters to the editor. We felt that there were many subjects on which the students wished to make their opinions public, but had no chance to do so. This space is for you. Write that letter you've been wanting to write all year, put it in the **Arrow** mailbox in the phone room, and we will print it for you if possible.*

*The editors wish to state that the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the **Arrow**.*

Class Meetings

To the Editors:

Just about this time class meetings become more important than ever. The beginning of the second semester when we must look forward to the end of the school year necessitates many more meetings than before, but it is correspondingly difficult to find time for them.

Actually, the only time in which the entire class can meet is between 10:30 and 11:00 in the morning, but with chapel four, and sometimes five, days a week, there is no time left for us. If one chapel period every other week could be set aside for class meetings we should be able to get through our business with all the class present.

I realize that the seniors require more meetings than the other classes, but I am sure that the other class presidents will join me in admitting the need for more time.

Ellen Copeland.

Play Contest

To All Classes in the Play Contest:

This was our second year for the competitive one-act class plays. The Activities Council felt that such a contest would provide an opportunity for more students to participate in dramatics. You all showed real talent, and we were only sorry that there was just a first prize.

However our more important aim was to develop class spirit. Last Wednesday night's plays proved real interest, enthusiasm and cooperation.

Alice McKain.

Honor System

Dear Editors:

Since gripes seem to be in order. I'd like to publish one of mine against the entire student body. All year we've been hearing grumblings about the prevalence of cheating in tests and exams, and indignant cries of "The nerve of some people!" Yet there have been only two cases of cheating actually tried by the Honor Committee! If the honor system's going to work, the students are going to have to be made to realize that anyone who discovers cheating and does not report it is dishonest herself. A campaign should be started to eliminate the word "squealer" from our vocabularies where the honor system is concerned. If the present attitude of the student body cannot be changed, a return to the proctor system instead of the honor system will be absolutely necessary to protect the students who work for their grades instead of carrying cheat sheets into exams.

Student.

CAMPUS COMMENTS

We saw the first sign of spring the other day—and a heartening one it was, if one doesn't happen to be a senior. The first comprehensive threat actually lifted its ugly head, saw its own shadows and retreated horrified. The sociology majors, who learned rather suddenly that they, too, had to suffer, have for the most part buried themselves in the library, though one is occasionally glimpsed wandering through the halls communing with Spencer and Sumner. Ah, well, spring, we muttered to ourselves and wondered if the season would ever seem sweet to us again.

* * *

We want to present, for whatever it's worth, our plug for the Activities Council, and, more especially, its president Alice McKain. Despite the war and the defense program which take up most of our time, the council has done a grand job. The play contest was magnificent, much better than the one last year. It is obvious, we think, to all of us, that the council has magnificently fulfilled its function of bringing as many students as possible into the school activities, and has more than exceeded the hopes we had of it. Last year it was an infant, not quite sure which way to go, feeling its way. This year it has grown up—and its growth is largely due to the efforts of its capable chairman.

* * *

We keep hearing the editors mention a burlesque issue of the **Arrow** which they have been planning all year. We gave a wistful, slightly skeptical sigh when we heard it. It is such a good idea—and yet, there were the new curtains they were going to put in the **Arrow** office and there was the easy chair and the decorations they were going to have. We have rather got around to thinking that the burlesque issue, too, is one of those bright particular stars that the **Arrow** editors never quite attain. Like sleep. They never get that either.

* * *

We walked down in the direction of the swimming pool one Monday night not long ago and heard great shouts proceeding from the pool. After we had timorously assured

(Continued on Page 15)

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LITERATURE

THE SISTERS *by Claire Stewart '41*

One little girl was 10. The other little girl was 6. And they were sisters. One, the older, was blond, and the small one was dark. Playing jacks with their heads lowered, watching the fast little ball go up and down, they did not seem to be sisters. When they got up at the end of the game, one could see the resemblance.

Slowly they walked into the house, reluctant to leave the cool of the porch, knowing that the house would be close and stuffy.

"You always win, Janie," little Alice said petulantly.

"Wait till next time, Allie. You'll win then."

"Betcha Mamma's ironing all that big heap of clothes that Mrs. Rochester sent this week. Mama's tired, isn't she, Janie?"

"She's always tired since Daddy lost his job at the mill and went away."

"Where did Daddy go, Janie?"

"Oh, Allie, I don't know. You always ask me that every day, and I don't know."

Allie was silent then, because Janie was too. They both squeezed through the narrow doorway together, because once they had made a rule that neither one could go first. Once inside they stopped, still together. Allie grabbed Janie's hand tightly, frightened.

"What's the matter with Mother?" Allie looked into Janie's white face, as frightened as her own.

Janie couldn't answer. There sat her mother on the floor of the kitchen, slowly throwing matches up into the air and catching them as they came down. Her usually bright brown eyes followed the course of each match as if they were attracted to it by some magnetic force. Her full firm mouth was now loose and kept forming inaudible words.

Janie shook off Allie's clinging hand and ran to her mother. She flung herself to the floor beside her and put her hand on her mother's arm, not daring, for some reason, to do more.

"Mama, mama, what is the matter?"

"Isn't . . . this . . . fun? Isn't . . . this . . . fun? Isn't . . . ?"

"Oh, Mama, Mama!" Janie laid her head on the hard floor and cried hysterically.

Little Allie, wide-eyed, crept over

to her sister and sat down beside her. She pulled her blonde head up on to her small lap. "Janie, don't cry. See, I'm not." But she was crying not because she understood fully, but because Janie was crying.

She gently shoved Janie from her lap and got up. She ran out the door and over to the neighbor's house.

"Something's wrong at our house," she said, rubbing her eyes with a back of her hand, leaving clown-stripes of dirt.

She took the neighbor lady home. She saw her mother still throwing matches and chanting, "Isn't . . . this . . . fun?" She heard Janie's little sobs, muffled into the floor. She went with the neighbor to the corner store where she called Someone. Someone came right away and Allie

watched Someone pick her mother up and take her away. Then another Someone came back and shook Janie.

Janie and Allie were very quiet while Someone took them in a car to Someplace called the Juvenile Court. They stayed there for two days. Another little girl who was there asked them to play jacks with her. At first, they wouldn't, but when they watched the ball go up and down they wanted to play, too. So they did.

Someone came and told them that they were going to a nice home to stay. They tried not to be excited, because they felt as if that would be wrong, but they couldn't help it.

It was a nice place in the country. A friendly woman came to meet them. They liked it there and by the second day they were calling the nice woman "Mama."

FOR VICTORY



BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS STAMPS

(Campus Comments, cont'd from page 13)

ourselves that no burglars or saboteurs would make so much noise, we investigated. Seems they have recreational swimming every Monday night at eight o'clock. We were so entranced we almost didn't wait to put a suit on but we were forcibly restrained. If anyone happens to want us for the next few Monday nights they can look for us at the bottom of the pool. It's restful there.

* * *

The other day we were riding into Pittsburgh on a crowded street car, hanging precariously to a strap, when we caught sight of a little girl about five sitting demurely with her sister (aged about three). She kept looking up at us and smiling shyly, so we smiled back rather tiredly. Finally she whispered something to her little sister, who ran across the car

and got onto the lap of a woman who looked as though she might be their mother. The older one looked at us and said "You can sit down now." Touched, we sank into the seat and realized for the first time that the **Arrow** has turned us old and grey. We have become the sort of person that little girls are polite to and boy scouts do their good deeds for. Depressed, we came home, put a heating pad on our rheumatism and examined ourselves carefully for signs of approaching senility.

(Sportiscope, cont'd from Page 11)

really solid in her shooting, Tex Payne, playing a high, wide, and handsome style that leaves you breathless, and Becky Steuber, who has plenty on the ball! At guard, Audrey Heston is likely to keep you covered, and there are many capable reserves. This team is sure to be a high-scoring one.

All of this leads to a nip-and-tuck finish with any of the four forging to the front while even the little dotted cubes and deck of cards haven't helped us choose the ultimate victor. J. R.

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Second Semester—1941-42

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 Mary Elizabeth Brown
 Marion Cohen
 Ann Joyce Cowan
 Aida DeBellis
 Margaret Donaldson
 Evelyn Glick
 Virginia Gray
 Margaret Griffith
 Betty Johnescu
 Phyllis Jones
 Dale Kirsopp
 Ann McClymonds
 Martha McCullough
 Jeanne McKeag
 Sally Meanor
 Nancy Jane Raup
 Edna Schuh
 Marion Springer
 Nancy Stauffer
 Winifred Watson

JUNIORS

Jean Archer
 Ruth Bristor
 Edith Cole
 Barbara Cooper
 Peggy Dietz
 Jane Evans
 Rosemarie Filippelli
 Barbara Heinz
 Claire Horwitz
 Marian Lambie
 Althea Lowe
 Nina Maley
 Janet McCormick
 Jeannette Myers
 Marjorie Noonan
 Marion Rowell

SENIORS

Margaret Anderson
 Betty Jane Baker
 Mary Balmer
 Jean Burchinal
 Gladys Cooper
 Alison Croft
 Virginia Crouch
 Jane Davies
 Ruth Demmler
 Betty Jane Gahagen
 Margaret Hibbs
 Jean Miller
 Janet Murray
 Joan Meyers
 Ruth Patton
 Dorothy Purkiss
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 Mary Singer
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Thank You!

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The ARROW

Vol. XXI

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., March 25, 1942

No. 5



THE MALE ANIMAL
(. . . see page three)

—Photo by Tom Barr

THE ARROW

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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SCOPE OF SGA

We have heard certain complaints from some of the students concerning SGA and the frequency of its meetings. Because we feel that the students do not entirely realize the extent and power of our SGA and its board, especially in relation to other schools, we want to define the specific functions of SGA and its importance, both to the school and the students.

Our Student Government Association, to which *every* student belongs, has certain definite powers. In general, we say that it regulates student activities; specifically, it appoints all student committees, and it is in complete charge of such disciplinary matters as the honor system, chapel rules and conduct, and library rules and regulations.

The Student Government Board functions as liaison agent between the SGA and the administration . . . Though the students elect a faculty adviser each year, *no faculty member is present at either SGA or SGA Board meetings.*

All the members of the SGA Board are elected by the students. The members are: president of SGA, who is

a senior; the presidents of the four classes; a senior member who is first vice president; the junior adviser to the freshmen; a junior member who is second vice president; a junior member who is secretary; a sophomore member who is treasurer; and a freshman representative.

The Student Government Board is in no sense an autocratic one . . . it does not have the power of making any resolutions or regulations without the vote of the student body. All questions must be passed by the administration before they are voted on by the students, but any petition properly drawn up and signed, *must* be considered by the board and formally reported upon.

Now to consider the power and scope of Student Government Associations in other schools, as published in the Annual Report of the Women's Intercollegiate Association for Student Government . . .

At Wooster they have three Student Government meetings a semester . . . Their administrative board has six student members and six faculty members.

At New Jersey College for Women, the SGA deals with "complaints about the food, book exchange, etc."

At Western College for Women there is a governing body known as the Parliament which meets once a month. It has thirty members which include "the heads of the Y's, athletics, the editor of the school paper, the *Dean*, the *President of the college*, house mothers, and nine faculty members."

Surely it is obvious to all of us from the reports of these and other schools that in most colleges the Student Government Associations and the Student Government Boards are mere figure-heads for their various administrations . . . that they are under strict surveillance and control.

In many of the colleges, too, the Student Government Associations have only one or two meetings a month . . . implying not only a lack of business due to their severely restricted functions, but also a general lack of interest on the part of the student body.

We who have a powerful, democratic Student Government Association should realize its importance to us now and later . . . Possibly this sounds like a platitude, but we cannot stress too strongly the importance of the training that our Student Government Association gives us in preparation for citizenship which too often is assumed and valued only too lightly.

We not only learn the proper order of voting, the concise method of parliamentary procedure, but, more important, we learn to judge a candidate impartially and without prejudice . . . to cast our votes carefully and wisely.

More important still, we learn that our *united* body of students, if motivated by intense and rational conviction, can put through almost any measure . . . that such a body of united opinion is one of the most powerful forces in the world.

Our Student Government meetings once a week are indicative of our democratic right to choose our own candidates for offices, to vote upon important questions . . . when we take these democratic privileges lightly or carelessly we are cheating ourselves of knowledge and training we will need later in order to be the sort of citizens our country needs.

EVENTS

SPRING PLAY

Tomorrow night *The Male Animal* comes to PCW, following its opening performance tonight on the Washington campus.

The Lugent and Thurber Broadway hit of last season, chosen as the spring offering of PCW and the W & J Buskin Club, has a cast of thirteen including Peggy Chantler, Lorraine Wolf, Alice Provost, Carla Gregson, Becky Steuber of PCW, and George Redding, John Rogers, George Black, James O'Leary, Robert Maxwell Leslie Stifel, William Marr, and Ralph Ceisler of W & J.

Brains vs. Brawn

The Male Animal is a play about college life, showing the conflict between two types of men . . . one who believes that an educational institution is a place to be devoted primarily to football, and another who considers it a place in which to investigate ideas.

Since the co-authors Lugent and Thurber were classmates at Ohio State, the collegiate background is authentic, the stage being set in a midwestern university town.

Miss Robb of PCW and Dr. Flory of W & J are co-directors. They have been assisted by Janet McCormick as stage manager, Jane Evans as prop manager, and Lorraine Wolf as prompter. Janet Murray has had the task of costuming the players; Marden Armstrong has taken over the light board.

Cast Entertained

Following the performance tomorrow night, a party will be given for the complete cast and members of the various committees. Jean Wyre, appointed by the Activities Council to act as party chairman, expects a group of forty to gather in the Conover Room immediately after the final curtain.

ALUMNAE COUNCIL MEETS

At 9:30 Friday morning, PCW opened its doors to the eighteenth annual meeting of the Alumnae Council.

Begun in 1925 under the guidance of former Dean Coolidge, the two-day meeting affords an opportunity for alumnae to recall their days at PCW as well as gain a new

understanding of the college as it is today.

"Of College Women: A Thrilling Challenge" was the theme chosen for this year's session (March 21 and 22), prepared by Dr. Montgomery, Miss Ayers, Miss Walker, Dr. Ferguson, Miss Welker, and Miss Graham.

Classes, Exhibits

From SGA meeting Friday morning, the visitors went to classes in Household Management and Latin-American History, listened to Dr. Montgomery's account of "Defense Activities at PCW."

Recitals, Demonstrations

A departmental music recital in the Art Center and a life-saving exhibition in the swimming pool occupied the afternoon hours. Dinner was served in Woodland Hall, following conference and meeting of the reunion committee.

Club Clinic

Saturday morning was devoted to meetings of two types . . . one, a Club Clinic, at which all alumnae were present, and the Discussion Panel, open only to club delegates and class representatives.

Tea For Seniors

Highlight of the weekend was the tea given for the seniors by the Alumnae Saturday afternoon in Andrew Mellon Hall. Because the alumnae felt they could not really get to know all the seniors at the usual dinner or luncheon, they decided to have a spring tea so the seniors might become acquainted with the alumnae association before commencement in June.

Things To Come

Chapel fare for the month of April includes a group of four lectures to be given by prominent outside speakers.

On April 15, students will hear Denys Roper, headmaster of the government schools of the Malay Peninsula. April 17 will find world traveler and lecturer Dingman addressing the 11:00 assembly, while Miss Mary Ward, who does promotion work for Ethel Barrymore, on April 20 will discuss *The Corn is Green* which is coming to the Nixon April 27. The final lecture of the series will be given April 22, by H. S. Ede, former curator of the Nation Gallery of British Art who will speak on *Activity in Contemplation*.

SENIORS PLAN MUSICAL

To those of us anxiously waiting "out front," the true nature of the senior class play has not yet been revealed. Even the name is shrouded in deepest mystery, and the plot is being carefully suppressed by the class of '42.

Senior thespians have been forced to reveal, however, that the long-awaited senior dramatic offering is to be the musical comedy of the year. Co-authors Faris and Higgins have surrendered their scripts to capable Jean Miller who is in charge of production, and rehearsals are already under way.

The names of only the leading characters have been announced so far, and we're told that Mary Balmer, Julie Wheldon, Joyce Wallis, Jane Chantler, Ann Driver, and Jean Patterson have the stellar roles in this 4-star hit of '42.

More successful in tracking down information has been our tune detective who tells us that Midge Norris and Peggy Matheny have turned out ten numbers that should make up the PCW hit parade for May. Midge has done some really solid boogie-woogie that hasn't found a name yet, while her stand-up-and-cheer song, *Cooperation Makes the Nation*, should chalk up 100 per cent for morale. And on the sentimental side we have Peggy's *Dear Diary*, which is our idea of a real spotlight tune.

The dates have been set . . . it's May 15 and 16 . . . and all suffragettes are urged to be on hand for the finale . . . *It's a Man's World After All*. The seniors again won't cooperate, so we don't know what led them to such an interesting conclusion, but we suspect that it may have something to do with *It's Wonderful To Be in Love With You*.

Songs and dances, comedy and romance, Esther Chester, I. Q., Hedy, Phoebe Sue, Marvin and Julie . . . all are part of the smash hit of '42. "Just tell everybody that it's gigantic, stupendous, and super-colossal," say the seniors.

Commencement Speaker

It has been announced that Agnes Sligh Turnbull, author of the best-seller *The Rolling Years* and, more recently, of an autobiography entitled *Dear Me*, is to be the commencement speaker this year.

EVENTS

USO BENEFIT

On your "must" list for April, is the benefit fashion show, bridge and tea to be held in Andrew Mellon Hall Wednesday afternoon, April 15.

Under the joint sponsorship of SGA and the Activities Council, the benefit is under the general chairmanship of Amy McKay, '43. Proceeds from ticket sales will go to the USO.

Just 400 Bids

"This is a fine chance for students to get together with other students, faculty, and alumnae, and for girls to have their mothers meet their friends' mothers," suggests chairman McKay. Students are urged to get their tickets early for attendance will be limited and just 400 tickets will be issued.

Styles by Horne's

Joseph Horne Company is staging the fashion show, which is to begin at 2:00. Four professional models and twelve girls chosen from the student body will model the spring styles. Bridge will follow the fashion show; tea will be served at 4 o'clock.

Tickets will go on sale immediately after spring vacation; they will be 40 cents for students and faculty; 75 cents for outsiders. There will be three door prizes

The committees are:

Hostesses and Aides: Peggy Suppes, chairman.

Hostesses: Margaret Hibbs, Mary Schweppe, Beth Grove, Betty Schull.

Aides: Ruth Patton, Marjorie Brown, Gladys Cooper, Virginia Gillespie, Jeanette Myers, Olivia Bender, Mary Gallagher, Edith Succop, Marian Cruciger, Roberta Stuart, Barbara Steele, Marion Monks, Nellie Ireland, Ruth Lynch, Betty Monroe, Merle Perry.

Bridge Committee: Margaret Anderson, chairman, Ethel Herrod, Connie Meyer, Patty Wright, Carol Bostwick.

Publicity Committee: Suzanne McLean, chairman, Amanda Harris, Betty Spierling, Patricia Smith, Louise Rider, Mary Virginia Bolton.

House Committee: Sally Thomas, chairman, Jane Murray, Anna Downing, Louise Haller, Jean Held, M. L. Oesterling, Betsey Kinney, Anna Thomas, Monica Vila, Martha Hutchinson, Joanne Knauss, Hila Siemon, Jane Meub, Jane Beck, Phyllis Ingham.

Ticket Committee: Marjorie Noonan, chairman, Elizabeth Shipley.

SCOOP!

Betsy Colbaugh, chairman of models, announced today that the following girls have been chosen to model at the Benefit Fashion Show:

Ellen Copeland, Jean Dobson, Jacqueline Eckley, Jean Faris, Marjorie Harter, Ethel Herrod, Petie McCall, Betty McCrory, Jean Miller, Jean Patterson, Mildred Stewart, and Betsy Colbaugh.

New Dept't. Expands

When one woman starts out on a business-like shopping trip, it's something for her to remember; when Miss Ayres and the girls in the Home Management courses go bargain-hunting, it's an event that's important to all PCW. With the recent acquisition of new furniture and equipment, the Home Management Department started its expansion into one of the larger and more important departments in the school.

Three Singer electric sewing machines were purchased to help the girls in the Clothing and Textiles class with their projects this semester. During recent months they have been studying the basic principles of dress and facts about various materials and dress design. Last week they began the construction of garments for themselves and have street and sport dresses, jackets, skirts, blouses, and slacks in the first stages of production.

Center of activity for all classes is Andrew Mellon Hall, and the kitchen is being turned over to the girls in the Nutrition Class to equip and redecorate. Instead of being "the kitchen," however, it is now the Foods Laboratory. The class has selected its own china and ordered small utensils such as pots and pans and accessory appliances.

The Home Management class is in charge of decorating the living room of the department, the Blue Room which was formerly Andrew Mellon's study. The girls made out floor plans for the arrangement of the furniture and worked on the color and decoration schemes.

When equipment is installed and the department is completely furnished, it will house a workroom, living room, dining room, and laboratory of its own.

Seniors Compete

On Saturday, April 18, the winner of the senior personal library contest will be announced. This announcement will be made at a tea, given for the judges and contestants, in the Browsing Room at 4:00 that afternoon. The award will be presented to the winning contestant on Moving-up Day.

This year's judges are Miss Ethel Spencer from the English Department of Carnegie Tech and PCW alumnae Elizabeth Wilson, first assistant in the East Liberty library and Marjorie Hopkins, who is a teacher of English in the Wilkesburg High School.

The senior contestants are Marden Armstrong, Jean Burchinal, Beatrice Dobson, Ann Driver, Marjorie Higgins, and Phyllis Keister. Their personal libraries will be on display from Saturday, April 18, through Saturday, April 25, in the Art Seminar Room.

Dance Shows Profit

This year the post-prom tea dance made a profit of \$77 to add to the scholarship fund from which any junior or senior may borrow in order to complete her education. A custom which originated in 1928 with the members of the sociology club, Lambda Pi Mu, it has been sponsored by the Activities Council since the moratorium on clubs.

This year's tea dance committee headed by Nina Maley, was composed of Ann Baker, Helen Shellkopf, Virginia Crouch, and Louise Haldeman.

This year the committee chose perfume as the motif, "Suivez-moi" as the theme, and decorated the dining-room of Woodland Hall with posters of perfume advertisements. There was even a perfume bar where punch was served. High spot of the afternoon was the drawing for prizes: Arrow Adviser Shupp walked off with the album of classical records, Audrey Heston won a bottle of "Suivez-moi" perfume, and Beatrice Dobson captured a corsage of spring flowers.

Music for the tea dance was furnished by Rusty Williams and his orchestra.

PEOPLE

Radio Artist

Friday, March 13, Louise Flood, freshman, went on the air with her prize-winning radio script, *A Staten Island Ferry Tale*.

Her first radio script, her first time on the air, and blonde, peppy Louise was starry-eyed and scared as she waited before the mike on KDKA's 10:30 civilian defense program.

Louise, winner of the ten-dollar first prize in the Radio Workshop's script-writing contest, was surprised to have it broadcast so soon, pleased with its presentation by KDKA staff members: Patty Littell was the voice of liberty, and Charles Brosky and William Hetzel took the men's roles.

"I owe my success to Ry-krispies," said the laughing Louise, in response to her interviewer's question. And there is good reason for happiness and laughter for this young beginner as her script is on its way to the National Broadcasting Company.

Puns and Limericks

Before entering PCW, Louise attended Ursuline Academy, where she was active in extra-curricular activities. She confesses that until her entrance in the script contest, her writing had been confined to weekly English themes, and, of all things, limericks.

Louise is already an active member of the student body, thinks PCW is wonderful. She's busy trying to decide whether to major in English, History, or Speech, but admits that her main interest now is the Radio Workshop.

JOYCE
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Novel Collector

"Good marks are my hobby," said Louise, but a sad look came over her face as she went on to add that "as yet I don't have a very good start towards a collection."

Students and faculty highly praised Louise's script, commented upon its maturity and professional air, expressed the hope that the two other prize-winning plays, written by Suzanne McLean and Jean Burchinal, will soon be presented.

Debaters

Last Friday, Claire Horwitz, Phyllis Jones Miriam Rosenbloom, and Monica Vila from PCW attended the first general session of the Seventh Annual Pennsylvania State Debaters' Convention, held at Pennsylvania State College. Present at the convention were 112 official delegates from twenty-two Pennsylvania colleges.

Minority Victory

Bill-backers Horwitz and Rosenbloom, attending the committee on *Youth and Our Stake in the War* met an opposing bloc and so, together with delegates from Pitt, Bucknell, and Penn State, formed the minority bloc of the committee. The minority report was unanimously accepted by the general assembly.

Models

Five PCWites starred in "*My Lady in Spring*," a musicomedy spring fashion show given by Kaufmann's department store from March 17 to 20. Nancy Steigerwalt, a former PCW student, had the lead, and Eugenie Miller, a PCW graduate, was the commentator. In the chorus of models were Mary Evelyn Ducey, Peggy Matheny, and Barbara Weil.

Peggy Matheny did a skit and specialty dance with Nancy Steigerwalt, and the chorus sang and danced to such timely tunes as "Millinery for Morale," "The Victory Stomp," and

"My Lady in Spring." Barbara Weil did a specialty number entitled "Promenade Your Lady" with Ed-die Blaine, a showman from London now appearing at the Pittsburgh Playhouse.

Hood and Tassel

Last year Hood and Tassel, PCW's only honorary society, was formed. In the absence of clubs, faculty and students alike thought that there should be some means by which students whose character, scholarship, and contributions to PCW's college life had distinguished them could be recognized.

The formation of the society was announced before Moving-Up Day last year, and it was announced that on that day the eight charter members from the class of '41, Mary Linn Marks, JoAnne Healey, Jean McGowan, Jeanne Anna Ayres, Elaine Fitzwilson, Gladys Patton, Charlotte Wolf, and Jean Hill, would tap their successors. The juniors thus honored were Julia Wheldon, Barbara Maerker, Ellen Copeland, Alison Croft, Betty Gahagan, Margaret Anderson, and Dorothy Vale. At the end of last year these seven students chose their executive committee: Ellen Copeland, president; Julia Wheldon, vice-president; Dorothy Vale, secretary; and Betty Gahagen, treasurer.

The purpose of Hood and Tassel is, generally, to give help where help is needed. One of their specific steps this year was the formation of the General Publicity Committee under the chairmanship of Amanda Harris. Another and more important function of the society is the Scholarship Fund into which will go all proceeds from the senior class play. Members of the society will also sell chances on a door prize to be awarded the night of the play. Already the society has contributed to such causes as the Red Cross, the Community Fund, and the U. S. O.

On Friday, March 13, four of the charter members, Jeanne Anna Ayres, Elaine Fitzwilson, Mary Linn Marks, and Jean McGowan, the seven active members, Miss Marks, and Miss Shields, adviser to Hood and Tassel, attended a banquet given in Woodland Hall. The graduates were welcomed heartily, and the society hopes to make it an annual affair.

FLOWERS ARE A SIGN OF SPRING

JOHNSTON THE FLORIST

6102 PENN AVENUE

5841 FORBES STREET

Montrose 7777

Hazel 1012

SPORTS

SPORTISCOPE

Bull's-Eye

Wake up, PCW. It's past eight-thirty and time to look at our rifle squad with pride and joy in our hearts. Many Thursdays we've heard them banging away in the gym but in spite of short articles by your sports reporter, no one knew much about them. But this news is too good for them to keep to themselves. As members of the National Rifle Association, PCW women were eligible to shoot in the 1942 National Women's Individual Rifle Match via the telegraph route. The course of fire was 50 shots prone at 50 feet.

Win, Place, Show

And here come our stars. Sit up and take a good look at Marion Rowell, June Hunker, and Louise Wallace, who placed first, second and third. Yes, that's what I said. Win, place, and show. They swept the tourney. And knowing that the first ten competitors won the awards, Ruth Notz and Louise Haller came in on the beam to take seventh and tenth places respectively. Seeing that we're giving orchids to our basketeers, how about a big red hibiscus for Ruth Jenkins '44, who placed eleventh, to wear in her hair.

Cops Five Awards

In accordance with the rules of the N. R. A., the officials broke all ties, though Hunker and Wallace had 497, Ruth Notz and two other dead-eyes shot 495, and Louise Haller drilled a 494 as did the two lassies who placed eighth and ninth. Highlight of this target-beating was Marion Rowell's PERFECT score of 500, for which she received a gold-filled award while runner-up June Hunker treasures a silver-filled award. Third place through tenth, meaning to us Louise Wallace, Ruth Notz and Louise Haller, cherish their bronze awards.

How about a rousing cheer for our sharpshooters? Six out of the first eleven places in national competition is what we call really ringing the gong and you gals deserve all the huzzas in the world. We are proud of you and your coach, Mr. Charleton, and when anyone wants to know who has the best rifle team in the country, we'll know and let them hear it too. P! C!! W!!!

Seniors Crush Sophs

Parting the cords with a final two-pointer, the Seniors crushed the vali-

ant Sophomores, 46-37, to put the basketball championship away on the shelf with their many other trophies of this final year of competition. Bedlam broke loose as the fourth-year team realized that they had captured the game in their second effort against the strong Sophomore opposition. As their enthusiasm mounted so did Betty Hazeltine, to the shoulders of the admiring crowd who carried her around the gym in honor of her stellar playing and as the spark-plug who ignited her team to the flame of victory. The Mighty Midget was all over the floor in every play, passing, shooting, always playing for the team and the final win that meant so much to them.

Timing, Teamwork

Thrilled by the crowd that came out to support them in this, their final game, the Upperclassmen started the game with zip, zest and teamwork that led to three quick goals. Everything was clicking. Passes came through on the beam and their arched

shots didn't even pause long enough to hit the rim. Of course, the Sophomores got the ball every other toss-in, but the ever alert guards were really on the ball both literally and figuratively and up to the forwards it went. They couldn't lose. Rarely has this reporter seen a forward line function as they did with such varied players. Anderson, the playmaker with her short shots, Hazeltine, the riptide whose dribbling and swish shots held the audience spellbound—when they could keep their eyes on her long enough to see where she was; Keister, the steady Rock of Gibraltar who kept the score mounting with drop-shots.

Soph Pass-Work

Suddenly, near the end of the first half, Murray in over-anxiousness, after playing a bang-up game at the guard position, committed her final foul and had to leave the game. This seemed to unsettle the Senior aggregation and the Sophomores seized the opportunity to run up several



After the Game

—Photo by Tom Barr

SPORTS

points. Clever team planning and plays making clever pass-work between Bender and Craig took the ball up to the hoop leaving Donaldson free for many clear shots.

As the score for the Green and White threatened nearer and nearer, the Seniors caught second wind and took hold again as Keister plugged up the gap in the defensive line and Alice McKain entered the offensive. Though the points see-sawed back and forth, the Yellow and White ran up a lead and couldn't be caught, though the Sophomores nearly broke their hearts trying. They played a smart, clear-thinking and valiant game but the Upperclassmen were in no mood to be stopped and it has been many years since PCW has seen a team that could have stopped them. A combination of inspiration and determination can rarely see defeat and the seven Seniors had both.

Songs and Cheers

After a game of this high caliber it is the pleasure of your reporter to give out a few invisible orchids. To everyone that played we'd like to present a single bloom, you all deserve them, but there are some who deserve still higher rewards.

First, to the cheering section, especially that of the seniors aided and abetted by the juniors, who turned out some mighty fine songs and cheers and helped to revive the dying spirit of the fine competition that marks our PCW athletics. If more of you would follow their example, our sports attractions would hit their peak and receive the attention of the student body that they so richly deserve. To them we give a double brown orchid.

Another of the twin variety goes to Miss Errett, the referee, and the umpire, alumna star of two years ago, Peggy Dunseath, who called them closely and accurately in a game that could have gotten away from less capable officials.

Individual Honors

And now to individuals. To Jean Rigamont, who played her heart out and deserves to play on any all-star team. She showed her never-say-die spirit that kept the Sophomores in the game when the Tiny Terror jumped as if from coiled springs as she opposed Mauky Anderson who is a good eight inches, if not more, taller than she.

To Peggy Donaldson who kept a defeated team from going to pieces and kept them always fighting.

To Betty Hazeltine who played

brilliant basketball and played as always for the Team.

To Joyce Wallis, a newcomer to our floor, who made us wish she had come four years ago as she covered her forward like an ace does a king.

In the Future

Although this may seem a little anti-climatic, there is also the Honorary Game to be considered. This is the game involving the Purple and the White, made up of the best players from all four class teams. Unfortunately some of our stars on the basketball court do not star as well in the class room and so were not eligible for these teams. The players honored by placement on these teams were:

White

Captain Betty Hazeltine.....Forward
Peggy DonaldsonForward
Janet RossForward
Jean RigamontGuard
Joyce WallisGuard
Martha McCulloughGuard

Purple

Captain Mauky Anderson...Forward
Joan BenderForward
Peggy CraigForward
Ruth PattonGuard
Virginia AlexanderGuard
Anna ThomasGuard

Subs

White	Purple
Alice McKain ...F.....	Jane Beck
Alice CraigG....	Janet Murray
Audrey Heston ..G	Marion Springer
White Manager, Patty Leonard.	
Purple Manager, Lois Lutz.	

Strikes and Spares

With bowling rapidly coming to the fore as an All-American sport, an innovation has hit our annual Spring Tournament. Bowling dates have made our girls so proficient at this popular game that an open tourney would go on and on and on. The brains of the AA have furnished a complete solution to this problem and it is a much more interesting way too. First our stars will compete in intra-class competition, thus narrowing down the field. The keepers who triumph in these matches will meet the other winners in a stimulating play-off that will really be an event, so come and spectate. If you have ever rolled that ball down an alley, sign up this week so that you don't miss this chance. You don't have to be a star, remember anything from 90 to 110 is a good score for women bowlers. An added tip from one who knows—practice touching your toes for two weeks before venturing forth. It's not the

knocking them down that's hard, but you always have to pick them up again.

Sports Day

Many's the time we have gone to sports and play days at our neighboring institutions of learning but now it's our turn to play hostess. The Athletic Association has invited the schools of this district to be our guests at a sports day, May 9. Top-notch competition is assured with these schools sending down their high-pointers in individual athletic games. Badminton, tennis, ping-pong and bowling champs by the score will be invading our campus for the glory of their respective alma maters. Vying and dying for the dear old college, they can splash happily in the pool after their matches are over. Trust PCW not to forget the food—oh, how we love our stomachs—dinner will be served to the visitors, followed by an evening of entertainment. This latter was a deep dark secret that even the local sleuths slid past so we must just wait and see. But I know we can all help AA make our initial attempt in athletic entertaining a huge success, so listen closely for further announcements of this event.

Roll Back the Rugs

Take the carpet, Mother, and beat it. (Sad, wasn't it?) The Freshmen and Sophomores take over Mellon for the evening. Yes, it's another AA Fling in Conover. Trying to topple the duck-pins and still not show up the male animal, chasing the ping-pong ball into the dark corners, bidding three-no on two kings and an ace, dancing to the best canned music in circulation. All of these are yours, underclassmen, at the Fling; take them and make the most of them. And if you don't think you'll come, just ask any junior or senior. They'll tell you that this is one of the nicest and most fun evenings you'll have. They know—they've been begging for another evening themselves. Don't be stodgy and go to the movies again this night.

Have You Heard?

Scoop of the year. Big interclass swimming meet. Gather round, folks, on April 23 and bring your class a triumph. Something new. Something different. Lots of fun. Grab your water-wings Thursday at 7:45 P. M. and come down to gambol in the deep. Class teams will be formed and each contestant must get in three

(Continued on Page Eleven)

FEATURES

Here and There

Prom is now a past delight, many orchids seen that night, but none quite so lovely nor quite so disappearing as the ones Ye Ed hands out along with the corn in this column

Rings On Those Fingers

On our priorities list for the month (and we do mean place your order early) we have a bevy of PCW beauties sporting those flashlights. Among the be-diamonded mob are Gladys Patton '41, B. Conover '42, who left us for Miami U., B. Somers '43, Anna Mae Devlin '44, (the **Arrow** blushes—she should have been in last time), Ruth Fite '40, and Jean Hill '41, unofficial until April. From this we can see that the grads too are carrying on an old PCW tradition of decorated fingers.

Latest Notes On PPU

Find that J. Swan and J. Sweet (she saved it for an **Arrow** scoop) have been initiated. N. Stader, one of our busier frosh, has taken hers back for the fifth time—one of the better examples of disappearing jewelry—and Ruth Patton promised us that she would have resigned her membership by the time this **Arrow** appeared. That's cooperation for you.

Seen At the Prom

C. Jardin doing a smooth conga with man-about-town J. Kelso . . . Orchids were in with the following among their proud owners: V. Harper, M. McCullough B. Gahagen, M. V. Bolton, P. Speers, C. Horwitz, et al . . . Miss Graham and Miss McFarland seen with smooth Navy men—incidentally, Miss Graham also supports the marines, and if you want any further information on Miss McFarland's date his name is Ensign Cox and he's from Kentucky (We know where he lives and we know a friend of his. Ed.) . . . Polly Wilson, frosh, sporting a Pitt Prof . . . M. Kelly with red-headed Tom . . . L. Haller and K. Mitz keeping up army morale with those uniforms following them around . . .

Some of our better recollections: the four BWOC's who were twenty minutes late to the dorm breakfast after the dance and were campused four days for same offense . . . Late arrivals J. Thomas, G. Medey, and E. Ringbloom who really had an excuse since their Jay men couldn't find Turtle Creek . . . and M. Leach's man who is a Pitt basketball star and had to play one of

those important games first . . . The trouble PCWites seemed to have with Mary Krieg, Barron Elliott's smooth vocalist—that accounted for the mob scene around the orchestra . . .

P. Garrett sat up with a sick friend . . . and Lorny Wolf started a new trend by wearing a patch on her mouth the same color as her dress—Who hit you, Kid?

Dances Around and About

Saw N. Maley at Grove City . . . M. L. Henry, J. McClung, D. Kindle, and A. McKain trekking to Penn State's I.F. the week-end of the 27th . . .

And the local products were honored by M. Stewart, M. Cruciger, P. Culley, M. McCullough, A. Baker, M. Monks, J. McKeag, and H. Moore at Pitt Military . . .

N. Lewis, D. Horne, A. McClymonds, G. Hendryx, G. Gillespie, G. Volkay, J. Dobson, M. J. McFarland who kept up their spirits and those of the lads at Tech's I.F. . . .

And the Pitt Bowery Dance—hop into your old clothes, gal—saw the ever-faithful C. Lauer, J. Sweet, B. Johnescu and K. Jones . . .

Seen About Town

P. Johnson, N. Maxwell and Ye Ed in Municipal Hospital with the measles (spots for the prom yet!) . . . M. J. Harter wolfing at the Tarry . . . and Margie Anderson also at the Tarry (only not wolfing)—with her one and only from Yale . . .

At the University Club: M. Graham with Herringbone Earl, the ski enthusiast . . . M. J. Hyland with her behind-the-lines man—whom she will desert over spring vacation in order to visit the man behind the gun . . . B. Colbaugh with Jack Mahaffey, of course . . . E. Copeland looking very glamorous . . .

Spring Is Here

And Bunny Bender has just discovered an attractive young man

from Tech who feels the same way . . . ditto C. Dawe, including the Tech part . . .

E. Herrod sniffing spring zephyrs and wondering what good they are with Jim still at Princeton . . . Bea Dobson enjoying the same season with Blackie . . . and D. Andrews who captured an air-conditioning teacher—golly, and summer practically on its way! . . .

G. Crouch looking tired about comprehensives but not worrying—Bob's coming home!

E. St. Clair and N. Bailey seeing more of their Quadrille partners than just at practices . . . And M. P. David and Midge Norris doing fine at Logan's Armory—that old USO spirit!

Aren't They All

Leaving, and isn't it a shame? Among those losing men are H. Shellkopf, M. Armstrong, L. Halde-man, and B. Hazeltine, who cops our prize for losing two men at once—one to the Navy and one to the Marines.

Well, gals. things are getting tough, so we'll sign off now before we get a knife in our backs—see you in Class 4F.



Style?

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FEATURES

ABC's of Entertainment

A—Archery

Come spring, PCWites whose backs are bent after months of winter toil will do well to dust off their bows and arrows and hie themselves to the many fine archery courts in Pittsburgh and vicinity. A few well-aimed shots at the new targets on the North Park or Washington Boulevard ranges can banish the worst case of winter doldrums.

B—Bowling

Figure-wise, penny-wise gals will spend their spare evening in the bowling alleys about town. The list of approved alleys has Andrew Mellon Hall at the top, naturally, followed by the PAA, the Murray Beacon, and the Alvin Alleys on Shady Avenue.

C—Cinema

If the world has you down and you find yourself snarling at your roommate, grab a hat and rush to see flap-eared, slap-happy Dumbo. He'll do you more good than a carton of B-I pills. If you're a sophisticate, you'll enjoy seeing the world-weary *Citizen Kane*.

Many collegians have enjoyed the novelty of the wheel-reels at the Drive-In-Theater on Route 88. It will reopen as soon the weather permits, and then you can watch old but first-rate films from your car, snap your gum and crunch popcorn undisturbed. Those comforts alone will make the wear and tear on your tires worth while!

D—Dancing

Besides the annual school and Dorm spring formals, you may dance at the W & J prom in May and Tech's Spring Carnival on March 27 and 28, which will feature Russ Morgan's orchestra. If you happen to miss out on these affairs, just remember that the juke boxes at Kahn's, Covert's, and Mazer's go on forever.

E—Eating

The new pink and gray dining room at Joyce's in East Liberty still can't outclass the food served there,

or the ice cream and pastries for sale in the main shop. The best ice cream sodas in town are served in the Reymer's stores located all over Pittsburgh—forget your calory charts and splurge thirty cents on one of their chocolate freezes if you're looking for a treat. After a morning's shopping downtown, go to Horne's tea room, the Woman's Exchange, the Colonade, or Stouffer's on Smithfield street for lunch. On Sundays, many hungry motorists combine their automobile jaunt with dinner at Kaufmann's Hotel in Zelienople. If it's atmosphere you're looking for, try the tea room in Coraopolis called the Hyeholde. This quaint Norman cottage numbers real antiques and an honest-to-gosh Frenchman in a beret among its charms.

F—Fashions

One of the best ways to have a great deal of fun at considerable expense is to spend a day shopping. With one of the new posy-and-veil hats perched on your head, you can find the courage to stick the bills under your blotter and just enjoy beaming at yourself in the mirror.

G—Gazing

Girls with stars in their eyes have fun viewing the astronomical wonders at the Buhl Planetarium on the North Side. The current feature is "The Glory of Easter." The sky's the limit in this kind of entertainment, and the fee is only a quarter.

Campus Comments

Working on the theory that what we don't know shouldn't be worth knowing, we snooped around campus and found out that, come the lean days, we won't starve. There are several enterprising botanists who are spending their spring days close to the soil planting lettuce, onions, swiss chard, beets wax beans, spinach, and carrots—not to mention an herb bed of sage and parsley. All this subterranean activity is going on at AMH. Spring will really be here, we thought wistfully, when the first tender shoot of young onion makes its way through the earth to daylight . . . We are forced to announce, unfortunately, that poachers will be severely prosecuted.

* * *

One of the more utilitarian beautiful friendships has been discovered in the science laboratory. Audrey Heston, it seems, breeds rats for

Georgia Raynor's three snakes to eat. It isn't that we've ever been awfully fond of rats, not even white ones, but the whole business does give us an unpleasant feeling of planned destruction. We have a sort of fellow feeling for the victims, being the sort of person who would be a victim and not an aggressor under the same circumstances. We are afraid to find out whether they kill the rats first or let the snakes take care of that minor matter. We just don't want to know about it, that's all.

* * *

In a more serious vein we would like to mention that we have been awfully worried about the present state of city defense here in Pittsburgh (see article in the last *Arrow*), so when we saw last week an editorial on the front page of the Post Gazette entitled "Let's Get Going, Pittsburgh" we were pleasantly surprised. At last, we thought triumphantly, the power of the press is brought to bear against those factions which have prevented the defense organizations from functioning properly. Well, it was a nice thought, but it seems the Post Gazette had a list of important requirements for Pittsburgh and adequate defense wasn't one of them. Their first thought was a brass band with which to see the boys off. It's a very nice thought and we do approve of it heartily, but we just think it might be a little better to worry first about adequate defense measures so the boys will have a city to come back to.

* * *

One of our plugs for the month goes to prom chairman Jane Evans for her quietly capable handling of the prom. It was one of the nicest proms we've ever had and, in spite of problems created by the war, the committee under its excellent chairman did a beautiful job. Since we have no orchids, maybe we could offer Jane a lump of sugar. It's more valuable anyway.

And another lump of sugar goes to the freshmen for their publicity, both on the freshman discussion group and, more recently, on the PCW-W&J play, *The Male Animal*. We really think it's been grand.

* * *

One of the more amusing bits of publicity came to our attention recently. We refer, of course, to the Post Gazette's write-up of AMH. It was a lovely write-up, we didn't
(Continued on Page Thirteen)

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dances, etc.

FEATURES

Fashions

All through the long winter months they've been our friends . . . they've kept us warm . . . they've taken a terrific beating at our merciless hands and now lie limp and lifeless, cast aside because new and shinier objects have caught our ever alert eyes. Of course we're speaking of our winter clothes—but let's not mourn for them. It's spring again, and we've taxed our otherwise useless brains and have discovered simply gobs of ideas for your spring wardrobe.

Patriotic Color

Everyone, of course, has a suit, and if not is just putting on her bonnet to go out and buy one. Suits still remain the holders of the Distinguished Service Cross and this year appear in a new color that is truly patriotic and stunning at the same time: "Clear Red." For instance, there's a suit of this color with a long torso jacket and pleated skirt. For all but you red-heads, what could be more becoming? As to accessories—black and navy are always good, and if you want to be really dashing you can have a hat made of the material in your suit. If you dote on shepherd checks, we have them for you in a soft wool suit. The skirt is dirndl-like and the jacket long, of course. Wear this one while you careen madly about town doing your bit for defense.

Violets On Your Bonnet

Thoughts of spring are inevitably connected with thoughts of new hats, so with this in mind we've hunted down some chapeaus that fairly sing of spring. First, a mere topknot of pale, cool violets with a wisp of filmy veiling. Perfect for you with the short feathery curls and a hint of a pompadour. Next, a demure little thing concocted of crisp lingerie ruffles and a bit of black velvet ribbon. Match it with the frill of your frilliest blouse and you'll set the soldiers back on their heels. And speaking of hats and such . . . have you seen the latest in the dressier straws? It's a very smart sailor hat, definitely different with its small scalloped edge of grosgrain and yards of veil. For glamour—this is your buy!

Box coats seem to be outnumbering the perennial reefers this year. They come in luscious pastel shades that are positively mouth-watering! Our space is too limited to list all the advantages of these coats

—just remember that they're ideal to wear over suits when the weather is chilly, and perfect over dresses later on.

"Pick-Ups"

We never seem to get our fill of gadgets—maybe it's the savage in us. Anyhow, we have some startling new pick-ups to pass on to you—we mean the ideas, of course. For your new suit or the old one you're trying to dress up, there's the new lapel pin done in the form of a spring blossom. It puts you in your suit, new or old. Also, such a pin will make that plain little black dress you got to fill in. For you earring fiends, we heartily approve of tiny felt flowers in the brightest of bright colors.

All Swish and Swoop

Now with street clothes taken care of, let's turn to that most interesting of all fashion topics—evening clothes. Strictly formal clothes just don't seem to stand a chance in this season's race. With that fact in mind, we have a wonderful scoop for you. It's a navy blue sheer job with a long waistline and a skirt that simply swoops about your dainty ankles. Dull, you say? But listen—lining the V-neckline are yards and yards of three-inch wide ruffling that also trims the elbow-length sleeves. It's a charming dress and only such charmers as you could wear it. But we don't stop here—not until we make with the news about a swish white jersey number. We can tell you that around the low décolletage, down the front, and accenting the low waistline there is red and white peppermint-stick cording, but you can't possibly appreciate this dress's merits until you view it yourself with what we know will be a longing eye.

Add Prom Notes

Right here we'd like to add that you gals might take a few tips from Prom-trotters Jane Evans and Marjorie Noonan. Our roving eye detected Jane wearing long white gloves scattered with gold sequins to match the gold in her dress of white net, and Marjorie wearing shoulder-length gloves of Kelly green with a dress of pale green marquisette.

We'll bow out now hoping we have given you grist for the mill. Don't forget that the pre-Easter mob is every bit as nightmarish as the one at Christmas—don't wait to buy your pretties!

M. A., J. McC.

Femmes on Furlough

The moon shines east and the moon shines west, but PCWites will be gazing at it from both east and west this spring vacation. Seems like half the femmes on the hill are slinging together new spring wardrobes and counting the days before March 27 and the big trip.

Off to see the defense wheels in action are June Collins, Jeanne McKeag, and our South American students, Clarinha Jardin and Monica Vila, who plan to visit Washington, D. C. Another side of national defense will be seen by Jean Patterson and Martha Hutchinson who expect to enlist temporarily in certain Virginia army camps, and Margie Graham who is trekking south to visit her brother at Fort Gordon.

Many PCWites plan to look into the situation on other campuses with Betsy Kinney visiting her sorority sisters at Allegheny, Donna Kindle and Marion Monks taking in the I.F. at Penn State, and Thelma Payne and Ann Richardson off to Parkersburg, West Virginia, by way of W&J and the University of West Virginia.

Ellen Copeland and Dolly Horn are bound for Florida and a tan, and Gussy Teichman is headed for . . . yes, Baltimore.

Your vacation reporter, digging deep into faculty files, came up with the information that both Miss Errett and Miss McFarland are off to New York, Miss McFarland to see Dr. Dean.

Nina Maley, Ann Baker, Margaret Hibbs, Jean Bacon, Martha McCullough, Evelyn Glick, Midge Stewart, Marion Rosenbloom, Margaret Anderson, Bebe Shipley, Barbara Heinz, and Carolyn Cosel are going to Harrisburg for the student congress and Jean Rigauumont will also be there visiting her roommate, Joan Bender.

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SONGS

Junior Funny Song

She wears the blue and gold for Pitt
on Saturday
She cheers for Tech when they're be-
hind
She trips the gay quadrille at W & J
At State she's rated a real find.

At every Army camp she's called the
perfect femme
And up at Yale and Harvard too.
She's not from just another female
sem.
She's from PCW.

Sophomore Serious Song

Hail to PCW of whom we sing our
praises
Loud our voices echo through,
To our Alma Mater, loud our voices
joyous ringing
Loyal hearts we pledge anew.

High
O'er the city you reign
Daughters proud
Will e'er laud your name.

Hail to PCW and still we hear those
voices
Hail to PCW
Hail to PCW.

Sophomore Funny Song

Chorus

Now, listen, girls, and you shall hear
A story with a moral clear
About two sisters different so
One was dull and one did glow.
After high-school days were through
When deciding what to do
To PCW came Sue
But Clarabelle said she was through.

Dope, Dope,
Clarabelle was a dope,
Dope, Dope,
Clarabelle was a dope,
Half drip, no hope,
Clarabelle was a dope.

Here comes Dopey Clarabelle

See, she drags along a fella
Wonder where she picked him up
Ha! Ha! Ha! He's just a pup!

First Solo

Come here, Clarabelle, and tell us
your trouble.

Second Solo

Oh girls, just what is wrong with me?
I'm always muddled, Gosh, oh gee.

Chorus

You have no charm like Sister Sue
Who came to PCW.

No cheap flirt,
Susie is an ideal girl,
No stiff shirt,
She's amid the social whirl:
Looks, charm, culture too.
She's from PCW.

From this story you can see
A happy ending there will be
You'll be like Sue because you too
Came to PCW.

Senior Funny Song

Learn to be a greasy grind
Answer every question you can find
Keep your courses always on your
mind—
Sorry, not for us!

Sit up nights and learn to bone
Say "I'm sorry" on the telephone
Work and slave your life away
alone—
Sorry, not for us!
'Cause while you're learning your
equations
In the morgue that holds the books
Those white-tie-and-tails occasions
Will see the gals who've kept their
looks!

So, children take this sage advice
Learning never has been worth the
price—
Dates and dances—wedding bells
and rice
Baby, that's for us!

Small Chorus

There's a college on a hill, on a real
high hill
Where smooth gals abound.
We gals are smooth, so gosh darn
smooth
We're famed all around.
We're sweet, we're neat, and so to
speak
We've got this man's world at our
feet—

At Pitt the girls are in remorse
But here men come as a Straight A
course.
Oh, the Pitt maids cry and the Tech
maids try
To match us in our sweep.
They study all night, but they forget
They need their beauty sleep.
Oh, the sooner it's learned
They're an also-ran
We're as much at home with a book
or a man—
We've got the men and the world in
a first-class whirl
And the instigator is a PCW girl.

So, children take this sage advice:
Learning never has been worth the
price
Dates and dances—wedding bells and
rice
Baby, that's for us!

Sportiscope

(Continued from Page Seven)

hours' practice before the big night.
After all, you have lost some of that
skill and wind since summer and the
drain gets rather stuffy after three
or more people give up the ghost and
go drifting down. And it's not all
just one evening of glory; athletic
points will be given. Six just for
entering and more for win, place and
show in the different events. Features
of the evening will be breath-taking
excitement in speed races displaying
front and back crawls, supplemented
by breast-stroke, humor in the nov-
elty class relay, beauty in front, back
and optional dives—I'll bet you're a
killer in the optional—and who
knows what may come out of the
novelty act or skit (formation swim-
ming, etc). Remember the pool is
available for practice in the recrea-
tional swimming hours: 8:00 P. M.
on Mondays, 3:30 Tuesdays and Wed-
nesdays. General Chairman Ginny
Hendryx will have more announce-
ments about this later as will your
class chairmen who will be an-
nounced. Come on, get in the swim
of things.

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LITERATURE

EARLY FOR THE SEASON *Marden Armstrong '42*

The old lady was very definitely making a nuisance of herself. Of that there was no doubt. She was very loud—her voice echoed raspingly through the lobby, and they had received several complaints from the other guests about her radio. She kept the service boy running all day for this and that, and argued hotly with the chambermaid about how to make a bed. Yes, she was very definitely a nuisance, and the manager of the Carleton Hotel wished that Miss Ellen Norris would leave. He was glad that she was only staying for a week.

* * *

Ellen Norris always came to St. Petersburg on her vacation. It was an admission on her part that she was getting old. Miami was too restless for her. She wanted quiet, and she found it in St. Petersburg. Old Folks' Haven they called it. Well that was all right. She was sixty-seven and had no illusions. So it was St. Petersburg in the winter.

She loved the dipping fronds of the palm trees, the silent starlit nights, and the sunshine which made her feel warm in the marrow of her bones. She liked the white sand softly gleaming, and the incredible blue of the Gulf on winter afternoons. She was quite satisfied with St. Petersburg and with being old.

The day she arrived an unusual thing happened. Always before she had stayed at Mrs. Allen's little boarding house on Gulf Street. It was frame, painted white, and the cold water faucet in the bathroom leaked. It had leaked every year since she could remember. There was always a colorless little puddle of water on the rim of the porcelain sink which she would gently mop up with her washcloth before she filled the basin. The food was excellent, and even though the bed had a slight hollow in it, a hollow as old as the leaking faucet, she was quite satisfied. Mrs. Allen was Episcopalian, and Ellen Norris approved. Also, the place was close to the beach.

This season she had wired Mrs. Allen as she had always done before, and when she got off the train at the station, hailed a taxi, giving the driver the address. She leaned back

quietly on the leather seat, and gratefully felt the cool Gulf air caress her forehead. A wisp of gray hair blew across her cheek, but she did not bother to brush it back. Her pale blue eyes looked contentedly at the familiar scenes. She started suddenly. There was a new shoe store on the boulevard with a glassy black front. She leaned back again. Thrusting her narrow foot forward she looked speculatively at the white oxford with its silk tie. She would try the store perhaps. It was the third season for these.

"Here y' are ma'am," said the driver, pulling the cab to a stop, and clicking up the little metal flag on the meter.

She got out and waited while he carried her bags to the porch. The hydrangeas were in bloom. Mrs. Allen grew remarkable ones, very large. She paid the driver and he left.

Miss Norris pushed one white gloved finger against the bell and the melody of Sears Roebuck chimes filled the air. She frowned.

"Well," she thought, "they've gotten a new doorbell."

She had an odd feeling inside. This was so different from the old buzzer. This was beautiful, but she didn't like it. Something in her stomach jerked.

"I don't like it," she said aloud.

There was the scuttle of feet, and Mrs. Allen appeared at the door. A look of blank amazement spread over her flat features.

"Why Miss Norris," she gasped, "Whatever are you doing here?"

Miss Norris suddenly felt cold. Mrs. Allen seemed different too. What was it? Her hair—no. It was her glasses. They had pink shell rims. The old ones had been gold.

"Didn't you get my wire?" she asked.

"Good heavens no! I didn't expect you till next week."

Miss Norris felt very tired. Her knees felt like rubber sponges.

"Well do come in anyway," invited Mrs. Allen warmly. "I'll fix you a cup of fruit juice. My, but you're looking well. Did you have a nice trip?"

"Yes."

She sank gratefully onto the wicker settee. The room was not changed. She sighted thankfully.

"The weather was so bad I decided to come early," she explained as she drank her fruit juice. "We had two terrible snows."

"Must be queer, having snow in winter," murmured Mrs. Allen.

She had lived in Florida all her life.

"It's rather nice for the young," said Miss Norris, "They play in it."

"Yes, I guess so. More juice?"

"No thanks. I think I'll go to my room now. The trip—it was tiresome. I'm well, but just tired."

Mrs. Allen shifted uneasily.

"I don't exactly know how to tell you this, but there's someone in your room. He's leaving next week, and I didn't think you'd be here till then so, well . . . I . . ."

Her voice trailed off into a corner of the room, and huddled there wretchedly.

Miss Norris opened her pale blue eyes very wide.

"But my room . . . a man . . . oh . . ."

"I'm sorry. If I'd known . . ."

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LITERATURE

Miss Norris swallowed very hard. She forced a little smile and her whole face ached with it.

"It's perfectly all right," she said slowly, "I can't blame you . . ."

"Oh, I feel so terrible. You're such a wonderful guest. I'll ask him to leave—he's nobody special. I'll ask him to leave. You're such a wonderful guest."

It was true. She knew it. Ellen Norris was a wonderful guest. She was quiet, so very quiet that no one knew she was there. She went in and out noiselessly, and made no demands. She praised everything, especially the cooking. She sat on sunny afternoons on the back lawn with Mrs. Allen, and they sewed and talked about little things that had

happened in the past, sweet memories made sweeter by sharing with a sympathetic friend. They went to the movies sometimes together. Undoubtedly, Ellen Norris was an ideal guest. Ellen's voice broke in gently.

"Oh no you musn't, please. I'll go to a hotel for a week. No, you musn't—a hotel will do beautifully just for a week."

"But he'd leave I'm sure if he knew . . ."

"No . . . just for a week . . . no."

"Well, if you insist. I'll have Joe take your bags wherever you like."

Joe was Mrs. Allen's son. He was tall and had pimples on his face.

"That will be splendid," said Ellen softly. "Can you suggest a place?"

Mrs. Allen thought for awhile.

"The Carleton is nice. Good service, and a view of the Gulf."

"Yes. That will be fine. Yes . . . the Carleton."

"And at the end of the week I'll have your room all fixed up for you so that you can move right in."

"Yes," said Ellen, going toward the door, "Yes . . . yes."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Allen humbly.

"Please don't be," she forced the aching smile again, "I think I'll go for a little walk along the beach before I go to the . . . hotel."

"I'll be expecting you at the end of the week."

"Yes. I'll be here. Goodbye . . ."

Miss Ellen Norris walked stiffly down the street toward the beach. She didn't see anything as she walked. A little brown terrier came out and barked at her but she did not hear him. The sand was very white and brilliant, like diamond chips. The Gulf was very blue. The wind wrinkled Ellen's black and white silk suit, and caught at the brim of her white felt hat.

Her hands were hot, and she pulled off her white fabric gloves. There were beads of perspiration on the palms of her hands, and the wind felt cool on them. There was nobody on the beach. She wondered at this, and then she remembered. It was a little early for the season.

A little early for the season. Ellen suddenly sat down on a piece of driftwood, and put her head in her hands. She wanted to cry but the tears wouldn't come. She lifted her dry face to the sunlight, and misery swam in the aching tides of her body. Stay at a hotel—in St. Petersburg, when she had always stayed at Mrs. Allen's. How could she! How could she rent her room—and to a man! Ellen rocked back and forth in her loneliness. She always came to St. Petersburg for quiet and rest. And now a hotel—a noisy hotel.

The little wavelets lapped softly at the sand, like a puppy dog drinking milk. Ellen watched them come and go, come and go. The sun was hot. Her bones began to feel warm. She took her hat off and wiped her forehead. She looked at the white square. It was wet and a little bit dirty. She stuffed it into her pocket.

The palm fronds dipped in the breeze, and off to the left on the water was a boat sending up a thin tongue of smoke. Tan-colored sandfleas hopped dizzily, ceaselessly, and the little wavelets came and went again, and then came back.

Finally Ellen stood up. She smoothed her dress and put on her hat and gloves. When she reached the street again she hailed a taxi.

"The Carleton Hotel," she said briskly.

Campus Comments

(Continued from Page Nine)

mean that, but the part about the so-called "pin tree" had us faintly baffled. We get around, we learn those interesting little tid-bits, and to our knowledge no girl—either senior or under classman—has ever received a pin under said tree, or even sat there and thought wistfully on the subject. Not that we think it's a bad idea, you understand, it's just that we think it's slightly inaccurate.



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LITERATURE

ONLY TWO CUPS FOR TEA.....Peggy Matheny, 42

The undertaker stooped down to place slowly the three crushed lilies on the grey casket as the minister's monotonous voice sounded the words, "Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Mary gripped her mother's arm more to steady herself than to comfort her mother. It was strange that she, a middle-aged woman, still looked for comfort and strength to her mother, a small compact figure of a woman staring unseeingly at the shiny metal square on the casket top. The engraver had done a good job on the name. The letters spelling out George Thomas Knowles looked painfully well carved.

The ground in the cemetery was damp and cold and hard. Mary thought as her foot struck the unyielding earth how hard it must have been to dig the grave. The small silent group around the newly dug grave dispersed into groups and turned back toward the line of cars, all polished, that stood parked on the gravel road.

The undertaker helped Mary and her mother into the second car.

"Do you think Mrs. Knowles would like a flower from the family basket?" The undertaker tipped his black derby to Mary as he spoke in a hushed tone.

Mary never remembered whether she answered or not. The undertaker brought back a rose and handed it to Mary. The line of cars started to move out of the cemetery. Mary looked at the flower in her hand. It was dead.

Mary thought a lifetime of thoughts on the ride back home and yet she remembered nothing but a black derby slightly tipped and striped trousers—and a dead rose.

She worried about her mother. Mrs. Knowles had said little of anything since the service began. She just stared straight ahead. She hadn't cried except just when he had died, and even then only for a little while. And she had cried softly.

Mary wanted to talk to her—tried to talk to her, but her mother didn't seem to hear. At least she never answered.

The car stopped finally in front of their house, a large frame house that needed paint badly. A man helped Mary and her mother from the car. Mary wished he wouldn't help her.

The cement steps, twenty of them, were long and hard.

"Mother, give me your arm. You'll slip on these steps."

Mrs. Knowles didn't hear. She kept climbing, slowly dragging one foot after the other up the flight of steps. The evening paper at the door step lay damp and sodden in a puddle of water. Mary picked it up and part of it fell back on the porch.

There was a noise of goodbyes and thank-you's as their friends stopped to see if they could help. Finally the door closed and Mary pulled back the lace curtain and watched the man who had just left get in a car and drive away. His gears clashed.

Mary turned back to the living

room. Her mother sat stiffly on the sofa, her hat and coat still on; Mary went over to her and took the black beaded purse that Mrs. Knowles' hand clutched by the braided silk handle.

The silence screamed. Mary went out in the kitchen to get a drink of water. She dropped the glass in the sink and it broke. But it made a noise.

Mary went back to her mother and sat down beside her on the couch.

"Mother, would you like some tea?"

Mrs. Knowles looked up at Mary. She reached her hand up and pulled her black silk hat off.

"Tea? Yes, Mary. Tea."

Mrs. Knowles got up and laid her hat down on the desk. Then she

FOR VICTORY



BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS STAMPS

LITERATURE

took off her coat and hung it carefully on a hanger in the hall closet. She turned back to the living room and sat down on the couch.

Mary looked at her. Mrs. Knowles looked back and then looked out the window again and put the back of her hand to her lips.

Mary looked at the large picture on the piano. Her father's face smiled at her and the smile and the face looked close and large through tears. Mary closed her eyes tightly and turned to escape from the view of the picture only to face her mother's empty, unbelieving stare. The tea—yes, the tea.

Mrs. Knowles watched the seams in Mary's stockings move away and then back as she left the room. She put her left hand out and brushed a speck of dust off the sofa cushion. And she looked at her hand with its wide gold band on her third finger. With her hand resting flat on the sofa cushion the ring was pushed up from her finger. It was loose now. She had worn with the years and the ring. She fingered the ring with her other hand and the ring slipped off easily in her hand. It was almost paper-thin on one side. She remembered when it had been as new as her new name and her new husband. It had fitted tightly then. It had been secure and being Mrs. Knowles had been secure.

She remembered how she'd felt about the ring the first time she had it. She had been sure that it was made of glistening fire, standing out blazingly announcing that here was Mrs. Knowles. She looked inside the ring. All that remained of the engraving he had put there were a few dents that might have been letters once long ago. The ring had been so stylishly wide that the small pearl engagement ring was dwarfed beside it. What was it her mother had said when she'd shown her the pearl engagement ring?—"pearls are for tears, my dear."

Mary came back into the living room carrying the tea-tray. She hesitated as she entered the room and stared at her mother sitting on the sofa as if she halfway expected her not to be there. She set the tray down on the coffee table in front of the sofa and the empty tea cups slid over to one side on the saucers.

Mrs. Knowles took the small white napkin with the tatting around it that Mary handed her, unfolded it

once and spread it out on her knees. Mary waited for her mother to pour the tea—she always had poured the tea and she always remembered just how many lumps of sugar she and her father took in their tea. Mrs. Knowles sat stiffly on the edge of

the sofa fingering the tatting on the napkin edge, not looking anywhere in particular.

"Mother, would you like me to pour?"

"You to pour? Yes, Mary, you pour the tea." Mrs. Knowles reached

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for the tea pot handle and filled one cup and then the other cup. Mary watched the white lining of the cup grow smaller and smaller as the steaming brown tea filled the cup.

"But, Mary dear, you've only brought two cups . . ."

Mrs. Knowles looked at her daughter blankly. Mary took the tea pot gently from her mother and set it down on the tray. She didn't want to look up at her mother. Mrs. Knowles' spoon scraped the bottom of the china cup as she stirred her tea and Mary looked up. Her mother held the small cup in one hand as she stirred her tea. She watched the little whirlpool that the stirring spoon made in the tea. Mary looked at the stirring spoon, up the small white-veined hand and the lace cuffs on the black silk sleeve to the lace collar at the neck held by the gold filigree bar pin. The black silk moved up and down ever so slightly just below the bar pin and there was a slight ridge that the shoulder bone made underneath the silk. And the small face above the black silk dress and lace collar with the gold bar pin was immobile and the eyes were dry.

Mary lifted her hand to her eyes and brushed at the tears there and her cheeks were all wet. She was grateful for that feeling of dampness on her skin. Tears were real things. Dry eyes weren't. If only her mother would say something to let her know that she realized her father was gone—that there would be only two cups for tea now.

Mary heard her mother's voice. She was sure she heard it. And her mother's lips were moving—Mary watched them move. And the voice and the lips said, "Mary, I wonder if they buried father with shoes on?"

And Mary fell over on her mother's black silk lap and sobbed.

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April 15

Tickets

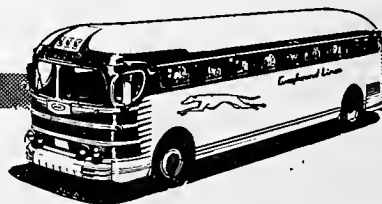
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Toledo	3.60	6.50
Harrisburg	3.75	6.75
Wilkes-Barre	4.85	8.75
Baltimore	4.85	8.75
Washington, D. C.	4.85	8.75
Scranton	5.10	9.20
Charleston	5.25	9.45
Philadelphia	5.25	9.45
New York, N. Y.	6.60	11.90

The ARROW

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No. 6



B. W. O. C.
(see page 4)

THE ARROW

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Under Par

Last week an **Arrow** reporter was sent out to get a story on the college sales of defense stamps and bonds. The report that was submitted for publication proved conclusively that the sale of defense savings stamps and bonds at PCW is unbelievably below that of other colleges and universities. "PCWites just aren't patriotic when it comes to buying war stamps and bonds" was the statement given to your reporter.

To show how very few of PCW's dollars go into government bonds, it is necessary only to examine the sales records of two of our popular school concessions. In the nine weeks from February 3 to April 21, PCWites spent \$180 in Co-op, dropped \$302.40 worth of nickels into the coke machine . . . a total of \$482.40 spent to satisfy that between-class emptiness. True, during the same nine-week period, PCW spent for stamps and bonds \$622.75, but which we are told would not cover the cost of one breakfast served to soldiers in one medium-sized induction camp. During a period of nine weeks, PCW students went out of their way only to the extent of \$140.35 over and above their normal expenditures.

This isn't PCW spirit as we have seen it manifest on occasions past. This isn't the spirit that prevailed in the Red Cross drive last winter when some 300 girls in one week raised over \$600, while certain neighboring colleges, with ten times our enrollment, marveled at their success in raising half that amount.

And if the \$622.75 collected since Feb. 3 had come more or less indiscriminately from each class, we could commend ourselves upon a job well done. It has not, however.

If you have been watching the weekly sales record posted on the chart right outside the telephone office, you will realize that by far the greatest percentage of stamps has been purchased by the faculty. Without their sales, we would have no record at all. Their regular weekly purchase of stamps and bonds keeps the total up, but the individual class records are far under par.

What is the reason for this neglect upon the part of the students? We cannot believe they are so wrapped up in their ivory-towered pastimes that they are oblivious to what is happening around them. Neither do we believe that they are indifferent to the needs of their country at a time when it needs so desperately the financial backing of every one of its citizens.

We do believe that PCW girls forget, that they must constantly be reminded of their duties and of their opportunities. We are taking this means of reminding ourselves and our fellow classes that it is time to improve our record. At Northwestern University, the students gather after lunch at the "Victory Shack" and classes vie with each other in an effort to boost sales of stamps. Could we not try something of the sort? A certain amount of class rivalry would go a long way toward boosting sales of defense stamps for victory.

Successful Demonstration

It is encouraging to note that PCW students can readily apply themselves to any project at hand even though it be far removed from their customary way of life. We are referring now to our recent air-raid drill which was so successfully staged last week.

Although many of us feel that there is but slight possibility of an enemy air attack upon Pittsburgh, we all know that it is essential for us to be able to meet any emergency that might arise.

The demonstration of preparedness we all witnessed on April 21 was the result of months of serious training and weeks of careful planning. There was no duplication of action. Each division had its work to do, meanwhile, the central casualty station knew exactly what was going on in every corner of the campus. It was truly an amazing example of how much can be accomplished through cooperation and centralized control.

But even more impressive than the clockwork of the proceedings was the attitude of the students, as a whole, was one of eagerness . . . eagerness to obey, to cooperate, and to learn.

Seldom have we been so impressed by such gravity on the part of the students or such willingness to fall into line in an effort to make an undertaking successful.

DEFENSE



Shelter No. 2

UNDER CONTROL

PCW had its first "authentic" air raid last Tuesday, April 21. The warning bell rang at 10:15 a. m., roused students and faculty from classrooms to their various air raid shelters, where they remained until the all-clear signal was sounded at 11:00.

The messengers and air raid wardens Doxsee, Scholl, O'Neill found twenty victims on the campus. There were only a few major injuries, ranging from fractured skull to broken legs, the majority of the victims suffering from hysteria and shock.

During the air raid, members of the Recreational Leadership class led games and singing in the various shelters. At the same time members of the First Aid squad, air raid wardens, and fire chiefs, cooperated to the full extent. Result: everything under control.

Direct Hook-up

Some time in the near future PCW students will be asked to volunteer their services as telephone operators at the new emergency switchboard. This new telephone will be located in the basement of the Science building and will be on direct hook-up with the central office of the Bell Telephone Emergency system. This special precaution is being taken in case of air raid, and one city is connected with all the others in the United States.

If an air raid warning is sounded in New York, the message will be relayed to Harrisburg and in turn will

come to Pittsburgh. From the main office in the City Building it will be relayed to the headquarters of the air raid division throughout the city. PCW is the head of Zone 7, Section 4, of the Pittsburgh area.

Once the alarm is given the operators will be able to listen to the message sounded all over the country. It is in this way that people may be informed of how much damage the enemy is doing to the cities of the United States.

Mr. Howard Frank is in charge of the phone at PCW and asks that PCW students cooperate with him and volunteer their service for two hours at a time to watch the switchboard during the time of an air raid.

24-hour Duty

First stationary Volunteer First-Aid Detachment to be sponsored by the Red Cross in Allegheny County is now operating on PCW campus. Consisting of faculty members, students, and employees, it is on day and night duty. Stations include Science Hall, Library, Woodland Hall and Andrew Mellon Hall.

Working as a unit to assist the First-Aid Detachment are the advanced student first-aiders. Seventeen PCWites passed the standard first-aid course, twelve went on to the advanced course.

First-aid instructor Eleanor "Pinky" Garrett, began her first-aid knowledge as a scout, became so interested and proficient that she received special permission from the National Supervisor to be granted her instructor's status at the age of eighteen (usual age requirement is twenty-one). Because she has had so much experience in teaching groups it is a high compliment to PCWites' hard work that she says of them, "they are a very good group."

\$14.45 to go

Mu Sigma still needs \$14.45 to pay for the recently completed disaster chest. This chest is safely packed away in the casualty station in the basement of the Science building.

Two separate chests constitute the disaster chest. One is a First Aid supply case containing bandages, splints, and ointments for cuts and burns. The M. D. supplies consist of more bandages, towels, splints, rubber gloves, aprons, tourniquets, ointments, instruments such as forceps, hemostats, needles, syringes, hypo



To the rescue

needles, ampules, tetanus antitoxin, and flashlights. Stretchers and blankets are added for the comfort of the victims. The total expenses were \$130 of which \$115.55 has been raised to date.

Mu Sigma has been in charge of the assembling of the chest which will be kept in the casualty station for the duration. It will be opened only in case of an air raid or similar emergency.

Freshmen Lead

So far, the frosh are leading PCWites in their work for the knitting division of the War Relief Committee under the chairmanship of Claire Horwitz. Since October, 1941, students have completed fifty-eight pairs of socks, thirteen scarfs, thirty-four sweaters, six helmets, and enough squares to make two afghans. The junior class knitters are running a close second to the freshmen, and the seniors are bringing up the rear.

Work on hand should be finished before exams, and class leaders hope to speed up members of their respective classes that still have unfinished articles.

The Production Division of the War Relief Committee, under the chairmanship of Vance Hyde, is making plans for the immediate future. The committee will sell home-made candy at the senior class play, and the War Relief Committee will donate the funds to the Chinese Relief Fund. Various means have been employed in previous years to raise money for this relief fund, and this year it is especially important to give our Chinese allies our complete support.

ELECTIONS

SGA BOARD

Gavel Wielder

Elected to the responsible office of SGA president for next year is capable Jane Fitzpatrick. Outstanding in Allderdice High School as president of the Senior Leaders' Club, Jane has held many important positions at PCW.

She was secretary of her class as a freshman, and was elected sophomore president. This year, as junior advisor to freshmen, she initiated the class of '45.

Jane is an accredited Life Saver and spent part of last summer as a counsellor at Camp Riamo. She was on the honorary basketball team in '41, and has been elected a member of the honorary hockey team in each of her three years at PCW. She also has been a member of the **Arrow** staff since her freshman year.

An elementary education major, her interests are many. Her chief off-campus interests are found in her six-months-old niece and at Cornell. Possessing experience, tact, and never-failing charm, she is well suited to her high office.

Receiving the gavel from such successful SGA presidents as Gladys Patton and Barbara Maerker, she says that she will be "well satisfied if she can continue to do as well as has been done in the past."

Frosh Advisor

Newly elected Junior Advisor to freshmen, Patty Leonard served her apprenticeship as Sophomore Representative to SGA.

Patty's interests are as diversified as her activities. Fond of a good game of tennis, she also likes to swim and ride. Most noted of her accomplishments is her ability as an artist. Remember her clever "Have you forgotten anything" posters? Another record connoisseur, she has a collection including everything from heavy classics to the latest jazz.

Other interests: Knitting, dancing, a good joke.

Second V-P

Red-headed Martha Harlan will serve next year as Second Vice President of SGA. Well-prepared for such a position, Martha was treasurer of the freshman class last year, House treasurer this year.

Among her many interests are golf,

collecting Mammy dolls, sewing, and last but not least, knitting.

Coordinator

Jane Evans, Activities Council Chairman for next year, has a well-rounded list of activities to her credit, should fill her responsible position capably.

Speech Major Evans' accomplishments in the dramatic field have been many. A member of the casts of the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *Prince of Pantoufta*, she got a chance at an especially good role in *Ladies In Retirement*, where she portrayed the crazy sister, Louisa. A member of the Play Production class, she has been in the Verse Choir the past two years. Enrolled in the radio class, her chief interest lies in this field; she may later teach in it. With other PCWites she broadcast on a WJAS National Defense Program. In addition to these activities at PCW, actress Evans appeared this year in the Wilkesburg Play Shop production of *Laughing Gas*.

Jane was on the **Arrow** news staff her freshman year, is now on the business staff. Last spring she chairmanned the Freshman-Sophomore dance, was elected Junior Prom Chairman this year, capably carrying out PCW's biggest dance. Vice-President of the Junior class, she also served on the Permanent Nominating Committee.

In sports, versatile Jane has played hockey, volley-ball, basket-ball, this year signed up for ping-pong. Having previously studied tap dancing, ballet, she has been a member of the modern dance class the past two years.

Jane realizes that due to a shortage of men, most of the affairs next year will have to be activities for just girls, "but we'll have them," she promises.

Dorm Head

Newly elected President of Woodland Hall, small, blond Ann Baker is hoping for a successful year of office. Ann came to PCW from Belle Vernon High School where she was active in extra-curricular activities and held several class offices. Since she has been at PCW she has been one of the most active girls in her class.

Being a member of the Freshman Commission, on the Prom committee her sophomore year, and Junior

hostess in the dormitory this year, as well as active participation in all sports has kept Ann busy for three years.

When asked what her main interests were she said seriously reading, psychology, swimming (she was the winner of the free stroke in the swimming meet last week), tennis, and dancing. Underneath that seriousness everyone knows that Ann's main interest this last year has been the Air Corps and a certain station in Oklahoma, but lately it looks as if her interest may change from the air to the ground floor of Joseph Horne.

Ann's pet peeves are "Carefree" perfume and Benny Goodman. At the top of her "things I like best list" we find Stokowski, cotton dresses, and attractive men.

Dead Shot

Senior Class President for next year, Marion Rowell, was in many activities in Munhall High School. A member of the Girl Reserves, the Dramatic Club, and feature editor of the yearbook, she was president of the Honor Society.

First PCW position was membership in the Freshman Commission. This year, as Treasurer of YWCA, her expert handling of Co-op is a tribute to her business ability. On Dean's List every semester, Marion was awarded Sophomore Honors, is majoring in psychology. She chairmanned the Junior Play Committee which wrote the hit, *I Wake Up Screaming*, this year's Play Contest winner.

Famed for her rifle skills, Marion was a member of her high school team which held the National Championship for three years. This year rifle-rabid Rowell came out second in the National Rifle Association's individual matches.

Asked about her plans for the coming year, President Rowell revealed that she "intends to continue the communistic tradition started by her class in its sophomore year, dividing the offices so that everyone will get a chance to give her contribution to class undertakings."

Equally Expert

Sophomore elections last week brought Peggy Donaldson to the front as next year's Junior Class President.

ELECTIONS

Popular Peggy is a transfer from Flora Stone Mather, is generally known as an all-around girl, can usually be found participating in any sport going on in any season. A good hockey player, Peggy plays an equally expert game of tennis.

Among Peggy's chief interests is her scrapbook, a complete record of her college days.

YW BOARD

President McKay

Amy McKay, newly elected president of YW, is looking forward to next year. She says, "YW is and should be a service organization and it is only worth-while when it fulfills a definite function on campus."

After graduation from Zelenople High School, Amy came to PCW where she has been active as a member of the Freshman Commission and Publicity Chairman of YW.

Amy also has been Class Secretary, a member of the Permanent Nominating Committee, and Second Vice President of SGA, this year attending the Student Government Conference in Vermont.

Besides leading a Girl Scout troop Amy studies organ here at school and has time for her favorite luxuries—books and records. She spent last summer as a counsellor at Red Wing. **Chance For Service**

Amy believes that in war time there is still plenty of opportunity for service which has not been taken over by other groups. She wants lots of social activities, especially dateless affairs.

YW cabinet for next year consists of Sally Meanor, Vice President; Louise Haldeman, Treasurer; and Alice Demmler, Secretary.

No Stranger

Alert, blond Sally Meanor, newly elected Vice President of YWCA, is no stranger to responsible offices. Elected secretary of her class in her freshman year, she has capably served this past year as SGA Treasurer.

As for her special interests—Sally likes about everything. She is fond of sports, likes music, and enjoys dancing.

Seeing to it that future generations learn their ABC's will be her concern after graduation, for she is an elementary education major.

ELECTIONS—APRIL 29

Secretary of SGA
Martha McCullough

Treasurer of SGA
Polly Wilson

Secretary of AA
Jean Rigaumont

Treasurer of AA
Alice Craig

Peppy Columnist

AA president-elect Janet Ross has had practically unlimited activities to her credit in both high school and college. While in Bellevue High School she was treasurer of the Girls' Athletic Club and won a letter.

AA representative in her freshman year at PCW, she became treasurer of the association as a sophomore. Her junior year brought her the class presidency.

An active participant in all sports, Janet has been a member of the honorary hockey team for the last two years, was captain in '41. She has made the honorary basketball team for three years. A Life Saver and experienced camp counsellor, she assisted on the Riamo Camp Water-front last year.

Her ability as a map-reader is well known, but not her thorough knowledge of music and hobby of collecting records. A peppy columnist, she has been **Arrow** sports editor for three years.

Janet hopes to continue the AA flings, inaugurated this year, and would like to revive the AA week-end camping trips if the tire situation permits. Her main theme for next year's AA activities is that "Girls should not enter tournaments to star, but to play for the fun they will get from just participating."

Composer

Sophomore Marion Cohen served as college pianist this year, has been re-elected for next year. A music major, Marion recently won first

prize in the annual Stephen Foster Memorial Contest for amateur composers.

Not at all one-sided, Marion includes in her interests ping-pong, mathematics, and physics, particularly delights in working difficult arithmetic problems with trick endings. She is frequently found doing crossword puzzles or working on one of the familiar contests in the daily paper.

Color Day Victor

Song-leader elect Dorcas Leibold won her spurs at Color Day last fall, when the sophomores carried off top honors with Dorcas leading them.

Not only does she have talent in directing, but she also likes to write songs, is the author of the famous "Clarabella," sophomore funny song. Other hobbies: knitting, collecting records, modern dancing.

YE EDS

At a meeting of the Board of Publications held on Thursday, April 16, Jane McCall '43 and Ann McClymonds '44 were appointed next year's co-editors of the **Arrow**. Ann worked on the feature staff last year and was this year's feature editor. Petie has worked on the feature staff for three years.

Dragged from the typing room to hear the news, Petie gasped, "It's wonderful . . . it's awfully hard work, isn't it?" An English major, Petie's first interest is the **Arrow**, but Hal runs a close second. **Arrow** readers have become acquainted with Petie's work through the fashion column which she has done in collaboration with Margie Anderson for the last two years.

It's Wonderful

Ann was interviewed between history and psych hour writtens and managed to say that ice cream was her passion and sports her particular aversion. Her interests seem to be the **Arrow**, school, and Bunny, in the order named. Ann, unlike most people who have only one, has three majors—English, History, and Education—and she hopes to do graduate work, though she forgot to mention in which subject.

To Be Announced

The editorial staff of next year's **Arrow** has not yet been appointed, but will be announced next month.

WHO'S WHO



ESTHER CHESTER is an outdoor girl in all respects. She never heard of Schiaparelli or Elizabeth Arden, and she would cringe at the thought of wearing a strapless. She's a good-hearted soul who thinks there is nothing like a 15-mile hike to get you in trim for a 5-day bike race.



PHOEBE SUE is what one might call on the dull side. In other words, she is hard of thinking. In Phoebe Sue's own words, "let me draw my own confusions." She is wide-eyed. She never learns by experience. She doesn't learn, period.



MARVIN is a sensible woman if there is such an animal. She is efficient, intelligent, and good-looking besides. The women respect her and say they trust her. She is a capable organizer. It is her theory that women can run the world.



HEDY is an Air Raid siren. She is striking in appearance and takes advantage of the fact. Hedy is worldly wise and no one has ever caught her without a comeback. She experiences two moods . . . bored, and definitely bored.



ISABEL QUIGLEY is an intellectual. Notice her initials—I. Q. Her friends secretly think Izzy's father invented the Encyclopedia Britannica. She is now on page 1394 in the unabridged edition of Webster's Dictionary.



JULIE is in love. To say she is in a fog is putting it gently. She has a one track mind on which all thoughts run toward a man named Bill. She is a convincing picture of what it means to live on love. She has taken up living in the clouds.

SOCIAL

DANCES

Address Your Partner

Last minute practices for the PCW-W&J Quadrille to be held Friday, May 1, have been keeping approximately sixty girls and as many boys busy these warm April nights. Student instructors from W&J have supervised part of the rehearsals, but the final two practices will be supervised by Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, well-known dance experts, sent by Henry Ford.

Old-Time Music

Mr. Ford's old-time orchestra will furnish music for the dancing and afterwards there will be a supper for the students participating, in the dining-room of the George Washington Hotel.

Guests desiring to watch the Quadrille are requested to dress formally.

Violet Rhapsody

Highlight of the dormitory social season, the annual Spring Formal was this year given on Saturday, April 25, had for its theme a Violet Rhapsody. Potted violets around the windows and violets entwined around the pillars were decorations, and quaint lacy programs set the keynote.

Chairman Ruth Patton had on her committee Marion Swannee, Jean Sweet, Betty Hazeltine, Barbara Steele, and Jeanne McKeag.

Music for the dancing was furnished by Myron Boatman and his orchestra.

Conservation Hop

On Saturday evening, April 18, fifty-four couples attended the YWCA-sponsored Conservation Hop in the chapel. Dance Chairman Dorothy Anne Minnici and her committee consisting of Jeanette Myers, Helen Dornberger, Mary Jane Youngling, Ruth Lynch, and Betty Shull, carried out the theme of Conservation by using no decorations and renting a juke-box instead of hiring an orchestra.

Cabaret Style

Tables were placed along the wall where couples could sit out dances, talk, and drink pop. Hot dogs and more pop were served as refreshments during intermission.

The chaperones of the dance were Miss Robb, Dr. and Mrs. Stickley, and Miss Gunderman.

Campus Day

Invitations were extended to several hundred college-minded girls and their parents from Pennsylvania and neighboring states to attend PCW's Campus Day held this year on Saturday, April 25.

Students acted as hostesses from 1:30 to 4:00, guiding visitors through the library, the dormitory, Andrew Mellon Hall, and other campus buildings. Planned for the conclusion of the tour was a chapel program in which Dr. Spencer spoke about PCW in the past, the present, and the future, and Miss Marks discussed "Problems Facing the Young Woman of Today."

Campus Day chairman, Miss Campbell, arranged an informal reception at AMH where visitors met faculty and students, were served refreshments.

DINNERS

Elementary Ed

On Monday, April 20, the elementary education majors—including seniors, juniors and sophomores—had a dinner at the Royal York. Marion Kieffer was chairman of the dinner.

After dinner, guests discovered slips of paper under their butter plates, on each of which was written a question. Each person was to read his question aloud and answer it, the purpose being to discover the Quiz Kid of the dinner. However, so many of the questions were answered correctly that no one person could be chosen.

Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Miss Marks, Dr. and Mrs. Kinder, and Dr. Holbrook were faculty guests at the dinner.

AA Board

On Tuesday, April 29, victorious class hockey and basketball teams, AA board, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Miss Marks, Dr. Butler, and AA president-elect Janet Ross gathered at the Royal York for dinner to celebrate the completion of another successful AA year.

BENEFITS

USO

Spring and summer fashions were shown to a crowd of almost four hundred students, their parents, and friends, on April 15, when PCW gave its bridge and fashion show for the benefit of the USO.

PCW string trio members Florence Succop, Sally Thomas, and Fay

Cumbler provided music during the afternoon.

Lucky winners of the door prizes were Nancy Herd, who won two dollars' worth of defense stamps, and Mrs. H. B. Kinney and Mrs. J. Ray Miller, who each won one dollar's worth of defense stamps.

The expenses of the bridge and fashion show were \$43.09, were paid by the Activities Council, sponsor of the event. The proceeds amounted to approximately \$160.00, from which a 10 per cent federal tax must be deducted before contribution is made to the USO.

Dilworth Hall

The scene: AMH; the time: Saturday night, April 11; the occasion: Dilworth Hall Benefit for the purpose of raising money for the scholarship fund.

Alumnae of Dilworth Hall, the preparatory school that was part of PCW campus until 1916, each year pays half the tuition of one PCW student, chosen by the group and approved by the administration. The scholarship, in the name of Janet L. Brown Lee, many years principal of Dilworth Hall, is to be extended this year to provide for the tuition of two students.

Benefit chairman Mrs. Clifford Ferguson provided guests with various forms of entertainment.

TEAS

Sophomores

On Sunday, May 10, from four until six o'clock, the annual Mother's Day Tea will be held in Woodland Hall. At this time, dormitory students will entertain their mothers.

The program committee, headed by Dorcas Leibold, consists of Martha Cox, Gladys Cooper, and Jeannette Myers. Nina Maley will arrange for the refreshments, and she will be assisted by Louise Johnson, Hila Seaman, and Thelma Lou Payne. Incoming and out-going house board members will pour.

Mothers

Sophomores entertained seniors at a tea in AMH on Wednesday, April 22. The hostesses used the colors of their sister class in their floral decorations. Mrs. Shupp, Miss Butler, Miss Robb, and Miss Gunderman poured, while Miss Marks, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Martin, Betty Brown, and sophomore class president Barbara Caldwell received the guests.

EVENTS

MEETINGS

Pros and Cons

To Warrendale, the weekend of May 9-10, will go the newly elected SGA board, YW cabinet, and AA board, as well as the old representatives of these organizations, for SGA Retreat. Conferring with them will be Dr. Andrew, Miss Marks, Mrs. Spencer, Miss Gunderman, and other group advisors.

Held each year to discuss old problems, ways of solving them in the coming year, Retreat is certain to be a heated session, full of lively pros and cons. Undoubtedly slated for consideration this year will be the question of the number of chapel periods each week, also the problem of freshman regulations.

AAUP

The regional meeting of the American Association of University Professors, attended by professors of surrounding colleges met on Saturday, April 11. At the business meeting in the Cathedral of Learning, Dr. Butler gave a ten-minute report on activities at PCW and listened to similar reports from various chapters.

Meet in AMH

Adjourning to Andrew Mellon Hall, the group was met there, at Dr. Martin's suggestion, by hostesses who wore purple-and-white names badges. Miss Staples and her refreshment committee served tea, and music was provided by Sally Thomas, Florence Succop, Fay Cumbler, and Pauline Basenko, under the direction of Miss Held. Miss Marks and Mrs. Spencer were special guests at the tea.

Mrs. Owens was chairman of the second meeting in the Conover room, at which the topic of "Educational Problems in Wartime" was discussed. Dr. Spencer spoke on "Defense Training Courses in College," Pitt professor W. George Crouch discussed "War Morale and Information Centers in the Colleges," and Tech's Martin P. Chworowsky spoke on "A Philosophy of Education for Now and Later."

Mr. Lessenberry, of Pitt, presided over the dinner which was held at the Cathedral of Learning. After-dinner speaker Ralph E. Himstead, national secretary at Washington, D. C., discussed "Our Association in These Times."

Liberal Arts Colleges

The last meeting of the Association of Liberal Arts Colleges of Western Pennsylvania was held at Bethany, West Virginia, on April 18. Attending were the Misses Andrew, Piel, Griggs, Held, Howell, and Daly of the PCW faculty.

"Mobilizing the Liberal Arts Colleges for War and Peace" was the general topic of the meeting, and Chancellor Bowman of Pitt first discussed this subject from the educator's viewpoint. In accordance with the executive committee's request that the sectional chairmen carry on the theme of the meeting as it applied to their special fields, Dr. Andrew spoke on "The Role of the Liberal Arts College in Fostering Student and Civilian Morale." The three speakers who followed Dr. Andrew divided her topic into three parts for discussion: attitudes of the faculty, group values versus individual values, and changing the emphasis in the college curricula.

Dr. Griggs was chairman of the section on foreign languages, which chose as its general topic "The Role of Modern Foreign Languages in War and Peace: Patriotic Service." Dr. Piel spoke on "What Should Modern Language Departments in Liberal Arts Colleges Plan to Do?"

Miss Howell attended a meeting of the business officers, Miss Held, a fine arts meeting. Mary Jane Daly, participating in the English section, spoke on "English Classics in the Movies." She discussed such movies as *Romeo and Juliet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *David Copperfield*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*.

\$5 recognition to the best entry submitted by a member of the freshman class.

Judges are three PCW graduates: former *Arrow* editor Rachel Kirk, now Bulletin Index society editor, last year's *Arrow* editor Jeanne-Anne Ayres, and Helen Ryman, experienced in publicity work, and a member of the Women's Advertising Club of Pittsburgh.

Personal Libraries

On Saturday, April 18, the judges of the Personal Library Contest selected not one, but two winners from the class of '42. The collections of Beatrice Dobson and Jean Burchinal were so outstanding that each of the girls will receive a first prize of \$10.00 to be awarded on Moving-Up Day.

Miss Ethel Spencer of the English department of Carnegie Tech, Miss Elizabeth Wilson, PCW alumna, first assistant in the East Liberty Library, and Miss Marjorie Hopkins, PCW alumna and teacher of English in Wilkinsburg High School, were the judges.

Beatrice Dobson's collection was judged outstanding for its breadth of interest—containing books that ranged from ancient Greece to modern Australia—for its discriminating taste within each group, a good choice of fiction both modern and classic, her interest in world affairs, and the manner in which her books were displayed.

The collection entered by Jean Burchinal was judged outstanding because of its sensitiveness of taste, discrimination, the choice of certain unusual books such as the collection of John Donne's works and *The Golden Ass*, and for her choice of modern poetry.

Judges commended Marjorie Higgins for her broad range interests and excellent choice of basic books such as the *Thesaurus* and the Harvard five foot shelf; Marjorie Norris, for her genuine interest in music, the readableness of her books, and her humor; Marden Armstrong for her interest in American literature, a good beginning for a collection with her ancestor's diary of the Gold Rush at one end and her own interesting volume of verse at the other; Phyllis Keister for her interesting old books, and her wide range of books indicating many different interests; and Ann Driver for her interest in history.

CONTESTS

Good Writing

PCW authors are putting the finishing touches on their entries for the Creative Writing Contest which closes Friday, May 1. On this date Mrs. Shupp will turn over to the judges any work that has been submitted to her. Any type of literature will be accepted, winners to be picked on the basis of good writing. Essays, plot-less narratives, short stories, one-act plays, all will be considered. Three copies must be submitted, with the contestant's name on a separate sheet. Prizes will be awarded on Moving-Up Day. First award is \$10.00, with a special

EVENTS

MUSIC

PCW-W&J

On May 6 PCW and W&J's combined Glee Clubs will give a concert here. Director Calvin W. Jolly from W&J and Mrs. Ayars are collaborating in the preparation of a delightful program.

The choruses plan to do two numbers together. There will be a dance afterwards for all who attend the concert, and any profits from the dance will be used to furnish rooms in the Art Center.

Gladys Cooper

On May 13 Gladys Cooper will give a voice recital in the Art Center. She will open her program with two selections by Bach: "Come, Sweetest Death" and "My Heart Ever Faithful;" some of her other numbers will be "Hymn to the Sun" from *Le Coq d'Or*, by Rimsky-Korsakow, "Sonntag" by Brahms, and "Miranda" by Richard Hageman.

Mr. Collins will accompany her.

Music Festival

The liberal arts colleges of western Pennsylvania took part in an applied music festival at Seton Hill last Saturday, April 26. PCW sent delegates to the piano, voice, organ, and orchestra groups.

Gladys Cooper sang "Ah, fors'e lui che l'anima" from Verdi's *La Traviata*, and James Hanauer sang "Una Voce Pocca Fa" from Roccini's *The Barber of Seville*.

Pianist Marion Cohen played Prokofieff's "Gavotte in G Minor" and "Prelude" by Scriabine, and Jacqueline Eckley played Chopin's "Nocturne in E Major."

The orchestra was made up of delegates from Geneva, Grove City, Bethany, Westminster, Thiel, Seton Hill, and PCW.

Voice Recital

On April 20, voice students gave a program for their parents and friends in the Art Center. Five students who performed are students taking their first year of vocal training. The other girls have had more training and experience.

Mary Lou Reiber's selection was "Let My Song Fill Your Heart;" Jane Strain's was "Dreams;" Miriam Rosenbloom's was "Spirit of the Lark;" Phyllis Ingraham's was "Caro Mio Ben," sung in Italian; Helen Fiersperger sang "Plaisirs d'Amour" in

French; Evelyn Fulton's selection was "Nocturne;" Mary Linn Marks' was "In a Luxembourg Garden;" Helen Ruth Henderson sang "A Prayer;" Edna Schuh gave a "Song" by Scarlotti in Italian; and Dale Kirsopp sang "Si Mi Chiamano Mimi" from Puccini's *La Boheme*, giving a fine performance in spite of a bad cold.

Peg Johnson's selection was a negro spiritual; Eileen Wessel's was "Depuis le Jour," sung in French; Marian Kieffer's choice was "Ich Liebe Dich" in German; Gladys Cooper sang "Ah, fors'e lui che l'anima" from Verdi's *La Traviata*; and Jane Hanauer sang "Una Voce Pocca Fa" from Roccini's *The Barber of Seville*.

The girls were accompanied by Mary Kay Eisenberg, Freda Ellsworth, and Mr. Collins. Mrs. Ayars announced each number.

Piano Recital

On April 13, Miss Welker's pupils presented a piano recital in the Art Center.

The program included Chopin's "Polonaise In a Military," played by Jane Strain; "Garlands" by Godard and "Prelude" by Lund Skabo, played by Dorothy Firth; "Submerged Cathedral" by Debussy, played by Martha Cox; "The Lobster Quadrille," a duet by Simmons, played by Marjory Snyder at first piano and Marjorie Norris at second piano; "Night" and "Honey" from *In the Bottoms* by Dett, played by Virginia Dittges; "Polonaise in C Flat Minor" by Chopin, played by Mary Kay Eisenberg; "Gavotte in G Minor" by Prokofieff, "Prelude in G" by Scriabine, and "Polka" by Shostakovich, played by Marion Cohen; and "Moderate Assai" from *Concerto in D Minor* by Rubenstein, played by Alison Meyer with the orchestral part on the second piano by Miss Welker.

Organ Recital

On Monday, April 20, Mr. Collins' pupils presented an organ recital.

The program included "Intermezzo" by Bizet, played by Agnes Connor; Sibelius' "Finlandia," played by Goldie Scholl; Dickinson's "Reverie," played by Betty Spierling; "Dawn," by Jenkins, presented by Mary Ruth Sampson; the first movement from Borowski's "First Sonata," played by June Hunker; and "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" by Bach, played by Amy McKay.

Another program will be presented May 12. The numbers have not yet been announced.

CHAPEL

Chapel fare for April 22 was a lecture on art by Mr. H. S. Ede, former curator of the London Museum of Art.

In his discussion, Curator Ede stressed the fact that a picture is made up of something more than "figures and things." According to the British authority, a picture is an ideal world conveyed by symbols constructed by the artist. Art must convey the abstract and show us more than we are looking for.

Adopt Standard

Another point in Mr. Ede's lecture was an explanation of how we are to know a good picture from a bad one. It is necessary, said he, to have several pictures as one's standard, just as one has a coterie of friends. It a new picture can be placed alongside these standards and meet the requirements set up by them, it too is a good picture.

Mr. Ede's closing assertion was that "there must be no blackout of art, for it creates our civilization."

From now until May 20, there will be a series of faculty chapels. Yesterday Miss Errett spoke; Dr. Doxsee will speak on May 6, Mrs. Tyars on May 13, and Miss Laskey on May 20.

RECONSTRUCTION

Eleven PCW girls spent the first weekend of their spring vacation with one hundred and ninety other students from all over the state at the tenth annual Intercollegiate Conference on Government held at Harrisburg.

This year the convention dealt with post-war reconstruction, and the general assembly was divided into committees dealing with economic, political, military, and social problems involved. An international Bill of Rights, such as the one advocated by recent chapel speaker Mary Dingham, was accepted to govern all proposals.

Dr. Dorothy Shields directed the preparation of the PCW delegation which included seniors Margaret Anderson, Elizabeth Shipley, Marjorie Higgins, Margaret Hibbs, and Mildred Stewart; juniors Barbara Heinz and Nina Maley; and sophomores Jean Bacon, Micky McCullough, Miriam Rosenbloom, and Evelyn Glick.

Evelyn also participated in a fifteen-minute round table discussion of the conference over the Harrisburg radio station.

PEOPLE

Comprehensives

This year, there are two senior girls working for special honors. To qualify to work for these honors the student must have a B average and be recommended by two-thirds of the teachers under whom she has studied. Reading and research are done upon the subject selected by the student and a thesis is prepared. This work is done under the guidance of a faculty member. The student must then submit her thesis to a faculty examining board composed of the members of the department in which she is working. Before this board she must defend her thesis orally.

Jean Burchinaw is working for special honors in the field of English. She is preparing a paper on George Gissing, a late nineteenth century novelist, and it is rumored that she has completed eighty typewritten pages. Jean intends to put her work in English to practical use after graduation this spring and is considering a position with one of the Pittsburgh newspapers.

Mary Singer is also doing special honors work. She is making her report on the subject, "Differentiating Behavioral Symptoms of the Organic Psychoses" in the field of abnormal psychology. In her own words Mary's work consisted of "combing symptoms out of six manuals of psychiatry, tabulating them, and juggling them around to try to tell what organic psychosis a person has by observing his behavior." After graduation Mary intends to take a research assistantship in speech pathology at the University of Iowa. There among other things she would do clinical work with children.

To graduate with general honors a student must pass comprehensive examinations in the field in which she is majoring. Students with an acceptable grade average are recommended for this work in their junior year. The names of these girls who were registered with Miss McFarland last year are Margaret Anderson, Joan Myers, Janet Murray, Florence Succop, Eileen Wessel, Jane Davies, Betty Gahagen, and Anne Driver.

Gracious Artist

Monday, April 27, faculty, students, and friends gathered to hear Pescha Kagan's last recital of the year. Through the entire season, pianist Kagan has remained a charming, gracious artist, conducting her afternoon sessions informally, in an easy, poised manner.

A well-informed musician, her discussions of composers showed her broad, thorough knowledge of her field. Her versatility and wide repertoire, as well as her uncanny memory, never failed to astound her audience. Always acceding to her listeners' requests, she responded to their demand for encores, chose her selections according to their wishes.

PCWites will look back upon her appearance on their campus this year as a highlight of their college days.

Physicist

PCW's physicist, Mr. Elmer Stickley, will attend the American Physical Society Convention May 1-2, held this year at Baltimore, Maryland, instead of in the usual place, Washington, D. C., because of present crowded conditions there. Also due to wartime conditions, the convention will last only two days instead of the usual three. Only four short individual meetings will be held. Most of those present will be foreign physicists because one-fourth of USA's few thousand physicists are in defense work and will be unable to attend.

Noted Speakers

News commentator H. V. Kaltenborn, radio playwright Arch Oboler, military analyst Morgan Beatty, and Norman Corwin, director of radio's "This is War" series will be among the noted speakers present at the Thirteenth Institute for Education by Radio to be held in Columbus, Ohio, this week-end.

Sponsored by Ohio State University, the institute will be held from May 3 to May 6 at the Deshler-Wallick Hotel. Work-study groups, discussions, and lectures on such topics as Broadcasting for Women, Children's Programs, College Courses in Radio, and Writing Radio Drama will be featured.

PCW is to be represented by radio-workshop director Vanda Kerst and radio students Claire Horwitz and Barbara Weil.

Debater

Freshmen from all city colleges participated April 25 in a symposium held at Mount Mercy College on the labor question. Carolyn Cosel, freshman debater, spoke for PCW on the panel on "History of U. S. labor movements from 1932 to 1942."

Debaters

At the last regular discussion of the varsity debating group for this year, Anna Mae Devlin and Evelyn Glick represented PCW.

Meeting at Duquesne University Monday, April 13, with Duquesne and University of Toledo students attending, the group participated in a heated discussion on the subject: "A union of world powers is necessary to achieve the aims of the Atlantic Charter."

Smi-Finalists

Called for an interview, Janet Ross, Amy McKay, and Janice Goldblum trotted down to KDKA one recent evening. Semi-finalists in the Women's Advertising Club Contest, they faced a barrage of questions from nine judges, headed by Evelyn Gardiner, chairman of scholarships. Their entries: (rewrites of any ad in a national magazine) Ross, Air Transport Co.; McKay, Listerine; Goldblum, Armstrong Linoleum Floors. Impressed by the interest shown by the Women's Ad Club, the girls rated their trip invaluable experience.

Capable Editor

An orchid, or better still a package of rubber bands to Pennsylvania Editor Marden Armstrong. Capably and without fuss, she has quietly gone about the far-from-simple task of managing the '42 yearbook.

A chief contributor to the **Arrow** poets' corner, and no mean short story writer, Marden's talent is indisputable. But combined with her creative ability is the capacity for efficient management.

The forty-two *Pennsylvanian* will certainly be not only a treasured record of years spent peacefully and contentedly at PCW but a tangible symbol of the talent of a modest and gifted girl.

FEATURES

Tailors' Tacks

Students in the Clothing and Textiles class are now making articles of clothing for themselves, putting into practical use the theories they have learned in the past year. First semester they studied line, composition, color, figure, and skin analysis; second semester, textiles, weaves, and tests for various materials.

Recently they learned how to alter paper patterns to different figures, lay patterns and cut out material, press seams and sew on zippers, and mastered the art of making tailors' tacks. Nina Maley is making a white flannel two-piece suit; Patsy Culley, a chambray sports dress; Betsy Colbaugh, a white silk blouse; Mary Jane Harter, a red silk dress; and Midge Stewart, a purple taffeta dress.

Eleanor Garrett has chosen to make a blue sport dress; Betty Baker, a green wool dress; and Margaret Griffith, one of rust color. Coleen Lauers project is a white crash suit, while Anna Mae Devlin spends her time on a printed silk jersey dress and hat to match. Amanda Harris is working on a coral printed silk dress, Rosella Wayne on a chartreuse sport dress, Dorothy Minnici on a printed pique dress, and Helen Shellkopf on a blue sport dress.

Campus Comments

The most touching domestic scene on campus recently was the sight of Messrs. Shupp and Martin working diligently on the Victory Gardens that their wives had patriotically begun. Expertly gripping his hoe, Mr. Shupp launched a furious offensive against weeds and clods of earth while Mrs. Shupp wielded a rake, directed his work, and paused frequently to exclaim over the straight rows that the Martins were laying out in their nearby vegetable patch. It would be nice to think that the men were doing their tasks in a spirit of true patriotism, but unfortunately it is known that Mr. Martin is interested most in the botanical side of the project and that Mr. Shupp accepted a bribe of three of Joyce's chocolate eclairs before offering his services. We are disappointed, gentlemen!

* * *

This month we present a package of four rubber bands and one half-inch square lump of sugar (no use

handing the stuff out willy-nilly, you know) to Jean Miller, energetic director of the senior class play. She does her job calmly, capably, and, if we may say so, exhibiting a remarkable degree of self-control.

* * *

For some time now a certain freshman has been trying valiantly, albeit unsuccessfully, to actually receive a fraternity pin under the Post-Gazette's brain child, the Pin Tree, beside the AMH fishpond. When last seen she was sitting under said tree with a fraternity man, looking slightly unhappy about the whole thing. Still trying to save the Post-Gazette's good name, no doubt.

* * *

Ye Eds enacted a little drama the other night around twelve midnight that might be entitled "Seeing the Assistant Home" from AMH to Woodland Hall. The one, brandishing a flashlight like a billy-club, stalked bravely ahead to sound the alarm if necessary. The other, armed with a pound jar of cold cream and a long wire marshmallow toaster, constituted the rear guard, and the assistant, who was very sorry that she had caused so much trouble, marched along in the middle clutching a sheaf of typing paper and vital Arrow documents. The grim trio, senses quickened, fighting spirit aroused, lunged upon at least five figures lurking in the shadows and trampled down an equal number of bushes. They walked sedately from the door of AMH to the terrace, hurried down the steps, scuttled across the narrow pathway, and galloped neck and neck down the home stretch to Woodland Hall. A new record, by the way.

* * *

To the sophomores, for their tea on April 22 under the able chairmanship of Betty Brown, and for its delicious food and spring-like decorations, the seniors give thanks. As a

token of their appreciation they present a box full of assorted cookies which certain of them snatched at the tea when the hostesses' backs were turned.

* * *

Being confirmed meeting-goers, we have found after years of experience that when a speaker says "We sang a song," he just submits the bald statement in a take-it-or-leave-it tone. Not so YW president Gahagan, who when giving a report on a conference she attended mentioned that the delegates made up and sang a song called "Universality," and proceeded to sing it from start to finish. On key and with gestures, at that.

* * *

Spring has sneaked up on the campus almost overnight, and it seems to us that some kind soul should take up the role of its defender. Defender against the things that are blamed on this particular season, we mean. An Axis offensive is attributed to the weather; girls fall in love in December and, come April, say its all the fault of the daffodils; women go on buying sprees and Spring gives them their excuse; term papers lie and collect dust while girls wander around with their heads in little pink clouds, sighing that they wished the campus weren't so pretty nor the sun so bright. Spring gets it in its pretty green neck every year, say we. But then again, it never seems to mind!

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FEATURES

Sportiscope

Juniors Star Tho Sophs Sweep Swim

Through the thundering of applause and the churning of water, the sophomore swimming team emerged dripping but happy from the briny deep of Mellon Pool. After due deliberation the judges announced their triumph with 32 points to the juniors' 23 and the seniors' 12. "Where, oh where, were the verdant freshmen?" Just disinterested or afraid of a little competition?

Individual honors for this meet go to junior Ginny Hendryx, a fish who would go well in any pool, who splashed to victory with first place in both the back and breast stroke and anchored her team's win in the novelty relay.

Although this was the first swimming competition we have had at PCW, it was well supported by spectators who were thrilled to the core as the meet started in wham-bang fashion when Ann Baker nosed out Dolly Horn in a two-length freestyle—time: 30 seconds. Next event saw the debut of Hendryx, queen of the mermaids, as she churned a length in backstroke to the tune of 15 seconds to the 17 of Ann Joyce Cowan. But this wasn't enough for the junior regalia so they sent Hendryx out again, this time to triumph in the breaststroke. Time: Hendryx, 17 sec.; Cowan, 19 sec.; and Vale, 25 sec. Amazement ran through the crowd to see Cowan zipping along in the most difficult and tiring butterfly breast-stroke, newest innovation in the swimming line.

Archling gracefully into the air and slithering into the water came the divers led by Donaldson, high-point in the running front dive, and Rigamont, who dived to victory in the optional set by a beautiful back-dive while Donaldson and Vale placed second and third with a front jack and swan, respectively. Hilarity was the mood as the Rose and White of the class of '43 captured a novelty relay—try balancing a rock on a china plate in the water while swimming and see if that isn't a novelty—with Baker, Fitzpatrick, and Hendryx swimming waiter-fashion. In the class event only the seniors and juniors competed; we still don't know what the fourth year girls did, while their competitors won, swim-

ming in formations and patterns to the rhythms of "Tales from the Vienna Woods." I bet even Strauss would have liked to see that. Capping the evening was a free swim for all interested.

Perhaps in your mind too is rising the question of how did the sophomores win when the juniors swept five firsts out of six events. We are wondering, though we think there was an error in scoring. Why should each dive count as separate points when it was classed as a single event? One would think the diving points should have been averaged. And why weren't points given for the class event? With these little questions in her mind, your reporter, seeking only a fair total, awards the meet to the junior team which probably doesn't care about it now, anyway.

Tourney Talk and Tidbits

The ping-pong tournament is now in the semi-finals as the bowling and badminton are progressing nicely and people are signing up for tennis singles. In the battle of the little white balls, Marie Minnemeyer, fall champion, vies with junior Ross, erstwhile entrant, as Midge Norris, a former champion, has it out with Alice Craig, runner-up in the fall. Maybe we're going out on a limb but we think Midge will end up by outslamming the steady Minnemeyer, if they are the finalists—and we think they are. Anyway, the freshmen certainly can play ping-pong even if they ignore other sports. It's a shame that they don't recognize the fun of PCW competition and friendly rivalry between classes in other sports.

J. R.

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Fashions

Fashion Show Highlights

Mary Jane Harter modeling a dubonnet and gray print silk jersey afternoon dress and an utterly feminine dubonnet straw hat with quantities of flowing veil . . . Petie McCall in a gray checked washable suit finished at the neckline with the tailored collar of a white blouse—the perfect suit for hot shopping days ahead . . . Ellen Copeland catching the eyes of the sophisticated observers with a two-piece dress of green basket-weave linen and a summer evening gown of pea-green chiffon with a square neckline, long waist line, and flowing skirt.

Ethel Herrod in a glamorous formal with a white tight-fitting bodice of taffeta and white net skirt splashed with huge floral designs . . . Jean Faris in a one piece tennis outfit of white sharkskin perfect for displaying summer tans . . . Jacqueline Eckley in slick tailored slacks.

Stealing the show from the young-ens was Mrs. Hacket, a model from Horne's, stunning in an afternoon dress of a violet print with a violet-colored hat to match.

In the hat line Midge Stewart topped them all with a large blue felt with the new double brim—one flops underneath and the other stands out straight on top.

War Weddings

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FEATURES

let you down what with the scent of orange blossoms in the air and the honeymoon all planned.

We're concentrating on the fur-lough bride because she seems to be the one in the biggest hurry and with the most problems. For an informal wedding we found a beige rayon crepe dress with front fullness and a V-neck made softly feminine with sleeves and pockets of Alencon lace. It can be worn as a going-away dress too thus solving two important problems. We also like a rayon jersey dress made surplice style with a cluster of cabbage roses at the waist. Match it with a tiny hat of the same roses and you'll wonder what you ever saw in white satin and yards of tulle! Much more practical too, we chirp, clutching our purse strings.

For an extra dress and an extremely smart one we have found a checked rayon taffeta complete with a plain red or green jacket of spun rayon. The jacket looks for all the world like linen and is adorned with man-sized frogs of taffeta. But wait! This is really a triple buy, for a pert matching pillbox goes along for the ride—or the price of the dress.

* * *

Some of the neatest tricks of the season are done up in chintz—you know the stuff we used to think was for slip covers and draperies. For a very small sum you can get a flowered frock with an enormous billowy skirt, ruffled collar, and crisp white trimming on the skirt and sleeves. Another chintz hit is a dirndl made full and with cavernous pockets to hold your nic-nacs. The skirt buttons down the back and can be worn over everything later on.

Gaily sprigged calico makes a neat bag especially when it's lined in a contrasting color. Pin a bunch of matching calico posies in your hair and watch the mob stampede.

More hocus-pocus for your lapel—a snooty looking fish of gold with a long wavy tail and somber blue eyes. A corsage worn by patriotic sophomore Barbara Weil led us to make the time-worn statement "Well now we've seen everything!" Corsage in question was made of Defense Stamps covered with cellophane, wired and wrapped and tied with red, white, and blue ribbon. It's something for the books—and we mean the Defense Stamp Books, of course!

J. M., M. A.

Here and There

Well, well here it is spring again and after all these years, and here is ye ed full of spring fever from watching the comprehensives blossom.

A Young Man's

Fancy turns, and here we have the latest, absolutely the last reports, of young men who have permanently turned: Ruth Bristor who got a diamond instead of the measles at Michigan, Rosemay Barck '41, who I do'd it on April 20, and P. Culley, who should have saved her ring for an Arrow scoop and didn't and M. V. Bolton who is sporting a sparkler from Daniel.

Newest members of PPU include Bunny Bender, who got hers six weeks to the day after her first date with him, Lucille Cummins and Amy McKay pledging Delt at W&J, Tex Payne who roped a Phi Gam. Joining on a technicality—presenting a Delt ring—is Martha Truxell, who became a member at W&J prom weekend . . .

Tripping and Trapping

Off to Cornell went Petie McFall last weekend—she visits there frequently—and Mary Schwalb and B. Weil hit the road for Michigan . . . Jean Patterson headed south to help Scotty graduate from Officers' Training School, and A. B. Saylor helped morale at Annapolis . . . L. Rider and H. Dornberger will be off to Penn State for the Spring Dance . . . T. Dorsey, gals! . . . and Riggie Rig-aumont will shortly head for the University of Penn . . . E. Herrod is going to Princeton . . .

W&J prom weekend saw R. Patton, J. Archer, A. McKay, M. J. Fisher, A. Richardson, and M. Minnemeyer enjoying extra-curricular activities and the Pitt Engineers' dance saw M. Stewart, J. Sweet, and Pinky Garrett tripping, and perhaps trapping.

Also on the trapping side we have Midge Norris, who was seen with four, count 'em, four men, in a convertible, and M. J. Fisher with about the same number in another convert-

ible. That's hoarding and agin the rules, gals! J. Wheldon has trapped a new picture of a new man and Sunny Croft laid snares for the army at Logan's Armory and caught two cute ones . . .

Norma Bailey trapped a white orchid at the PiKA Pitt formal and Dorcas Leibold trapped not one, not two, but six genuine orchids . . .

Pitt's Spring Formal saw Charlotte Shultz, Kelly Jones, N. Maley, B. Johnescue, and Peggy Matheny upholding PCW's reputation . . .

Frosh Lois Lutz received a good-looking compact from her Q. P.—Quadrille Partner—and Eleanor St. Clair was glimpsed from the balcony at practice by a Delt and he wants a date . . .

Mickey McFarland worrying about three men, and ditto Billie Lapsley, whose list includes two Thompsons.

Notes and Such

B. Gahagan dating alumna Anne Lindsay's brother—keep it in the family . . . Phyl Tross seeing so much of Bob from Case that she's looking at such magazines as House and Garden with a wistful eye . . . M. P. David keeping Uncle Sam's mailmen busy with fat, fat letters . . . J. McClung who went to Penn State and developed an interest in a cute man—not her date . . .

C. Lauer and B. Johnescue each bidding their men goodbye—not the army, a slight difference of opinion . . . and Ann Baker who also tossed over a man—must be nice to have some to spare . . .

Marianne Mackey's man from Notre Dame returning for a visit . . . D. Kindle and B. Spierling both dating Dr. Wallace's son Earl—how that boy gets around!

Alice Provost dating Jack Rogers from W&J and R. Patton returning to an old friend, a different Jack Rogers, this time from Pitt . . . M. McCullough turning up with a new man—Paul seems to have bit the dust . . . And Scottie Mackie losing her man to Uncle Sam—a government job in Harrisburg . . .

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FEATURES

Louise Flood developing a fondness for Shadyside . . . Alice Craig sensitive when you mention Bill . . . and Marjorie Mayhall bringing a Georgia Tech man to the AAFling.

M. Graham and E. Copeland doing their part for defense by attending the Aluminum Club Dance this weekend . . .

Well, all the little purple and yellow flowers are screaming for our attention and spring is springing and so are exams which are springing on the horizon, and our head is whirling with thoughts of grass and men and spring and men and flowers and men—and we'll see you next month in a perfect daze.

Victory Gardens

Begun as a project for Mrs. Martin's Botany class, the victory garden vogue has slowly spread over PCW. The first to feel the thrill of their own rising radishes were Ruth Patton, Betty Gahagan, Florence Succop, and Virginia Grey. Then ground was offered to any shy amateur farmer or farmerette who would stake a claim. First to seize the chance were June Collins, Dr. Kinder, Dr. Scholl and Mrs. Rand.

This back-to-the-land movement which has taken place at Andrew Mellon Hall is yielding some first-rate crops. The first little sprout to rise into this hectic world belonged to Ruth Patton. But now, others are following suit. Barring interference from rabbits, the V-Gardeners expect to have a worthy display within a month. Whoever has to eat the harvest from these productive plots will certainly have plenty of onions, spinach, beets, carrots, radishes, swiss chard, peas, beans, sage, fennel, herbs. Just think—vegetables with a college education!

"Right About Face"

MAY 14-15

**Presented by
Class of '42**

Market Excursion

Date: April 16. Time: 6:15 A. M. Scene: a group of sleepy-eyed, yawning girls gathered outside of Andrew Mellon Hall. The event: a visit by the students in the Foods and Nutrition Class to the Pittsburgh Produce Yards.

Miss Ayres, the students, and energetic spectator Dr. Piel arrived at the Yards at 7:30, where they first watched the auctioning of fruits and vegetables to local markets. Business was humming even at that hour: buyers signalling their bids by making peculiar gestures, auctioneers chanting and trying to sell their wares.

Samples

From the hub-bub of the auction they went to the Produce Building, escorted by the Pennsylvania Railroad police. The building, five blocks long, was packed with fruits and vegetables of all kinds. They sampled avocado pears, and some of the girls were so enthusiastic over the strawberries that they carried a case of them back to school. They were shown the Pittsburgh Banana-House, where bunches of bananas are stored until they ripen. On their way out they stopped in the railroad yards to see one of the large refrigerator cars in which the fruits and vegetables are brought to market.

This trip is the fourth that the class has taken this year. The first was to the West Penn Hospital diet kitchen, the second to Horne's for a study of flower arrangements, and the third to an Isaly's store.

SEA-MARGIN

Alone. I stand alone upon this shore
And watch the tide suck outward
waves reluctant,
That from caressing forward rush
and ripple
At my feet, slip, still sucked down-
ward, outward
To leave me rooted on the hard wet
slope
Alone. I stand alone upon the shore;
The sand is white and cold; the
cliffs are high.
You weep that I stand solitary, soon
To bow before winds' blast, infinity
Of skies beyond the universe,—
that sands
Eternal blind with gritty, pelting
dust,
And seas' sharp bitter salt burns
into me
And turns my tears to torture?
These I face
Upon this shore alone. Take back
your tears!
This is my hour, my trial, and my
greatest hope;
I will depart from here, on, on from
you,
And through each veil of mist fly
more alone.

—J. Anne Ayres '41.



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FEATURES

RADIO POLL

The Radio Class discovered some interesting facts about the listening tastes of PCWites after taking a poll in SGA meeting a few weeks ago. Mr. Sickles, of WWSW, and Mr. Beal, of KDKA, expressed their interest in the findings as typical of a minority group of listeners, and Miss Kerst is taking the findings to a radio convention in Cleveland for discussion.

The poll revealed that the favorite programs on campus are, in order, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Andre Kostelanetz, Fred Waring, Information Please, Henry Aldrich, and Fibber Magee.

Students average one-half to one-hour's listening at one time, and have their radios on from two to fifteen hours a week. The great majority engages in some other activity while listening, the most popular being knitting, with studying, reading, playing bridge, and sewing the next in line. Some girls even mentioned waiting for their dates as "activity."

"This is War" is the most popular war program, and the students gave many suggestions as to how the others could be improved: less sentiment, more variety, not so much propaganda, and more "polish" were requested. Some thought that there should be new war programs started to acquaint audiences with the geography, living conditions, and customs of the warring nations in peacetime, others that there should be more original plays and comedy to build up morale, historical summaries of events, and instruction on what the public can do in the present emergency.

The most frequent request was for more music, especially for classical

music on local stations. The students also want good plays, educational programs, South American programs, and poetry accompanied by music. They feel that "soap-box operas" should be retained but kept on a higher level, like the prize-winning serial "Against the Storm."

Unpopular are news and sports programs, advertisements, childish quiz programs, hill-billy music, and "corny" hands.

Many suggested college programs in which the musical and dramatic talents of college students would be recognized.



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FOR
WOMEN

The ARROW

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No. 7



MOVING OUT

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Almost Through

It is time for us to say good-bye. We have had our last class, weathered our last comprehensive, and though we have examinations still ahead of us, our real college life is over.

It has been hard for us to realize that we are Seniors . . . that in but a short time we shall graduate and leave behind forever our college years . . . But slowly the realization has crept upon us, together with the realization of new responsibilities, new experiences, ahead of us . . . responsibilities and experiences for which we have prepared during our years in school.

We have been comparatively sheltered in college. When June 8 comes we will find ourselves in a strange world, a world full of hate and war and confusion, in

which many of the values we have learned will seem to be denied and overthrown. We must learn now to fight for those values, to discriminate and set up new values, if necessary, in place of old useless ones.

We have much to regret in our college life, now that it is almost over . . . There was so much to be learned that we found no time for, so much to do that we haven't done . . . We realize that nobody could have told us . . . we wouldn't have believed them. But we wish now, when it is too late, that we could have known. We must learn for ourselves now.

It is hard for us to leave. But we would not turn back. You will realize when you come to graduate that though it is hard to leave you would not want to go back. And we have a certain satisfaction in accomplishment, which we would not trade for the excitement of starting over.

We have learned to know ourselves and our abilities a little better. We have learned to take responsibility . . . We have learned that we can stand on our own feet.

Some of us will start hunting jobs after graduation. Some of us already have them. But wherever we are, we will be starting the real education for which college has prepared us—the training in learning to live and work with other people, the training in responsibility and self-possession.

To you who are left, we say learn . . . learn as much as you can from every experience. And even then, when you graduate you will feel as we do . . . Happy but regretful of so many lost opportunities.

Jottings On the Margin

The new officers coming in on Installation Day, with a determination that makes us wish we had done better . . . the worry over next year's schedules and our sudden realization that we have none to make out . . . the juniors looking over their rooms for next year in Andrew Mellon Hall—making us feel as though we had already left . . . the number of diamonds sparkling on left hands and the number of weddings scheduled for the six months after graduation.

Looking for the last time . . . at the path leading to the Art Center on a summer evening when there is a suspicion of mist—making it seem mysterious and enchanting . . . at the ivy on Andrew Mellon Hall, green and shiny . . . at the seminar rooms in the library which seemed so strange to us for so long and now have become familiar . . . at the new maturity and purposefulness which the war seems to have brought . . . at the cafeteria at noon, with the smell of food and the students talking and laughing.

Realizing suddenly that we have had our last class, we have listened to our last lecture . . . that now we no longer have those accustomed seats in chapel, that the juniors have moved up into ours . . . that in two short weeks we will get our diplomas . . . that we have somehow left four years behind us.

MOVING-UP DAY

LAST CHAPEL PROGRAM

Today students and their parents crowded into the auditorium to witness the Moving-Up Day exercises. A tradition at PCW, the last chapel program is given over to the official moving up of the classes and the announcement of awards.

Dr. Butler, Senior Class Adviser, made the farewell speech to the Senior class, and after announcements had been made, the awards were given by Miss Marks.

Mu Sigma

The Mu Sigma awards were given to Edith Cole and Elizabeth Essler, and the scholarship to the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole was awarded to Edith Cole.

Library Prizes

The Library prizes of \$10.00 each were awarded to Beatrice Dobson and Jean Burchinal, winners of the Personal Library Contest.

AA Awards

Each year AA awards bracelets and emblems to girls who have amassed enough points, through participation in PCW sports, to qualify for them.

Bracelets

This year bracelets were awarded to Jane Fitzpatrick, Nina Maley, Ruth Patton, Jane Davies, Peggy Craig, and Jean Rigauumont.

Emblems

Emblems were awarded to Janet Murray, Marjorie Higgins, Virginia Hendryx, Joan Bender, Mickey McCullough, Marion Springer, Peggy Craig, and Jean Rigauumont.

Jackets

The AA jackets, the highest athletic award given, were awarded in SGA meeting, Thursday, May 14, to Maucky Anderson, Phyllis Keister, and Betty Hazeltine.

Creative Writing Contest

The Creative Writing Contest was sponsored this year by the Activities Council. Judges were PCW graduates: **Arrow** editor Rachel Kirk '40; **Arrow** editor Jeanne Anna Ayres, 41; and Helen Ryman, experienced in publicity work, and a member of the Women's Advertising Club of Pittsburgh.

Prizes

First prize of \$10.00 went to Janet McCormick for her story *The Picnic*.

The two Honorable Mentions were awarded to Helen Smith for her short story *Good-Time Charlie's*, and Suzanne McClean for her short story *Without License*.

Freshman English Prizes

Two Firsts

Two first prizes were awarded in the Freshman English Contest: one to Jane Strain for her short story *Fifth Column*, and one to Dorothy Barrett for her short story *The Verdict*.

Other Prizes

The second prize went to Virginia Ricks for her story *True Origin*, and the third prize to Beth Grove for her story *Alex and Ajax*.

Honorable Mentions were awarded to Marion Updegraff and Jean Nelson.

Hood and Tassel

After the announcement of awards the underclasses sang in turn to the

Seniors who replied with their farewell song. After the songs had been sung the Seniors marched out to "Where Oh Where Are the Grand Old Seniors." The classes moved up in order.

As the Junior class moved up to the Senior section, the present members of Hood and Tassel, PCW's only honorary society, tapped their successors from the present Junior class.

Juniors Tapped

Chosen were Jean Archer, Amy McKay, Nina Maley, Jane Fitzpatrick, Marion Rowell, Janet Ross, and Jean Wyre.

Senior Honorary Members

Innovation this year was the additional tapping of three seniors as honorary members in recognition of their outstanding contributions to PCW's college life: Margaret Graham, Alice McKain, and Jane Chantler.

These members will be initiated and will receive their Hood and Tassel pins before the end of the school year.

COMMENCEMENT SCHEDULE

Wednesday, June 3.....	Senior Picnic, Schenley Park, 4:30-8:00
Thursday, June 4.....	Senior Breakfast, Hotel Schenley
Friday, June 5.....	Senior Dinner, Woodland Hall Senior Dance, Art Center
Saturday, June 6.....	Alumnae Association Meeting, Andrew Mellon Hall Alumnae Dinner, Woodland Hall Rose Chain, 9:00 P. M. Senior Reception
Sunday, June 7.....	Baccalaureate Services, Calvary Episcopal Church Vesper Services, Chapel, 5:30 P. M.
Monday, June 8.....	Commencement, Sunken Garden, 10:30 A. M.

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Seniors—Room K
Juniors—Room N

Sophomores—Room L
Freshmen—Room P

EVENTS

RETIRING

Miss Kerst-Miss McCarty

Miss Vanda E. Kerst, professor of speech and head of the Speech Department, and Miss Harriet D. McCarty, librarian, long members of PCW's faculty, are retiring at the end of the current school year. Miss Kerst and Miss McCarty have been at PCW for thirty-five and sixteen years, respectively, and will be remembered for their tireless service and willing help to all students during that time.

Miss Kerst's Training

Miss Kerst has had unusually extensive and varied training in speech and dramatics, and has always preferred specific study in the subjects in which she was interested to that leading to degrees. She attended Heidelberg University for four years, studied at Chicago University for two summers, at the University of Wisconsin for one summer, and at the Curry School of Expression, Boston University, for three summers. She has traveled extensively abroad, both for pleasure and training, and studied with Marjorie Cullan in London for two summers. She taught at Heidelberg College and Heidelberg Theological Seminary for three years, and has been on the teaching staff at PCW since 1907.

Plays and Pageants

The many Elizabethan plays and pageants that Miss Kerst has produced at PCW are well known in Pittsburgh and vicinity, and she herself has written three pageants and one dramatization in manuscript form. A popular and familiar lecturer in many Pittsburgh organizations, she is also in demand as a judge of school contests and play-writing contests. She has done broadcasting over the radio, conducted special classes for public school teachers in summer sessions at the college, and been a member of the board of the Pittsburgh Drama League for fifteen years.

At the present time, Miss Kerst is teaching fundamentals of speech, oral interpretation of literature, play production, and radio broadcasting. She is also in charge of training the choral speaking group, which presented *Bal-lad for Americans* in chapel a few weeks ago.

PCW Graduate

Miss McCarty became librarian at PCW in 1926, before the James Laughlin Memorial Library was

erected. She had received the Bachelor of Arts degree from PCW and the certificate offered by the Pratt Institute School of Library Science. Before coming to this college, she had had experience in many phases of library work, mostly in Pittsburgh and vicinity.

Her first position was in the Order Department of the Carnegie Library, then she became a cataloguer there. In the public library at Marion, South Carolina, she was the organizer, and returned to Pittsburgh as the assistant in the Reference Department of Carnegie Library. She held the position of librarian at the public library of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, at the library of the Bank of Charleston, Charleston, South Carolina, and at the Homewood Branch of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. She was then made head of the central lending division of Carnegie.

At the Carnegie Library School she lectured on the administration of small libraries, and then assumed her present duties at PCW. Miss McCarty is well known to PCWites for her sincere interest in literature and in contemporary writings.

Not Announced

The names of the persons who will fill the vacancies created by the retirement of Miss Kerst and Miss McCarty have not yet been announced.

INNOVATIONS

New Degree

Bachelor of Science degree will now be granted to those students majoring in either biology or chemistry, as well as graduate nurses and persons who fill the requirements of the dietetics course.

Reason for this addition is that students feel a B. S. degree aids them in getting positions.

Courses required by the American Chemical Society for certification and a Bachelor of Science degree are: five one-year laboratory courses in chemistry, eight semester hours in physics, mathematics including calculus, one year of English Composition a reading knowledge of French or German, fifteen semester hours of humanities.

Courses required for biology majors to receive B. S. degrees are: four years of biology, two years of another science, German or French.

Language Requirement

Casually announced in chapel one morning was this stupendous news: a recent meeting brought about an alternative to be introduced into the language requirement. Future requirement: Students must either successfully pass a reading test in a given language, or successfully complete two years of college work in a language.

AMH Residents

The removal of the entire group of senior resident students to Andrew Mellon Hall next year has necessitated several changes in the present organization of house government. Ann Baker will be president of both dormitories, and Sally Frick, first vice-president, will be junior president of Woodland Hall.

Next year will be Sally's third at PCW. She came as a transfer from Wayne University in Detroit, her home town. She claims that she has no hobbies, but is interested in collecting bed dolls, in fencing, and in Wally. She spends her spare time puzzling over equations, because her major is chemistry. Elected unanimously, Sally has the support of the dorm as she assumes the duties of her new office.

Ablly assisting Ann Baker and Sally will be Joan Bender, secretary, and Marian Swannie, treasurer. The class representatives are Jean Wyre, senior member; Dorcas Leibold, junior member; Betty Johnescue, second junior member; Patsy Speers, sophomore member, and one member from the incoming freshman class. The general rules and regulations of dorm life will be unchanged despite the changes in house organization.

The seniors who will live in AMH are: J. Archer, A. Baker, R. Bristor, M. J. Fisher, N. Maley, A. McKay, M. Schweppe, M. Teichmann, P. Tross, J. Wyre, P. Suppes, M. Truxal, and P. Johnson.

CO-AUTHOR

Dr. James S. Kinder, head of the Departments of Education and Psychology, is one of the co-authors of a newly published book, *Sociological Foundations of Education*.

EVENTS

RETREAT

At Retreat, PCW BWOC got together, discussed innovations put into effect this year, pondered over problems which must be solved in the future. The system of having Freshman counsellors chosen by the Presidents of SGA, YW, AA, and the junior adviser to help incoming freshmen was voted a good idea, will be used again next fall. Up for discussion was the Valentine dinner with juniors and seniors together in Woodland Hall, sophomores and freshmen in the cafeteria. It was decided that this, too, was an improvement. Several suggestions were offered regarding chapel. Much time was taken to consider the honor system. Other decisions: that the Con-over room should be used more often, and that there should be more class meetings.

FIRST AID

PCW need never despair in the event of a sudden air-raid. Students and faculty in great number have now qualified for Standard First Aid, Advanced First Aid, and Instructor's Courses.

Successfully completing Advanced First Aid are Martha Harlan, Joan Bender, Mary Lou Reiber, Miles Janouch, Hila Siemon, Norma Bailey, Mrs. Hubbs, Virginia Ditzes, Marjorie Harter, Mary Griffiths, Miriam Rosenbloom, Adelyne Supowitz. Certificates received upon completion register the students with the American Red Cross in Washington, D. C., are valid for three years after which time student must pass another course in order to retain her membership. Provided that age does not bar them, these students are now eligible to take the Instructor's Course.

Faculty members included in those

who passed the Instructor's Course are Miss Dodds, Dr. Montgomery, Miss Errett, Dr. Piel, Miss Perry. Miss Errett took her course at Pitt; others completed the work at the Post-Gazette Building. Instructors for the course which lasted five nights, three hours each, were Mr. Komp, director of Life Saving, Water Safety, Accident Prevention and First Aid of the American Red Cross; Mr. Kimerly, assistant to Mr. Komp.

Standard First Aiders include Jean Rigaumont, Mauky Anderson, Florence Jardini, Jane Blattner, Betty Spierling, Betsy Colbaugh, Suzanne McLean, Ruth Weston, Patty Wright, Louise Wallace.

Home Nursing

Successfully passing the Home Nursing course, taught by Allegheny General Hospital's Educational Director Thompson, were proud students Archer, Beck, Emminger, Grey, Graham, Griffiths, Herrod, Hyland, Wyre, Brown, Cummins, Goldblum, Higgins, Lambie, Leach, McKay, McCall, Meanor, Meder, Molvie, Monks, Noonan, Norris, Wayne and Woy.

DEFENSE COURSES

Students graduating this year or students who do not expect to return to college next year may take defense training courses under the ESMDT program. This program, the headquarters of which is at PCW, offers many courses. The requirements for these courses vary: some require the completion of high school training, some the completion of college training.

Just now there is a demand for women in defense work. One of the best paid fields is that of Engineering Drafting, but there are many others. The defense industries hope that as many women as possible will take these courses and prepare for defense work.

INTERVIEWS

Secretary to the President, Miss Anderson, is now having interviews with members of the Senior class, wants to see them all immediately, even if they already have jobs arranged for. Purpose: to consult with them about their qualifications, plans, for work after graduation to keep in PCW reference files. Other students interested in summer work should see Miss Anderson at once.

SOCIAL

Tea for Juniors

Wednesday afternoon, May 6, from 2:30 till 4:30, the Junior class was honored at a tea given by their sister class, the Freshmen. Plans to serve refreshments on the Mellon terrace were cancelled at the last minute because of rain. Instead classes gathered inside Andrew Mellon Hall.

Receiving were Jean Dalzell, tea chairman; Polly Wilson, Freshman President; and Janet Ross, President of the Junior Class. Junior Class Advisor Shupp, Mrs. Wallace (Dr. Wallace is Freshman Class Advisor) poured.

Students Play

PCW alumna Mrs. A. S. Keister invited PCW music students to entertain at a May 6th tea given by Mrs. Shields in her home, Virginia Manor, Mt. Lebanon. Soloists were Marion Cohen and Marjory Snyder, both of whom played original compositions for the piano, and Pauline Basenko, who played a clarinet solo.

Junior Dinner

Annual event for the Junior class is a dinner, given in their honor by PCW Alumna Mrs. George M. Swan, at her home on Inverness Street. This year the party was held the evening of May 13 at half after six. Dinner was served on the Swan's lovely terrace; classmates, faculty members, and alumnae mingled in the garden.

After dinner, girls gathered about the piano, sang songs from the personal song book of Mrs. Swan. At her request, they sang their own specialty numbers from Color Day.

After thanking their charming hostess, students reluctantly left for home, taking with them delightful memories of her gracious hospitality.

Trustees Entertained

Friday, May 7, found PCW trustees and their friends at a dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Spencer at Andrew Mellon Hall. During the evening guests were conducted about the campus by Dr. Spencer. A special program held in the Art Center concluded the evening.

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PEOPLE

FACULTY

Dr. Butler

Caught off her guard and quizzed about her recent election to the office of Student Government Adviser for next year, Dr. Butler said quickly, "I'm just thrilled, and very honored." Present Senior Adviser Butler promises to do her best by SGA next year.

Dr. Wallace

The week of April twentieth, Monday through Friday, Dr. Wallace attended the American Chemical Society convention in Memphis, Tennessee. Dr. Wallace went as a counsellor representing the Pittsburgh section.

Business of the convention dealt mainly with the preparation for war and the need for women in chemistry today.

The varied program touched on every phase of chemistry with the exception of rubber. Of chief importance was the chemistry of the South.

Aside from the business of the convention, members were entertained by the A Capella Choir from the University of Tennessee, a negro minstrel show, preceded by a pipe organ rendition of Stephen Foster compositions. Another evening was spent at a southern barbecue.

Next semi-annual convention will be held in Buffalo, New York. Due to the uncertainty of the war, no city has been decided on for the 1943 convention.

Miss Errett's Program

Miss Errett's chapel program on May 20 was an exhibition of ability plus beauty, grace, and poise. Modern dancers from all classes participated.

The first part of the program was a survey of various techniques. At least one technique is important for any undertaking, but modern dancing has many. The group demonstrated relaxation, flexion and extension, leaps and turns, and falls.

The rest of the program was given over to entertainment. Evelyn Glick and Dorcas Leibold, with a group of freshmen, danced Midge Norris' "Carbon Copy." Jane Evans danced her own composition, called "Vanity," for

which Marian Cohen wrote the music. Martha McFall, Marian Swannie, and Ann Richardson performed a number dedicated to "The First-Aiders of PCW" Jane Evans, Barbara Heinz, Edna Schuh, and Dale Kirsopp concluded the program with a waltz written by Midge Norris.

STUDENTS

Honor Chairman

Ruth Bristor, newly elected chairman of the Honor Committee, had a well-rounded list of activities to her credit, even in high school. There, besides being secretary of Student Council, she was president of the Mathematics, French, and Dramatic Clubs. She was salutatorian of her class.

Ruth's freshman year was spent at Connecticut College for Women, where she was fire captain in the dormitory. This year at PCW she has been dormitory fire captain, and was the student chairman on the Civilian Committee for Fire Protection and Air Raids. Ruth is on the Vocational Committee. In February she attended the Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate SGA meeting at Bucknell. Just recently she was on the dinner committee for Play Day, and has been on Dean's list since she arrived at PCW.

She is an elementary education major and is studying art, doing work in charcoals, pastels. Ruth says she loves to dance; and a diamond on third finger, left hand, bears witness to her big off-campus interest—Nelson.

AA Secretary

Tiny, peppy Jean Rigau mont has been elected secretary of AA for the coming year. Jean lives here in Pittsburgh and graduated from Allerdice High School. Riggy is not only interested in but also proficient in all sports, was a member of both the honorary basketball and hockey teams. This year she acted as treasurer of AA and was the student representative on the conservation committee of PCW's defense program. Jean's major is biology and her major interests are dancing and sports. She has entered every sport event here at school except the badminton tournament. It seems that since Riggy has that man at Penn there is nothing left to long for ex-

cept an extra two inches in height which would bring the total up to 5 feet 2 inches of concentrated energy.

BWOC Hendryx

SGA First-Vice President next year will be Virginia Hendryx. Doing her work quietly, efficiently, well, Ginny has participated in many PCW activities and has contributed service in numerous places.

As junior representative to the AA board, Vice-President Hendryx has gone out for almost every sport; a good ping-pong player, she is an excellent swimmer, made the honorary hockey teams her sophomore, junior years. In her AA board capacity, she managed the Junior-Senior Fling, also the recently held swimming meet.

She has worked on the **Arrow** business staff three years, will be business manager next year. An active YW member, she served on the committee for the YW dinner this year, and has also been on several dance committees.

Ginny is an elementary education major, spent part of last summer counselling in Brownie Camp. She collects records, and due to the war, has a special interest now in Texas.

Sophomore President

Mary Jane McFarland, better known as "Mickey" to PCWites, has been chosen president of next year's sophomore class. Very active while she attended Carnegie High School, Mickey was freshman representative to SGA this year and is intent upon completing the five-year nursing course.

AA Treasurer

Alice Craig, busy this year as freshman representative to AA, has been elected treasurer of AA for next year. As befits a member of AA, Alice likes to play ping-pong and basketball. was a member of the honorary basketball team.

Alice has tentatively chosen English as her major, prefers reading as a pastime. A record collector, Alice has a special yen for Tommy Dorsey, likes to kibitz in a bridge game for relaxation.

SENIORS



For The Last Time

Where, oh, where are the grand old seniors? They're going out in the wide, wide, world. A recent poll of the Seniors' activities following graduation shows that some want to find a job and get married, some want to get married and find a job, and the greatest percentage are in more less of a quandary.

Men and Jobs

Of the "catch-a-job-and-then-a-man" group is Florence Succop who is going enlighten the younger set before embarking on the sea of matrimony. And then there's Helen

(Shelky) Shelkopf who is going to visit a man who's marching through Georgia. Then she's going to work to get enough money to go back again. (Never say die, Shelky). Joan Myers plans to chaperon her and she doesn't care if incidentally she meets a few men herself.

However, some are not going to wait until they get the job. This variety prefers getting the man while the getting's good. Claire Stewart has set June 19th for middle-aisling and the next month for job-finding. Marjorie Yearick is going to keep house and do Red Cross Work. Betsy Colbaugh starts washing dishes next fall and Betty Baker already is an old hand at it. Ethel Herrod, also, will start keeping the budget. But poor Jean Faris will lose her man to Uncle Sam after only three weeks of housekeeping. And the Queen of the Fiesta, Jean Patterson, will become the Queen of the Kitchen next fall.

Bewildered

The third species of senior may be classified as bewildered, more bewildered and completely bewildered. (To avoid libel suits, you will have to guess which is which; this is as far as we go). Harriet McKnight has a job at the famed Mellon Institute. And Jane Davies hopes to succeed as a tiller of the soil. Midge Norris will retire in a state of perplexity with a ball of yarn and two needles. And when this article went to press, Julie Wheldon was still trying to draw a confusion.

Hard-working business men who suddenly need a secretary will stand agog when the PCW graduates answer their cries for help. Midge Stewart and Mary Lib Balmer are particular; they want to work in lawyer's offices. And Jane Chantler will put on her hat 12:00 and tear down the street to have lunch with Peggy Matheny. Dotty Andrews will answer only New York ads for red-



Retreat

headed secretaries and Grace Mary Horton has already landed a desk-and-chair at the Presbyterian Hospital. Dotty Lou Evans will probably get a good secretarial job because she can add and subtract, too. And additions to any business office are Mary Kay Strathearn and Mary Jane Harter.

Job in the Hand

Next to the budding young secretaries who have struggled so gallantly with their shorthand, comes the amazing assemblage of those who already have jobs. Mary Singer is going to the (you'd better take a deep breath) University of Iowa to be a research assistant in speech pathology in the psychology department. Dorothy Purkiss has a choice of instilling wisdom in high school minds or being a psychiatric aide at Hartford, Connecticut. And Elizabeth Rowse will have to graduate by letter because she has already begun her job. She is an interpreter of German with the censorship office in Miami, Florida. (Won't she have fun reading all our post cards?) Betty Gahagen has a job taking up Florence Nightingaling at Yale or Western Reserve. The Perryville scholar will be pleased to find Alice McKain wielding the traditional ruler because she won't hit hard. And won't you be surprised to walk into your local Carnegie Bookshelf and find Janet Murray asking you please not to talk? Westinghouse will have to thank us for giving them Ruth Notz who is going to work under Dr. Wallace's fellowship. And Jessie Shook has a position waiting at Hartford, Connecticut.

The arduous task of education has many recruits who, in spite of their
(Continued on Page Eight)

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SENIORS

SENIOR ACTIVITIES

Seniors will put away their blue-books and text books for the last time on June 3, and will start their pre-commencement round of parties.

First on the schedule will be the senior picnic to be held Wednesday, June 3, at Schenley Park from 4:30 until 8:00. There will be all sorts of games, probably suggested by members of the elementary education group, and a dinner complete from hot dogs to suckers. Chairman of the picnic is Midge Norris and members of her committee are Jane Chantler, Bea Dobson, Anna Betty Saylor, and Carol Bostwick.

Breakfast and Prophecy

The next morning seniors will turn out for Rose Chain practice and afterwards will breakfast at the Hotel Schenley. At this breakfast the Class Prophecy will be read and prizes will be awarded to the publicity committee which put on the best stunt for the senior class play and to the person who sold the most tickets. Mary Lib Balmer is in charge of the breakfast and helping her are Jane Davies, Mary Pat David, and Betty Baker.

Dinner Dance

On Friday, June 5, the Administration will give a dinner for the seniors in Woodland Hall, at which the seniors, according to custom, announce their engagements and marriages. Following the dinner a dance for the seniors will be held. Music will be furnished by a juke box. Chairman of the dance is Ethel Herrod; her committee members are Margaret Hibbs, Marjorie Higgins, and Marjorie Harter.

Pre-Commencement activities will continue with an Alumnae Association meeting in Andrew Mellon Hall and an Alumnae dinner in Woodland Hall on Saturday, June 6.

Illumination Night

Biggest event on the Saturday schedule is Illumination Night, scheduled to begin at 9 o'clock in the evening. Leading the rose chain which will be carried by the Junior class, will be the two Seniors and the two Juniors judged the prettiest by their classmates. Freshmen and Sophomores will carry the lanterns and will form the large letters P C W in the amphitheater. The two lower classes sing college songs, and Dr. Spencer's reception for the seniors will be held afterward.

Baccalaureate

Baccalaureate Services will be held

on Sunday morning, June 7, at the Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church. The sermon will be delivered by the Reverend Arthur B. Kinsolving and the procession of students will be lead by the two faculty marshalls, Dr. Doxsee and Dr. Wallace.

At 5:30 P. M. on Sunday afternoon, Vesper services will be held in the chapel. At the services Betty Gahagen will play the harp and her father, the Reverend Clair B. Gahagen, assistant pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, will deliver the message.

Commencement

Commencement exercises are scheduled for Monday, June 8 in the sunken garden on the campus. The commencement address will be delivered by Agnes Sligh Turnbull. Miss Turnbull is the author of many books among which are *The Rolling Years* and *Remember the End*. At present, Miss Turnbull lives in Maplewood, New Jersey.

Invocation at commencement will be delivered by the Reverend David Culley, grandfather of senior Patsy Culley.

Senior Plans

(Continued from Page Seven)

experience in practice teaching, still think they would like to be instructors. Maucky Anderson wants to teach English and History. Helen Moore chose geography and plans to give contradictory lectures after each

newspaper is released. Sally Thomas also is thinking of catechizing the kids.

Miscellaneous

Then there is the I-want-a-job-period brand of puzzled miss. Sunny Croft wants a job in town. And she won't have to eat lunch alone because Ruth Demmler, Mary Ann Mackey, Alice Provost, Betty Hazeltine, Eleanor Glick, and Eileen Wessel do too. Jane McClung is torn between a desire for commercial art and a deeper desire to just sleep. Barbara Maerker just wants to sleep. Jean Burchinal would kind of like to find a job with a newspaper. Ruth Patton and Mary Pat David plan to spend their working hours surrounded by fuming chemicals and concoctions bubbling in beakers.

Marden Armstrong wants to publish a book. Any book. And Jean Miller, who is one of the more bewildered, just wishes Fate would let her in on what is in store for her. Ann Driver doesn't care what happens as long as it's a long and interesting life. And Phyllis Keister is going to work all summer on a farm and then retire.

Before I retire, too, I would like to say that I have omitted one type of senior—the elusive type. This type could not be found in the smoking room, the den, the dorm, or the hockey field. Where were they? Studying?

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FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

We wept on Installation Day with large and bitter tears, we hate to think we're at the end of four hard, happy years, but still and all we're just as corny as ever and we'll stay that way. Here we are again and for the last time bringing you news and views of who's whose, and who isn't whose.

Rings and Things

Jean Patterson sporting a sparkler from Scotty—she traveled all the way to Camp Lee, Virginia, to get it (and a lovely white orchid too!) . . . Pinky Garrett who announced it yesterday . . . Mary Campbell who brought hers to light . . . Mary Lee Ullom received hers Wednesday . . . and Jean McGowan '41, who also announced hers—to "Butch."

Joining the PPU are initiates Cynthia Dawe—her entrance fee provided by Dave Boyd . . . Nancy Davidson with not only a pin but two rings . . . and Ginny Gillespie (who should have been in last month—why did we miss that?—Ed.) who entered with "Little John"—shades of Robin Hood and Maid Marian. Resignations regretfully received from Jean Sweet—who resigned twice, the second time for keeps, and Bunny Bender who just found out that spring is over.

Coming And Going

Men are the topic of the day and among the former we have Ginny Crouch's Bob who came back from Lehigh last week-end . . . Emily Noll's man from Princeton who keeps coming and coming . . . Nancy Maxwell's "old friends" from Notre Dame who came recently . . . Jane Fitzpatrick's Ted home again . . . Marge Selleck's man home from F&M.

Among the leaving group we have J. Archer's man, for the Army as who isn't . . . Louise Johnson's man for the same place . . . Norma Lewis' man ditto . . . next year's Arrow Ed. Petie McCall's Hal, for the second time.

Trips And Treks

Sally Thomas, to Chicago right after graduation . . . Martha Truxal, chewing her nails to get to Boston right after school's out . . . M. Graham, to Vermont some time this summer.

Among Us Gals

Betty Shull driving about town in Ken's new convertible . . . Donna Kindle keeping up the morale of

Uncle Sam's armed forces—quite a few morale-boosters these days . . . Jane McClung sporting a Cornell blazer, and E. Herrod proudly wearing a Princeton beer jacket from the original Princeton tiger, Jim Blackburn . . . Betty Monroe with her regular specials from Bob, and Sally Thomas receiving daily communique from the Air Corps and we do mean Ron . . . Phyl Keister wearing a smile that almost circled her head over a letter from Bud at Yale . . . Also in the letter line, Petie McFall and Kay Mitz still hearing from the boys they met at the Glee Club dance.

Dancing and Prancing

At the Spring Formal: B. Hazel-tine stoutly maintaining that the best thing in the world to keep your car's radiator from freezing is Simoniz . . . orchids, orchids everywhere especially on A. McClymonds. H. Hersperger, Arrow editor J. Wallis, Patty Leonard, et al . . . A. McKain with "Arthur-Murray-Taught-Me-Dancing-in-A-Hurry" Austin George, one of our smoother dancers . . . E. Copeland with that blonde Bob Wick . . . and lovely, lovely decorations, especially the silver bubble effect of the Frosh-Soph Moonlight Cocktail.

Among the gals who are hoarding are C. Bostwick who can't make up her mind which Tommy . . . and N. Stauffer who is getting calls from a new flame.

Notes and Quotes

Add notes: Jeanne McKeag has finally decided which man she's in love with . . . P. Chantler keeping the fourth floor phone busy with calls from her Jay-man . . . B. Steele holding Bill's head—he had a toothache . . . Amy McKay finding a new admirer from Grove City—Pooch is worried . . . P. Matheny getting her first proposal from a Princeton man (Did she accept?—Ed.) . . . B. Maerker's Dick not used to her haircut yet—trimmed in J. Wheldon's clip-joint, Room 202 (Plug) . . . P. Suppes shedding bitter tears over Ed's new crew cut.

Well, we've reached it at last and we do mean good-bye . . . it'll seem kinda funny not to run around bleeding to death from having our throat slit—we've done that so much this year that we're anemic . . . Have lots of fun all summer and remember to think up lots of material for next year's cat-chatter—we're no military secret.

FASHIONS

They tell us that no one should have too much trouble finding a job this summer. Well, we don't know—we get all our information from the seniors. But perhaps you are interested only in spending a lovely leisurely summer, soaking up the sun's rays and maybe knocking a few balls over the green clipped grass of a golf course. In any event, your wardrobe will vary a bit, depending on whether you choose to punch a clock or be the play-girl.

Victory Dress

However, there are just some fashions you can't dismiss blithely, for because of their classic lines and cool simplicity they fit equally well into the wardrobe of either type. One of these is popular not only because of the merits just mentioned, but also because Leon Henderson gave a vote of approval for its fabric-saving skirt which is cut full enough for freedom but minus the pleats. Trimmed with saddle stitching, it has a convertible collar and pocket also trimmed with stitching. Appropriately called the Victory shirtdress, it's made of that neat spun rayon which is nearly crease-perfect and its price is but a fraction of its smartness and practicality!

Summer Suits

We don't need to remind you of the merits of a crisp cotton seersucker suit with rayon sharkskin dickey. Skirt is pleated round-about and the jacket is a long story. Get this striped pretty-like in peppermint red and white.

The indispensable suit takes on a different outlook when tailored in a special fabric designed to keep you cool through this torrid weather. Skirts are crisply box-pleated and the matching jackets are definitely the Last Word. Another suit is a frenzy of highland plaid in red and green, blue and red, or brown and yellow. Wear this with a tiny straw chapeau and be ready to receive a barrage of compliments.

Cool and Smooth

You're looking for a dress for those hot afternoons at the club? You'll look charming and smooth in a white pique sport dress with a pastel colored block print around the bottom of the skirt. A short jacket with cuffs of the block print adds the finishing touch to give you that "cool as a cucumber" look.

FEATURES

McMullen does it again! This time it takes the form of a chambray dress (made to look like such) but in reality culottes. They're ideal for tennis and, for you brides-to-be, the perfect outfit for marketing. They come in pastel shades and stripes—the finest chambray you can buy—and they wear forever. And who isn't interested in that?

Another chambray we like is striped in blue and white. Made dirndl-style, this gay blade has a square neckline and is rick-rack trimmed. Consider too, a sweet job in white waffe pique. It's gaily printed with lambs and doves sprinkled generously over all in red, blue, purple or green. Literally a lamb of a dress!

Pinafores for Play

Pinafores are always fun and we beg you to look doubly long at a chintz number with eyelet blouse. The colors fascinated us as they will you, too. Just wait 'til you see the gray one spattered with enormous coral fleurs. We're certain beyond a doubt that the manufacturer bought up a gross of those checked gingham tablecloths seen in all the better dives. The same is fashioned into a pinafore no less and conceals a white pique playsuit beneath its voluminous skirt. The playsuit serves double-duty as a blouse.

Slacks for Summer

With bicycles coming into their own again, slacks are definitely an up and coming thing. We've seen glen plaid in dresses, coats, and suits—so why not slacks? Wear them with a white shirt add a jacket and if the tailoring is flawless—well, who said the women can't do it?

Gabardine is practically wrinkle-as smart. You can combine with a matching jacket, exchange slacks for skirt of the same and behold—two outfits completely different.

The new Zouave pants are new, but best of all while wearing them you can banish all bicycle worries. They end with a snug band just a bit above your ankles and safely out of the way of the pedals. Get a pair in vivid red or emerald green, and even if you do have to resort to foul means to escape with Junior's bicycle, it'll be worth it!

Gabardine is practically wrinkle-proof and holds its crease. You know the luscious off-shades it comes in—coral, gold, leaf green, powder blue, and watermelon. With contrasting shirt or jacket—need we say more?

Shorts and Skirts

Of course, some people just won't be converted to this man's world and for them we've found—you guessed it—sports and skirts. Spun rayon pleated shorts, while not new are just as popular as ever. The tailored pleats make them fit but well! Red and white checked cotton is done up in shorts, shirt and fly-front skirt. Endless possibilities to an outfit like this, so we'll just mention the word and let you find out for yourselves.

Play-shoes

And before we leave the subject of playclothes, we'd like to state here and now that no matter what color or combination of colors you choose, you can find a matching pair of canvas shoes put out by Joyce, Inc. In doeskin finish, too, they come and are just the right degree of coolness and comfort for the play days ahead.

Flowers For Your Hair

If you want to be refreshing as a Mint Julip and as subtle as night, catch yourself a hair-do of flowers that look positively real and smell likewise. A gardenia larger than any hot-house variety it is and smells divinely of Mary Chess perfume. Or there's an orchid that simply drools glamour and it not only looks like velvet, it is velvet!

Presents for the Bride

We know that many of you are going berserk trying to find out just what the young bride would like in her efficiency apartment. You can be sure she would like an etched glass salad set to use when the roommate and the gang drop in for lunch. The etched design looks to us like a cluster of fresh ripe vegetables and the set includes eight glass plates and a large salad bowl and plate. You won't be wrong either if you give her a cacti-strewn bedspread. Of course, we mean the printed-on variety. It's washable and brightly colored in a variety of combinations.

Back to Books

And now we must tear back to our books—after all there are other things beside clothes, although you would never guess it to hear our ravings. Until next year, then, you'll have to solve your own fashion problems—and you poor dear seniors—take a peek at the **Arrow** now and then. If you do, we'll do our part to see that your respective spouses never acquire that disinterested look—that's not a promise.

M. A.—J. Mc.

CAMPUS COMMENTS

With a deep bow in the direction of the freshmen, the seniors present to them a huge box of assorted sugary stuff in appreciation of the lovely baskets of yellow and blue flowers which they received, quite unexpectedly of course, on Ye Olde May Day. We have noticed that this traditional gift to the seniors always ushers in the crying season, during which well-meaning souls can't say heartily, "Well, well almost through, eh?" within earshot of a senior without having her break down and sob on his shoulder. Many a posy was wilted on May Day by bitter tears shed into the purty baskets.

* * *

Much campus comment has been devoted recently to the senior class play, and especially to Julie Wheldon's portrayal of the scatter-skull character Phoebe Sue, and Ginny Crouch's hyperkinesis in the gymnasium scene. While other members of the gym class were knocking themselves out with arm-flinging exercises, Ginny seemed to be waving troublesome insects or stray hairs or something away from her face. Afterwards she sauntered blithely off stage while the other exhausted gymnasts slipped and fell in their own elbow-grease.

* * *

For the past week we have been trying to screw up our courage to have an interview with the much publicized Dorothy Gray beauty consultant at Horne's and let her tell us what our best friends won't. We were half attracted and half scared by the ads which proclaim, "Do you plop down in a chair like an elephant? *She'll* tell you!" (We've never seen an elephant sit in a chair, but that's beside the point.) "Do you have a spare tire . . . multiple chins . . . too much of the wrong stuff in the wrong places? *She'll* tell you!" Finally we picked our hefty self up by our bootstraps and got as far as her outer office, but fled after seeing one woman come slinking out with a crestfallen face, clutching her coat

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FEATURES

around what she had evidently been told was a lumpy figure with the one hand that wasn't full of Dorothy Gray cosmetics. We'd rather be lumpy and keep our illusions.

* * *

Retreat at Warrendale the weekend of May 9 was not all serious business . . . five luckless girls riding with Joyce Wallis, who insisted that she knew the most marvelous shortcut to the camp, were taken on a tour of Western Pennsylvania for four and a half hours and woke up screaming when they passed a sign that read "Pittsburgh—24 miles" . . . diligent nature study pupil Ginny Gillespie carried her net and bottles with her and was seen at 3 A. M. chasing the bugs that fluttered around unshaded light bulbs . . . Martha Harlan started out for Warrendale in the middle of the night to fetch onions for sandwiches for the seniors . . . Janet Ross faked a coma successfully for several hours, and didn't bat an eyelash when she fell into the hands of some enthusiastic First-Aiders who (using the best methods known, naturally) scorched her feet with matches, froze her tummy with ice packs, and beat her over the head with wet towels to bring her back to consciousness. Sounds more like the methods of a torture gang in *Terry and the Pirates*.

* * *

Two loyal if somewhat misguided seniors, up of that old school spirit, took it upon themselves to sabotage the Tech tennis star, Clem McKenna, immediately before her tennis match with a PCWite on Sports Day. They were coming out of the speech lab laden down with clothes, props, and assorted junk from the senior play, when they spied the innocent Clem and thrust their burdens upon her, commanding her to carry them over to AMH. When she arrived at her match she was bedraggled and weary, worn out by the clever ones' treacherous scheme. Needless to say, she was defeated and the seniors felt that they had done their good deed for the month.

* * *

And, also to the freshman class. a bouquet of the very best AMH spring bowers (they've exhausted our present sugar supply) for the picnic which they held for their big sisters on May 20 in the gymnasium.

Chairman Chantler planned games and a typical picnic dinner; big sisters were enthusiastic and appreciative, dropped not-too-subtle hints about making the picnic an annual affair.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE

Fortnight ago PCW seniors smeared with grease paint and garbed in organdy, assembled before the chapel footlights. Occasion—dress rehearsal. Thursday and Friday following, their efforts culminated in the musical comedy *Right About Face* authored by Marjorie Higgins and Jean Faris.

With Cooperation as the theme, the girls organized the W. C. D. I. (The Women Can Do It) and after tearful farewells to the men in their lives, thoughts turned to the more mundane business of running a world while the male element is off to the front-line trenches. The organization started its worthy work with electing Marvin (Mary Balmer) as Head Cooperator.

Good-bye Men

Among the more radical changes instituted by the women was the storing of their engagement rings and putting all thoughts of men out of their minds. Glamorous Hedy Vanderpast (Joyce Wallis) displayed her reaction to the new regime by exclaiming "Where there's life, there's hope." Isabelle Quigley (I. Q.) played by Jane Chantler was the brain-trust and newspaper editor of the organization and among other things, displayed a vocabulary that only Webster could fathom. Julie (Jean Patterson) was convincingly love-sick while Julie Wheldon played the gullible, wide-eyed, unsuspecting role of Phoebe Sue. From elbow bends to pretzel twists, Esther Chester (Ann Driver) helped morale by keeping each woman fit and building her up into a potential female Atlas.

Contributing their all were Cooperators 45 from the Bronx (Mary Pat David), No. 15 who lost her WCDI button—they tell us, (Barbara Maerker), Simons (Ellen Copeland) caught hoarding a man, and photographer (Marden Armstrong). Secretaries Mary and Sally (Ethel Herrod and Dorothy Andrews) appeared calm and efficient and Jean Faris as a radio announcer surpassed even Beckley Smith.

Rockette Rivals

Local Rockette rivals were the chorus: Alison Croft, Betty Hazeltine, Marjorie Higgins, Mary Ann Mackey, Joan Myers, Ruth Patton, Anna Betty Saylor, Helen Shellkopf, Mildred Stewart. Together with Dance Director Peggy Matheny, the chorus capered throughout the play. Station Redcap Jane McClung danced a Boogie-Woogie solo. Other solos were sung by Jane Chantler ("Dear Mr. Moon"), Jean Patterson ("Dear Diary"), Ann Driver ("Watch Your Figure"), Dorothy Andrews ("Pre-tending"), and Peggy Matheny ("It's Nice To Be In Love") and ("With This Ring"). Ann Driver and Julie Wheldon sang "Footloose Gal."

Those participating in the Golfer's Chorus, the W. D. D. and the Red Cross were: Mary K. Strathearn, Carol Bostwick, Patsy Culley, Margaret Hibbs, Mary Singer, Sally Thomas, Margaret Anderson, Virginia Crouch, Beatrice Dobson, Phyllis Keister and Dorothy Purkiss.

Playwrights Higgins and Faris assumed new roles in the comedy as did Musical Directors Matheny and Norris who played their own songs accompanied by Jimmie Stewart's orchestra. Directors Jean Miller and Alice McKain were aided by Miss Margaret Robb.

Committees

Following committees assisted. Properties: Marden Armstrong, Chairman, Grace Mary Horton, Mary Pat David, Patsy Culley, Dorothy Vale, Katherine Morse Ellen Copeland, Dorothy Andrews.

Publicity: Jane Chantler, chairman, Florence Succop, Mary Balmer, Alice McKain, Ethel Herrod, Alison Croft, Sally Thomas, Margaret Hibbs, Helen Shellkopf, Marjorie Higgins, Jessie Shook, Betty Gahagen, Mary K. Strathearn.

Stage: Alice Provost, chairman, Sally Thomas, Janet Murray, Margaret Graham, Mary Janet Hyland, Eleanor Glick, Elizabeth Shipley. Costumes: Virginia Crouch and Jane McClung, chairmen, Betsy Colbaugh, Sally Thomas, Mary Jane Harter, Mildred Stewart.

(Continued on Page Seventeen)



Style?

Have you been? Have you seen? Have you chopped—

Mansmann's

SONGS

DEAR DIARY

I can't write it all tonight,
What I want to say.
Words won't come, my hands are numb
I've never felt this way.
Before this it's been easy to be so light and breezy.
I tried so hard to play my cards
With but a single thought
That by repeating, I love you
I might myself be caught.
I'm kept up on a shelf
But now I've convinced myself.
Dear Diary, I want to be
The one who fries his eggs and bacon.
Dear Diary, can't you see me—
I picture me, plain as can be
The one who finds his collar buttons.
Dear Diary, look, can't you see me?

I've always pictured him
Drying the dishes, blowing me kisses
Finding out what this bliss is.
Now Diary, it's up to me
To make him see just what we're missing
A life time enthrallment
Our first car installment
Why must it be, Dear Diary,
Between you and me?

—Peggy Matheny.

WITH THIS RING

A strain from Lohengrin
White orchids and net
A day I'll never forget.
"With this ring," the preacher said,
"You two are wed,
Forever and ever."

The long walk down the aisle with
dad by my side,
And then to stand as your bride.
"With this ring," the preacher said,
"you two are wed
Just you two together."
I raised my eyes, you looked at me
And then we saw eternities
Of blissful years together, years ahead
To love each other, never to part
I'll always love you sweetheart.
A little brown eyed tyke who looks
just like you
Perhaps a junior or two.
"With this ring," the preacher slowly
smiled and said,
"With this ring, I thee wed."
—Peggy Matheny.

WATCH YOUR FIGURE

Once not very long ago, before I
knew my strength,
To avoid athletics, I'd go to any
length;
I was feminine, strictly feminine.
Now I've learned my lesson, and I'm
no longer a siss
I'll keep up with the best of men,
and never go amiss
For girls, I've found out, you're a
bad blowout,
If your muscles undeveloped, muscle
bind you, you can help it.

Take your exercises every bright
A. M
Show the world at large you are the
best of men.
Swing and sway those hips away
Don't let your muscles get decayed,
Or you'll find out you need them
To help those men who've gone away.
Exercise those lovely legs right into
shape
Don't be stopped by any little muscle
ache.
For there's one thing I've no doubt
Watch your figure, or you're out,
Cause no one else is going to do it
for you.

—Peggy Matheny.

NATIONAL SERVICE GALS

We're service gals, and know it well
We're dedicated to the army person-
nel.
The navy's not neglected—
We do more than expected
For those gobs in navy blue,
At least for their furlough we'll be
true,
And we'll help them spend that week
or two.

And for those handsome air corps
pilots
With their golden wings agleam

We'll show them we're the trim ships
That keep their eyes right off the
beam.

And for the guys with the situation
well in hand
We'll show them what it means to
really capture a man,
And then we know they'll understand
We're the National Service Gals.

Our two are in the Navy
Apparently to stay
And though we'd hate to be old
maids—
It kinda looked that way;
Then Congress came through,
Banished that two-year curfew,
That is why we're National Service
Gals.

Jim and Jack are in the Army,
Learning to peel spuds;
Scrubbing floors with dishpan
hands —
Accomplished household duds!
And for this rosy future,
We thank our army tutor—
That is why we're National Service
Gals.

We're exceptionally partial to the
Service men,
And for General MacArthur we've
a special yen—
But we'll settle for a guy that is
over ten!
We're the National, We're the Serv-
ice, We're the National Service
Gals!

—Peggy Matheny.



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SONGS

FOOTLOOSE GAL

With his laughter so disarming,
And his manner more than charming,
He's so handsome it's alarming,
To a footloose gal like me.

And in my estimation,
He's the army's big sensation.
It's a dangerous elation,
To a footloose gal like me.

I'd better date him up for life
While I have the chance.
He'd make the perfect mate for me
Unless somebody beats me to it.
Spinsterhood's been blissful,
But it's got me growing wistful
Knowing life could be more kissful
For a footloose gal like me.

—Midge Norris.

COOPERATION MAKES A NATION

Cooperation makes a nation.
We must guard our liberty.
Free from Axis domination,
Free from Nazi infiltration,
Hand in hand, right across the land
We, the women, will bravely stand.

The home front never will fall,
For we have answered the call
For ships, for guns, for planes,
For unity is strength.

Cooperation makes a nation.
We must guard our liberty.
Free from trial and tribulation,
Free from manless conversation,
Hand in hand, right across the land
We, the women, will always stand.

—Midge Norris.

Popular Hit Tunes
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Automatic Phonographs for parties,
dances, etc.

PRETENDING

Since you've been gone, I've been
mighty blue;

Took a long time to decide just what
to do.

I've got a plan and let's hope I can
follow through.

I'll just go on, pretending,
Laughing off love's tragic ending
What's in my heart, no one will ever
guess.

I realize it's a fool start
Love cannot warm such a cool heart
But in my dreams, you always an-
swer "Yes."

Though your love for me is infin-
itesmal

My love for you carries out to the
infinite decimal.

So I'll go on, pretending,
Making my own happy ending,
Happy, I guess. Happy, well, more
or less.

—Midge Norris.

DEAR MR. MOON

Dear Mr. Moon, in the Heavens up
above

You're just a grand old professor of
the skies

With a B.A., M.A., a Ph.D. in love's
wherefores and its whys.

Please Mr. Moon, won't you give me
some advice—

Why can't I ever make A's in history?
Or remember words or the names of
birds

That are in biology?

I get no thrill from hearing the
theories of Einstein,

But my heart stands on end
Whenever he says, "please be mine"

And so Mr. Moon, please consult
your heavenly books

And tell me please, from your of-
fice above

Is this a malady that's afflicting me
Or am I just madly in love?

—Peggy Matheny.

IT'S NICE TO BE IN LOVE

It's awfully nice to be in love
Just in love with you,
And hearing you say that you love
me too.

It's nice to have your arms
Holding me so near.

In a sweet caress that means happi-
ness

To me, dear.
It's nice to hope that we'll
Never have to part,

Just go on sweetheart
Forever, two together, happy from
the start.

I love the things you do, the things
you say

Growing fonder of you every day.
It's awfully nice to be in love
Especially with you.

—Peggy Matheny.

SONGS MOVING-UP DAY

Senior Farewell Song

Today we sing farewell to thee
It's sad, but it must be.
Four years have passed, yet memories
last,

To haunt us through the years to
come.

The joys of friendship shall not die,
Nor fellowship of days gone by;

In time to come we'll carry on
The spirit and tradition of

The grand old school that we all love.
And so, we sing farewell to thee,

And this our pledge will be:
To dear old PCW

We give our lasting loyalty,
Our everlasting loyalty.

Junior Song

Tune: *Daddy*

Basketball, volleyball, hockey too,
You're the gals who know just what
to do;

Intelligence, ability, and beauty too—
The story of the class of '42.

Hey! Listen! To our story 'bout the
class of '42,

Smart and screwy too.
Their inhibitions are rather far and
few,

Just one or two.

Woo woo woo!
You've got some men tall, dark, and
handsome, big and strong,

Who've got a big part in our song.
Hey! Smoothies! You've got some
diamond rings,

Visit the

The Deb-u-Teen Shop

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A grand selection of cotton dresses, one and two piece styles,
slack suits, separate slacks, shorts, and culottes. Also printed
shirts.

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SONGS

Pins and everything,

Hey! Smoothies! How'd you get them on the string?

Hey! Toughies! We know just why you win,

With the W. D. D. in the dim.

Hey! Toughies! That's why you're tops in the gym.

It's a terrible realization, that you're set for graduation,

But you've shown us cooperation, It's made you a real sensation.

Seniors! We'll show respect for you, You've shown what the women can do.

Seniors! We always want the best for you!

Sophomore Songs

Tune: *When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day*

When you come to the end of your college voyage,

And you sight new land just ahead—Through the first years in a storm-tossed sea.

O'er rough waves your ship safely sped.

You've past the depth of the purple sea

Through the mist to a gleaming dawn; On our sister ship out upon the deep Your straight course will guide us on.

Tune: Zoot Suit

You've had drear years in this jewel school,

Given gay plays been the flash class, And you're on the beam to go right to the top.

You're the glad grads who showed us smirk jerks,

By some dream schemes and your slick tricks

To act hep enough to get our Sunday men.

If you capture a man Or teach in a kindergarten, We know there's no field That you can't be smart in.

Before you blow, Joe, we wantcha to know

We wish you pluck luck and some fine times,

To be chocked up full of slappy happiness.

Freshman Song

Tune: *Who Wouldn't Love You?*

Here's to the seniors, nineteen-forty-two,

The class with class, and we do mean you;

And just to make the picture of you quite complete,

We'd like to add that we all think you're neat—

In short, all-reet.

We wish you success in the work you pursue,

With lots of luck and happiness in all that you do.

We will always think of each in your throng

So goodbye, seniors—aloha! so long!

MEDLEY

We're exceptionally partial to the Service men,

And for General MacArthur, we've a special yen,

But we'll settle for a guy that is over ten.

We're the National, we're the Service, We're the National Service Gals.

Cooperation makes a nation

We must guard our liberty

Free from Axis domination

Free from Nazi infiltration

Hand in hand, right across the land,

We the Women will bravely stand.

Spinsterhood's been blissful,

But it's got me growing wistful,

Knowing life could be more kiss-ful

For a Footloose Gal like me.

And so, Mr. Moon, please consult your heavenly books,

And tell me, please, from your offices above

Is this a malady that's afflicting me, Or am I just madly in love?

Now, Diary, it's up to me

To make him see just what we're missin'

A lifetime enthrallment,

Our first car installment,

Why must it be, Dear Diary,

Between you and me?

So I'll go on, pretending,

Making my own happy ending,

Happy, I guess, happy, well, more or less.

I love the things you do and what you say.

Growing fonder of you every day, It's awfully nice to be in love, Especially with you.

A little brown-eyed tike who looks like you,

Perhaps a "junior" or two;

"With this ring," the preacher slowly smiled and said,

"With this ring, I thee wed."

Cooperation makes a nation

We must guard our liberty

Free from Axis domination

Free from Nazi infiltration

Hand in hand, right across the land,

We the Women will always stand.



The 75-millimeter gun is a divisional weapon used by the Artillery as an anti-tank gun. It has been replaced to some extent by the more modern "105", known as the heaviest of divisional weapons. The 75-mm gun costs \$12,000 and has been converted by our Ordnance into a "blaster" twice as efficient as in the first World War.



This gun gets maximum power for minimum weight and cost, and the American people are providing the finance through the purchase of War Bonds. If you do your share and invest 10 per cent of your income in War Bonds, adequate supply of this efficient gun can be assured our fighting force. Buy War Bonds every pay day.

U. S. Treasury Department

SPORTS

SPORTISCOPE

Saturday, May 16th, PCW campus was taken by storm with twenty-five new females rendering the competition. No, *Right About Face* hadn't acquired Storm Troopers. It was Sports Day, sponsored by the AA. Of the seven colleges invited to participate in competitive sports, five found our beckoning irresistible and donned their battle array to do or die for their respective Alma Maters. Our invitations lured five combatants from each to vie for the championship in badminton, bowling, ping-pong, swimming and tennis.

Tennis Battle

Battling it out on the tennis courts were twelve dazzling white tennis balls being propelled by Mary Alice Smith and Betty Jane Keating, Mount Mercy; Nida Guenther and Ruth Yardumian, Pitt; Nylda Morales and Helen Murray, Seton Hill; Helen Weise and Clementine "Clem" McKenna, Pitt; Patty Wright and Phil Keister, PCW. All fast moving, sensational sets, finally yielded PCW's

home team as tops in the tourney with Tech a close second. Orchids to little Bunny Bender who stepped in and substituted in admirable fashion for Keister, who was detained. High-spot of this star-lit event was the triumph of the Alma Mater over Carnegie Tech, who fought brilliantly, though Keister and Wright drove and chopped their way to victory over Weise and McKenna. The latter has been acclaimed as one of the outstanding rising stars in Allegheny County.

Bowling and Swimming

Down in the Mellon Hall alleys, Mount Mercy represented by Marjorie Colgar, rolled over Tillie Papuga, Pitt; and Joanne Knauss, PCW. With shuttle-cocks flying, Mary Welsh of Seton Hill topped Pitt's Peggy Biliza. Westminster's ace sped to a win amid the spray and splash in the Mellon Hall Pool with Seton Hill, Pat Vogel; PCW, Riggy Rigaumont;

and Tech, Betty Jane Lauer following in that order. Again at ping-pong Westminster was superior, winning over Betty Jane Ellis of Mount Mercy and Jane Musser of Carnegie Tech. Giving five points for first place, three for second, two for third, and one for fourth. The girls from New Wilmington went home with the bacon, followed by Seton Hill, Mount Mercy, PCW, Pitt, and Tech in that sequence. After a brief swim for all, dinner a la Mountain Day style was served by capable Martha Jane Truxal and her committee. The aspiring athletes gorged to the hilt then slowly and regretfully, we hope, left PCW for home grounds. Good fun, good sports, good food, what more could be asked!

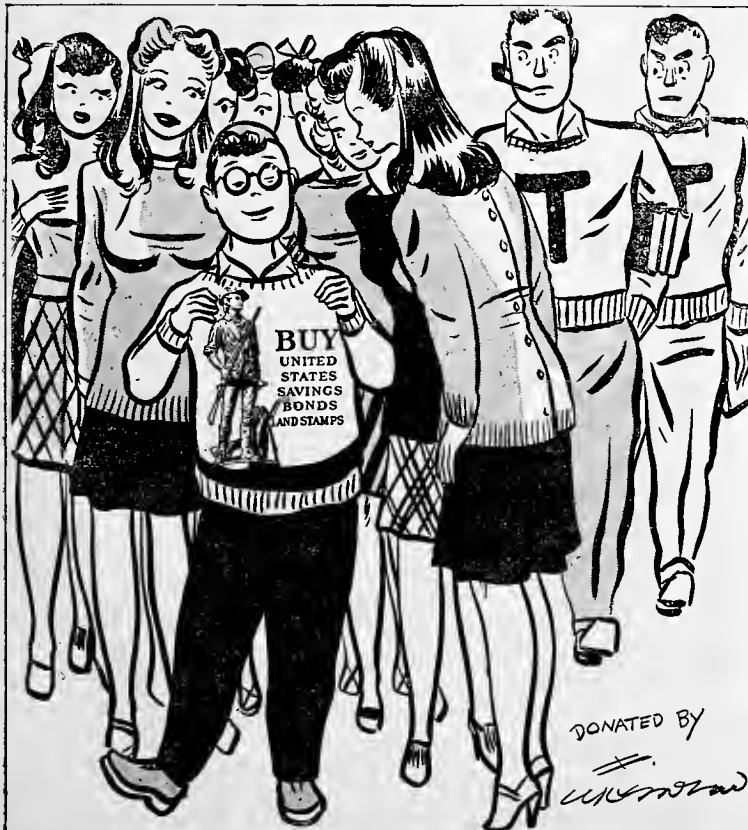
Tourney Talk

The badminton tournament has finally worked its way out to the finals bringing together Phil Keister and Pinky Garrett. Both are experienced competitors but the way your reporter sees it, the nod goes to Keister by a very slight edge. Where Garrett is superior in skill and finesse of the game, Flashy Phil can run the legs off most opponents and her tennis skill in placing the bird leads us to pick her. It should be close and exceptionally well-played.

Keister again looms into the foreground in the tennis chatter. At the moment of writing, Patty Wright and Peg Donaldson are vying for the honor of meeting Phyllis on the field of battle. Here again we see the crown going to the ever-steady, Field-marshal Keister.

What, no Keister. The Senior bowling championship has been announced and honors heaped on the head of Jane McClung. Among the other class keggers, Sweet, Gillespie, and Evans lead in the Rose and White of '43, Cowan and Pollick are feuding with the pins in the sophomore aggregation, and in the kiddies department Janet Brewster seems to have a lead. Just whom to pick we don't know, but we lean towards seniority rights and Boogy-Woogy McClung.

J. R.



Contributed by the American Society of Magazine Cartoonists.

LITERATURE

THE PICNIC Janet McCormick '43

Miss Houston's music recital was held half-way through May. Then, nearer the end of May, Miss Houston had a picnic for her pupils. It was on a Saturday and everyone met at the Borough Hall with his own lunch. But Miss Houston provided the dessert. Most of the girls wore school dresses with belts tied in the back. One girl wore orange and black and white beach pajamas. Carolyn wore her new Girl Scout shorts and middie of clear bright green with its orange tie. The shorts came two inches above her knees. And she carried her Girl Scout canteen crooked over her right shoulder where it slapped her left side.

They went up Rocky Run, up Vinegar Hollow. The boys knew where. They led the way. Only they'd run way ahead or take shortcuts and Miss Houston couldn't make them be careful or help anyone across the stepping-stones in Rocky Run. Miss Houston had on grey linen knickers and knee socks. She had a bend from sitting so much on a piano bench.

Carolyn waited at the far side of the Run and hauled some of the girls up the bank or took their lunch baskets for them. Her feet were squishing in her low tennis shoes and muddy drops splattered her legs. When they came to the gate across the path, she straddled it and handed lunches and sweaters over.

But the boys were already at the pond, way up ahead. Their shouts echoed and softened down the valley. They were at the pond already. Carolyn stalked along the side of the path and got at the head of the girls again.

The dam for the pond was made of split old telephone poles and flat rocks up on end and mud and brush and anything that caught on the top. A little water went through among the rocks that stuck up. On the pond there was some orange peel that swirled slowly to the dam, caught in an island of foam. And Carolyn saw a peeled egg shell caught in the twigs where some water went between two rocks.

"They've eaten something already and gone, and Joe left his sweater on the log and he can just come back and get it himself!"

Miss Houston sat down beside Joe's sweater. "I think we should

eat here. This is a nice place." Miss Houston tied her shoestring and started to take the top piece of newspaper off her lunch basket.

"But we were going to the grapevine swing. The boys were going to take us to a grapevine swing," one of the girls said.

And Carolyn frowned and said, "We want to go to the grapevine swing. That's where the boys said they'd take us."

"But the boys aren't here now." Miss Houston was tired; she started to spread her newspaper out for a tablecloth.

"We could find it ourselves. Just follow the path. There must be a path."

"I think we had better eat here." Miss Houston was tired and firm. Most of the other girls were sitting down now, too, and opening their sandwiches.

Carolyn picked up a stick and started to poke it into the ground. Then she picked up a rock and beat the stick in. Only it broke. She stamped on the pieces.

"Carolyn, can we have a drink of your water? We forgot some." She took off her canteen and swung it by the strap over to the rest of the girls. Then she turned and started to expore the hill, through the thin woods and bushes. The girls and Miss Houston ate.

The sun shone on the hill on the other side of the pond. It was cool and shady where Carolyn was. There were the curled-up grey-green fern stems and new green seed pods coming from among the heart-shaped violet leaves. The cool mould gave way each time she stepped. Way up the hill Carolyn looked down at something and rolled it with her foot.

Miss Houston had marshmallows to toast for dessert. The boys had come back and she had set them hunting straight green sticks. And the boys built the fire.

"Hey! Hey Sidney! Look Joe! I found a horse's head!" Carolyn was running down the hill. "Look, it's a horse's head that's all bone. It's dirty, but look, you can see right up its nose and through its head. And put your finger in its eye. See, Miss Houston?"

"Carolyn, don't hold it so close and look in it that way. It mayn't be all gone inside," one of the girls said.

"Aw, it won't hurt you. Here, you take it and look inside. Count its teeth. Go on. Here, you take it." None of the girls wanted it. They wouldn't touch it.

"It has ants in it, Carolyn, put it down."

"Don't you want it?"

Joe wanted to hold and look at the horse's skull. It was streaked with black earth and was a dirty grey. Carolyn didn't give it to Joe, she kept it herself.

"See, Sid, look where something busted his nose in. Maybe that's what killed him."

Most of the girls stood there watching and ate marshmallows. They only ate the toasted part each time and toasted what was left again.

"You said we'd go to the grapevine swing, Sidney," Carolyn said.

"Yeah. We did go there. We've eaten now, too."

"That's been dead a long time," said Joe.

"Do you want it?" asked one of the girls and poked a marshmallow on a stick at Carolyn. She ate it right off the stick.

Sidney and Joe walked away from the fire and the girls.

"We'll be back," they said.

"I think we all better stay together now that we are all together," said Miss Houston.

"We'll be right back," they said, and left.

And Joe said, "That's been dead an awful long time, Carolyn."

The marshmallows were gone and most of the girls were sitting on the log by the pond throwing stones in. Carolyn set the horse's skull up against a tree.

Then she went down to the edge of the pond and squatted to rinse her hands. There was scum and foam all near the edge. And more orange peel floated in slow circles in the middle. She saw water skaters, too.

"Where's my canteen?"

And one of the girls answered, "Oh it's empty, over by Miss Houston's basket. I wonder where the boys went this time. They've been away ahead most of the time. I wonder where they are now?"

Carolyn went to the tree and picked up the horse's head and ran and

(Continued on Page Seventeen)

LITERATURE

GOOD-TIME CHARLIE'S Helen Smith '44

Now I'm not in favor of Good-Time Charlie's joint at any time. Especially I'm not in favor of his back room at 3:00 in the morning. All the guys and broads who know Charlie bring their own liquor and Charlie is a good egg about that, for he knows his liquor is only for suckers and bay-rum guys with leather guts. But Charlie is a hard guy to get along with and if this wasn't a big time brawl, I'd never have touched his back room with a ten-foot sawed-off.

It was Kelly the Kid's party and he was passing out the King Edwards so that the room was so thick with smoke you'd have thought there was a fire under the table. Even if there was, no guy could have looked. He'd have got his ears sawed off. Under the table was where Kelly the Kid kept his aces. Everyone respects Kelly—especially now—because this night Kelly had sent Joey the Sniper, the best lead-thrower in the business, out to get The Butcher. No one would have thought of crossing The Butcher but Kelly. The Butcher is the big boss of all the guys and most of the coppers, too.

Whenever a job is pulled there's a party so the big guys will know where everyone is and can muzzle the boys who don't show up. That's why we were all in Charlie's back room. Kelly was taking no chance of a tip-off to The Butcher. We all knew what would happen if there was a slip.

Usually the boys play with the bones—that's The Butcher's game. I went to a brawl of his once and he shot the bones in his hat and called out the spots so nobody else could see them. The boys had to bet a couple of G-notes a round and they never dared doubt The Butcher's word or they'd have been in the gutter by morning. Kelly the Kid, however, plays with the sliders and deals every hand himself.

I was sitting beside The Mouse and he, I saw, drew three aces but Kelly showed four so I slipped the Mouse my cards. When Kelly laid down his hand nobody moved a muscle. Two of his aces were spades. Now before—if that had happened—Kelly would have landed on his toupee, but anyone who'll cross The Butcher can play the cards his own way. Besides, we all knew that Kelly

would never have laid down two aces of spades if he hadn't been so nervous about Joey the Sniper's aim.

Kelly kept yelling at all of us. Everything got his goat. Especially he yelled at his blonde doll who was always with him. I figured Good-Time Charlie's was no place for a doll but I kept it to myself. Anyway, her name is Nellie, Nellie Vorque, and she was a sweet doll and quite an eyeful all draped in her joy rags and Kelly's diamonds. She poured the rounds, for Kelly wouldn't let any of Charlie's jigs in the room and he made all the boys hand over their bottles when they came in. He was taking no chance letting anyone else slap his shots. If he could take over The Butcher he'd have to watch he didn't get taken himself. This business of running the boys is no easy job. I could see why Kelly's nerves were getting him down.

Once between hands Louie Vaughn started cracking his knuckles and Kelly blew up and drew on him. He would have been a goner except that Runt Williams stepped in. Now Runt isn't good for a damn but he knows Kelly's real license is Samuel Alucius and Kelly's a bit self-conscious, so Runt's a boy who can do something with him. After awhile Kelly calmed down and we went on slapping G-notes into the light-circle on the table and the smoke got thicker. It was 3:15 and the job was to be pulled at 3:20.

All the boys were watching Kelly—until he blurted out wanting to know what the hell they were staring at. After that they just kept their eyes on the cards all the time. Louie got a little too anxious and reached for his hand before the deal was over. Kelly picked up a pint and slammed it so hard on poor Louie's hand he broke two knuckles. Kelly made him clean up the liquor that spilled; then everything was quiet again.

Nobody said a word or moved except to pick up the sliders and peel off dough. The smoke was so thick my eyes popped and my insides burned. It was 3:30. Nellie started doing the rounds again. Kelly was dealing. Nellie was filling The Mouse's glass. He didn't see her beside him and when he leaned back to check the cards in his stud pile he clipped his glass with his elbow. It flew onto the floor and we all jumped half out of our seats. Kelly's face

got black. He threw a left that sent The Mouse sprawling into the corner. I never knew if he was clear out or just scared to move and I didn't dare to look.

Kelly sat down very slowly and went on dealing. We all kept our eyes glued on the cards—watching them fall one by one into little piles. Then the pack slid out of Kelly's hands. My eyes were still fastened in the pool of light—on Kelly's arms and the cards—like I'd been doped or something. The door creaked and the smoke blew and shifted.

"Well, boys, I'm back," said The Butcher.

Right About Face

(Continued from Page Eleven)

PCW went all-out on publicity for the Senior Class Play. Posters covered every available inch of wall space, bits of men's clothing were found draped from walls and ceilings, and a few brave seniors dared to explore the interior recesses of some unsuspecting soul's once good car. Sketches of the play's characters with enlarged snapshots used as the heads, covered a good portion of one wall. Student and faculty registered to be drafted into the WCDI. Jean Burchinal interviewed the stars of *Right About Face* at a premiere in the chapel. Climax to the publicity stunts, was the parade staged and led by drummer Mary Balmer, followed by flag-bearers, four real soldiers and two bonafide sailors after which came several seniors bearing posters. Excellence and originality of the publicity stunts built up enthusiasm for the play which followed and helped to make it a real success.

Playwrights Higgins and Faris and composers Norris and Matheny are to be congratulated.

The Picnic

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

threw it into the pond. Right in the middle and with a big splash.

She came back and opened her lunch and sat backwards on the log and away from the other girls to eat.

The same girl said, "I wonder how long that had been dead?"

Carolyn sat backwards on the log and ate her sandwiches. And the part where she held them. She threw that away in the pond, too.

LITERATURE

ALWAYS MISS MILLER.....Jane Chantler '42

Miss Miller taught school and she hated it. She had liked teaching at first. It had been wonderful to be surrounded by so many laughing children and to be molding their lives and futures. Now after fourteen years, their childish giggles and snickers made her want to scream and she was tired of trying to push the conjugation of to be and the awkward manipulation of the subjunctive mood into their empty heads.

She hated her desk with its solid, unyielding chair that seemed to mock her and tell her that even it would offer her no comfort. She hated the gloomy blackboards that stared at her all day and kept reminding her that her life was black and cold, too.

Most of all she hated being called Miss Miller. She was always Miss Miller. Somehow, everyone had forgotten she had a first name. "Miss Miller" was just a convenient tag to distinguish her from all the other teachers in Public School Number Three. Even her best friend at home in Evansville, Nancy Beck, introduced her, not as Emily Miller, but as Miss Miller. Once, everyone had called her "Emily" and Harry had called her "Emmy Lou," because he had liked the sound of it. She wished someone would call her Emmy Lou again. Perhaps then she could feel she was a woman, a human being, and not a machine that sat behind a desk and was neatly labeled "Miss Miller."

She walked to school every morning because she lived only three blocks away from the school. She liked those three blocks, for as she traveled them, she lost "Miss Miller" and became anyone she chose to be.

Last Wednesday she had been Emily Miller, author of the year's best seller, *Torrid Passion In the Tropics*. All along the three blocks to Public School Number Three, she had autographed copies of her book. She had seen the jacket on the book. It had pictured a languid young lady in a revealing white bathing suit lounging on the sand.

But somehow, when she had arrived at Public School Number Three the big grey building had blotted out the young girl on the sand.

Another day, Miss Miller had been Emily Miller, actress, toast of Broadway, and for three blocks she had been obstinate and temperamental.

She had practiced repeating, "I can't live without you," four different ways. Miss Miller had liked being Emily Miller.

Today she couldn't lose Miss Miller. She walked more slowly, closed her eyes a minute, and tried to be someone else. But Miss Miller in her sensible brown shoes and serviceable green dress with her colorless nails wouldn't disappear. She shuddered a little and wondered if she were doomed to be Miss Miller always.

She had tried to banish the "Miss Miller" forever last summer when she had taken a southern cruise to find someone to call her Emily and to tell her she danced divinely and that her eyes sparkled like stars. Instead, she had been "Miss Miller," a convenient and adequate fourth for the wealthy widows' nightly bridge game.

She walked more slowly, hoping she would be late, but knowing that her conscience would not let her arrive one minute past 8:35.

Suddenly the big grey building, Public School Number Three, loomed before her. The bars on the windows of the gymnasium on the lower floor made the building look like a prison. It was a prison—her prison, and it was too late to escape. When Harry had wanted her to leave, she had stayed and now it was too late to leave, too late to escape. She shivered and pulled her heavy coat closer to her. She must not think of Harry—especially today. But she couldn't help thinking of Harry and what it would be like to be with him—always, and to lose "Miss Miller" forever. If things had been different, right now she might be kissing Harry a hurried good-bye and sending him off to catch the 8:30 bus, instead of walking alone into the eternal days of gloom. She might be reprimanding young Harry for tracking muddy footprints across the freshly-scrubbed kitchen floor and tying a cocky red ribbon on the black curls of little Kathleen. She had planned to have a "Kathleen" someday—she and Harry.

She stopped walking and stood at the bottom of the broad stone steps that led into Public School Number Three. She turned around and started to walk the three blocks that led back to her little room. She would call Miss Evans, the principal, and

tell her she was ill. She was ill. She would not be lying to Miss Evans. But, she turned back again to the school, took a deep breath, and started climbing the sullen steps into Public School Number Three. She closed the heavy door behind her and slowly walked down the hall to Room Five where for fourteen years she had repeated, "You were, not you was, Tommy,"—or Dick or Jimmy. There had been many Tommys and Dicks and Jimmys in fourteen years—too many to think about today. She hung up her hat and coat and smoothed her shining hair and drew little wisps of it away from her forehead. She must look dignified.

Mr. Briggs, the janitor, came into her room to bring an empty wastebasket and beamed at her, "Good morning. You're here right on the dot as usual, Miss Miller."

She walked out past Mr. Briggs and down the hall. He had called her Miss Miller. She was always on time. Her day had started again. She was a mechanical piece of equipment, classified "Miss Miller" and filed under the heading of "Teacher, Public School Number Three."

Somehow, she survived a day of "no talking, please" and "pass your papers down the aisle," of tittering little girls with bands on their teeth and arrogant little boys shooting paper wads with rubber bands.

Eternities later, at four o'clock, Miss Miller again was traveling the three blocks to her little room—and nothing. She tried to lose "Miss Miller" as soon as she was free—out of Public School Number Three. But "Miss Miller" wouldn't leave. She sobbed a little. She realized now she could never lose "Miss Miller" again, even on those three blocks. She sobbed—steadily now and walked faster—toward her room and toward the emptiness that was there to greet her.

She stretched across the bed. She had stopped crying, not because she wanted to stop. She had to stop. She was numb.

Hours later, Miss Miller awoke. The room was dark and cold. She lighted a little gas range. She was hungry but she just couldn't open the somber can of beans and fry the few lonely strips of bacon that were to be her dinner. She decided she would eat dinner in the little coffee

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shop around the corner. Perhaps, eating out would help her to forget—if she could forget.

Miss Miller sat at a tiny table in the cheery little coffee shop. The flowers on the table, the printed table cloth, and the bright blue dishes almost made her gay. She had ordered the 85 cent dinner when she knew she could afford only the 60 cent one. But tonight was different, and besides it would take more time to eat a five course dinner than a three course one. She glanced around her. Men behind newspapers gulped the blue-plate special. Nimble waitresses with trays loaded with food, scooted to and fro.

A young girl without a hat, with her long hair curling around her shoulders sat down at the table next to Miss Miller's. And after he had hung up his coat and hat and had bought a package of cigarettes, a beaming young man joined her. He pulled his chair close to hers, picked up her hand, and patted it fondly as he smiled into her eyes. Miss Miller tried not to look, but she had to look. Tears filled her eyes and she choked on her 85 cent steak. She dropped her fork on her plate and swallowed hard. Just as she turned her head, she heard the young man whisper, "Peggy, Peggy, dear." She thought of Harry murmuring, "Emmy Lou, my Emmy Lou," so very long ago. Miss Miller left the coffee shop.

She walked in the opposite direction of her little room. Suddenly, the flashing brilliance of neon lights spelled out "Drugs" before her. She glanced at the bold red decorations in the window. She studied the advertisement, hung on to the words that shouted, "vibrant, exotic, daring." She read again one sentence: "Startling Red makeup by Yvonne will make a new woman of you." She read it again. She gripped her purse more tightly, held her head high, and walked into the bustling drug store. She looked the clerk in the eye and said in a trembling voice, "A Startling Red kit," please."

Fifteen minutes later, Miss Miller hurried into her little room, the brown package holding the "Startling Red" cosmetics clutched in her hand. She tossed her hat carelessly on the bed, hastily unbuttoned her coat and dashed over to the mirror. With fumbling gestures, she opened her precious package and drew out

three articles. She rubbed a generous amount of rouge on her cheeks. Then she gently powdered her face. As she was unscrewing the top of the brilliant tubed lipstick her eyes fell on a stack of papers on her table. She went over to the papers

and picked one up to read it. It read, "John Andrews, Spelling Test." She dropped the paper. If she could only come home without papers to correct, then maybe she could pretend—pretend she was living two lives, being two people. But these



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papers made her stay "Miss Miller" twenty-four hours a day.

She glanced at the exposed scarlet lipstick in her hand. She closed her eyes, opened them quickly and looked at the lipstick again. With all the strength in her, she threw the innocent tube of "Startling Red" across the room. It clattered to the floor. Miss Miller sank into a lifeless form—a heap—on the floor—sobbing.

When morning came, she knew she had to travel those three blocks again to school, for there was no other way to get there, but she didn't know how she was going to bear walking where she had once been able to pretend. She almost ran, and as she went along she recited little bits of poetry to make her concentrate and to keep her from thinking about "Miss Miller."

Again Public School Number Three leered before her. She was late. It was 8:45. She ran into the building, breathless, quivering. Miss Evans the principal came to meet her. "I have a new pupil for you Miss Miller. Here is the young man."

Miss Miller looked at the uncomfortable boy who was shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He looked vaguely familiar, like someone she remembered from long ago. Miss Evans smiled and said, "This is Harry Wheeler, Miss Miller."

Miss Miller stared at the boy. Yes, those clear brown eyes were Harry's. That unruly lock of hair that drooped over the boy's forehead was a copy of the one about which she had teased Harry long ago. "Harry Wheeler? Harry?," Miss Miller whispered.

"Yes'm. Harry Burns Wheeler, Jr.," the boy assured her.

Miss Miller turned and slowly walked down the steps. Miss Evans stared at her in amazement and shouted, "Miss Miller. Miss Miller."

Miss Miller walked away from her prison, Public School Number Three, but she wasn't crying—not now.



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